Sacred Books of the Buddhists, Vol. X.

THE MINOR ANTHOLOGIES OF THE PALI CANON

PART IV.

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VIMĀNA VATTHU: STORIES OF THE MANSIONS

AND

PETA VATTHU: STORIES OF THE DEPARTED

TRANSLATED BY

JEAN KENNEDY AND HENRY S. GEHMAN

RESPECTIVELY

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MRS. RHYS DAVIDS



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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

I AM glad to be able to bring herewith to completion the four pairs of Minor Anthologies in translation from the second Pitaka of the Pali Canon, begun by myself in 1932. Glad too that the fellowship of translation should typify the great world-fellowship now co-operating in another cause: Britain, the Commonwealth (F. L. Woodward), India (B. C. Law) and America (Kennedy and Gehman). We may consider the work a fourfold wreath (to follow the fancy in the former of these last two anthologies) to offer to the memory and work of the Founder of the present Series,[1] F. Max Müller.

To introduce this, the first of these two: Duties given first place prevented Jean Kennedy from finishing her translation within the year 1940, and I offered to make good, albeit without using the special care in rendering and annotation used by her in the larger portion which she did. My object, as editor and co-translator of these four pairs, was not mainly the production of so many critical studies useful for the philological and literary student. It was to aid the general reader of other canonical scriptures to complete his picture of more or less early Buddhist values which they may suggest. Like the Jātaka book, these two 'vatthus' or sets of stories differ greatly in contents and outlook from the remainder of the Sutta (Second) Pitaka, yet have all three for some reason been included, at the time of the compilation of the Canon, as being of value in the institutional teaching of that date. It is just what they have to tell us students of history that is of most pressing importance.

Further, it was necessary financially to suppress a good deal of Mrs. Kennedy's full translation of the stories and her annotated work. No one regrets this more than I. But since a silly misdirected enemy bomb destroyed last autumn the reserve stock of this Series, there can come in less return by

[1] Sacred Books of the Buddhists.

sales to aid me in financing further publications, making strict avoidance of bulk in volume a necessity. I have only introduced so much of the Commentary narrative as may give varied colour to the monotony of the greater part of the canonical verses, herein following the plan I adopted in the translation of the Monks' and Nuns' anthology for the Pali Text Society, and entitled *Psalms of the Early Buddhists.*

Again, I have in translating followed my own preference for rendering metric matter by the like, and not by prose. No prose translation could, I think, give the equivalent of the quaint, rather silly, often pointless refrains in the Pali verse, or the odd hash of architectural and gemmeous epithets and unedifying amusements without an air of taking them a little too seriously. An apeing, more or less, of the simple doggerel in home-born metres lent itself, for me at least, more congenially to the work. Readers will prefer the one or the other.

I can come to no definite conclusion about the date of the poems. They may have taken long to come to their present shape. Both the title of the work, and, to some extent, the outlook is foreign to most of the Canon. So, for that matter, is the Song of Solomon to the rest of the Bible. 'Vimāna' is hard to render well. It is a Sanskrit, not a Pali word, meaning both 'measure' and 'building' of sorts.[1] The *vi-*, it is claimed, means in both dictions, distinctive, outstanding, thus "remarkable places for sporting abodes of devas." And indeed they appear to have been conceived as more than houses, including gardens, woods, lakes, elephants, chariots, horses. Hence 'estates' might have been more literally correct. I preferred the word used in John's Gospel for the Greek *monai*: "in my father's house are many mansions . . ." There is here no suggestion of an immortal abode any more than there was in *vimāna.* Jesus will have meant stages not of earth, in your onward progress towards the Goal; beyond these you will one day fare further. And I ask the reader to see just this and no more in *vimāna.*

Then as to the outlook: in contrasting this with the prevailing outlook in the Canon, I must be careful to distinguish

[1] Students should consult Dr. W. Stede's art. *Vimāna* in his and my husband's Pali Dictionary.

as to the latter. In this, at no stage did Buddhism teach (as has been claimed for it) that man, in living the good life, was to take no count of the consequences. In only one context have I found this just touched upon and left, namely, that even if there is no after-life, it is better to live well.[1] Frequent and stressed on the other hand are the contexts, that as a man sows, so shall *he* (not men in general only) reap, and also that to live with a view and purpose of reaping that harvest is the better course. This, I judge, is an integral part of the older teaching to the Many, the Message " to devas and men," which taught life as a Way in the worlds, a wayfaring ever through a More towards a Most, both ' more ' and ' most ' being essentially what man calls ' life ' or ' living,' not a waning out of and from life. The waning out, called nirvana, came in as *summum bonum* with the monkish transformation that spread like a canker over that older teaching, infecting it with the world-forsaker's worth, that even a happy period of other-world life was not to be sought after or desired, because, as it was held, this desire would bring about, not only the calamity of dying in the world (which was natural and inevitable), but the calamity of new rebirth on earth or elsewhere, and more dying there, and so on. As one of the nun poets, more out-spoken than the rest, says:

I want no heaven of gods!
Heart's pain, heart's pining have I purged away.

In this later teaching consummation, as ' arahan ', was to be attained either on earth, or in some better world, safe from return to earth.[2]

Now in the Mansion-poems, on the other hand, whereas the Arahan theory is never mentioned, we get the emphatic teaching, that service rendered to others (especially if ' others ' were very good) *was worth while because* it insured happiness after death as an embodied being, and that for a long time. Only once do we meet with the notion that to desire that happiness was blameworthy (see II, 7), a presumably monkish interpolation, which the Commentary supports by citing a context which has all the appearance, in the Sutta cited, of a

[1] *Anguttara* i, III (7, 6, 5); *Gradual Sayings*, i, 175.
[2] *Saṃyutta-Nikāya*, v, 406, etc.

later gloss. Elsewhere appears the more rational worth, that in the quest of a Better it is essential to desire it, to will it.

It may be said: This was taught because desire for a More might hinder desire for the highest, the ultimately best. Well, this ultimate goal does just peep out here and there in the poems. Not, it is true, in such early names for It as *attha* (aim), *pāra* (beyond), *agga* (highest), *uttariṃ* (further) and others. But in such a term as *sambodhi*: enlightenment, a term that got thrust into the so-called 'first sermon' in place probably of *attha*, as the context implies. Thus the *deva*, who was foster-brother to the Founder and then Master of his Horse makes such an allusion, pointing to a further destiny than anything attainable in the amiable frivolities of the world of the 'mansions.'[1] And in young Chatta's equally interesting verses we hear echoes of another early name for the quest and goal: the immortal haven: *amataṃ khemaṃ*:

> See how for such brief homily
> I've won this happy bourn, this weal.
> While they who long can hear thee teach,
> Methinks must win immortal goal. (V, 3.)

Here is no monkish looking upon life, "more life and more abundantly," as being simply all 'ill.' Here we have man's quest, man's future, falling into due perspective.

But I repeat, these are just peeps that come very rarely. The main impression we get is that of, as it were, boys, girls, at most undergraduates, home from college for a very long vacation, resting from earth's searching 'exams,' and given over to mere material enjoyments, and those of a kind likely to produce before long boredom. Unless what I have rendered as Grove sports (*uyyāna-kīlāna*) included a better program than the interminable singing, dancing, lute-playing, etc., of the verses. In this holiday existence, which, it is understood, is to last for centuries before death claims him or her, there is, with those two exceptions, no apparent awareness that the religious growth, or even the mere moral growth long or brief, carried out by them on earth, was a Way of the worlds, along which it should be theirs to continue faring during their holiday, no less than while on earth. No hint is given that

[1] See VII, 7.

sporting in Nandāna included the gentle but stimulating converse of Dante's spirits in Limbo, with or without a 'master of them that know,' no suggestion that right fellowship could mean the leading each other on to higher outlook. It is true that no hint of loose living in the persisting sex-difference attends the monotonously repeated reference to 'attendant nymphs' (*accharā*). In only one poem does the deva appear with a 'best girl' beside him in his chariot, and Moggallāna makes no objection (V, 14). But there is nothing deserving the name of religious growth to place beside it all.

Now the repeated descriptions of these Mansions and of their radiant owners are said to be witnessed by some well-known comrades of the Founder, one only, Nārada, excepted, and even by the Founder himself. The usual witness, Moggallāna, called with Sāriputta chief of the disciples, is said to have 'entered Jhāna' to exercise his known gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience. (Incidentally be it noted that there is no physical departure from earth, no 'going aloft' to get his results. As I have often insisted, we have here a case of the express object of Jhāna which I have called, in the Shakespearian sense 'musing': alert extravert attention. Anuruddha, another witness, was also psychic; so too was the Founder. In some poems the *deva* seems to have had the power to make himself visible also to less gifted folk. But that the tradition we have in the Commentary, is a veritable scrap-heap, is betrayed by this, that none of the other questioners of these Mansion-inmates, whether the Founder, or another, seems to require the Jhanic preparation entered into by Moggallāna.) Now it is not plausible to contend that being 'in Jhāna,' was a mental state that would result in these distinguished teachers expatiating on the material features of the other-world 'luck' of Mansion-life in the way we read. From the Canon's testimony to them we know they would never have worded their questions with just this sort of 'frills.' It does not need much imagination to see how a falsely dressed up diction has distorted what might have made the inquiries highly edifying and more probably true.

Taking then together the things witnessed and the chief interrogating witnesses: Gotama, Moggallāna, etc., we have at least two alternatives in surmise. Either the latter were

telling edifying romances, not real experiences, say, like that of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*; or we have here traditional stories orally handed down and becoming in time, and especially in editors' hands, re-worded with many frills to become attractive and impressive when recited (as were and are the Jātaka stories) to popular and piously disposed audiences. If I give preference to the latter alternative, it is for these reasons: I find in the Sutta literature no support for the worldly pursuits ascribed to the *deva*-world. And I find nothing in the teaching ascribed to the first missioners making it likely, that they would expatiate in such detail, or at all, on the material attributes of the conditions of re-birth as *deva*. I find, too, that editors are, in the work, admitted as having been busy over the compilation, in a way not always so candidly confessed as it is here.

For a more detailed analysis there is here no right opportunity, and I will end with a few brief notes.

(1) The earlier teaching in the little poems is best seen in three ways. The strong, persistent interest in that Hereafter which is for me the Greater Present; the entire absence of *an-attā* teaching, i.e., of the very man as not real; the insistence on the good life as essential to happiness after death and as worth pursuing for that reason. So far as Buddhism, that is South Asian Buddhism to-day, in its propaganda has lost the first of these three and reverses the second, it is no faithful daughter of its Mother. I have noted for years that it has lost the first. As to the second: in the artless telling of the past on earth, *deva*- testimony brings confirmation, not of the mischievous departure, that the 'I' is only body and mind, but of just the contrary, namely, that the woman or man, who,

When among men, became a man,

did so and so, as such and such in name and family, is now the very *deva* who gives reply. If there be one thing more than most that anyone to-day may in future life anticipate, it is surely the learning wherein our earth-beliefs now are right or wrong. Yet in these poems, there is no sign whatever, that the Buddhist tenet of the unreality of any real self is explained to newcomers as right, or that it was rightly taught by the great Teacher. Nay, by their replies they virtually

show it is not right. And we are reminded of the after-death judgment Suttas, wherein the judge with utmost emphasis pronounces: "Not by another, but by you, yea, even by you have these deeds been done and it is you who will experience the result."

By the way, in that our deeds are even now building up that result—shall we say, that 'mansion'—I find the Buddhist poem truer than the Apocalyptic verse: ". . . and their deeds shall follow them." The deeds precede them.

The man long absent from afar safe home
Friends, kinsmen, mates rejoice to have him home.
So the welldoer hence to next world gone
Good deeds make welcome as loved kinsman come. (V, I.)

(2) In editing I have left *deva* and *devatā* (as *devī*) untranslated. I cannot bring myself to say 'god.' Any 'god' implies worship of a sort and the like. Nor are these *devas* truly to be called 'angels,' that is messengers, save perhaps by incidental purpose. For Vedic and Upanishadic literature 'god' might suffice; in Buddhism disdeification, first, of Nature deities and then, of the Divine Spirit as in essence one with the spirit that is man, shaped religious values, and the 'deva' became just the worthy man of the next world and also the (next-to-that) Brahmā world. We alas! have here no equivalent. Shameful for us though it be, we would speak of these bright gentle folk as 'the dead.' "Let me champion the dead," writes a man in to-day's *Times*, defending a generous donor, but in dreadful words. The ancient Persian had the insight and faith to coin the word *urvan*: (?) chooser, for man surviving. I had to hug the old Indian term.

(3) *Dhamma* is another word I cannot worthily render. Truth, Law, Doctrine: all are wrong, the last only fitting the later institutional meaning of the word, as a code of teaching. It took a long time to build up that 'code,' those formulas, which for most Buddhists are preferred to a study of their scriptures. But these scriptures show the Founder worshipping 'dhamma' before he had uttered a single word of his teaching. And he equated *dhamma* with *attā*: self or spirit, then worshipped as Deity. By *dhamma* was meant that 'ought' in conduct which we oppose to what 'normally is or is not

done.' 'Duty,' still more 'conscience,' are better terms for *dhamma*: not a *static* Deity within us but a dynamic Urger to do or refrain from doing. And it is noteworthy that, in these poems, so man-handled in later values, one woman-*deva* is made to end her reply by citing a line from just that *dhamma*-worship context:

> Wherefore let him who by desire for the Spirit longs for the great Spirit—

here the sequel should have been:

> . . . hold *dhamma* in reverence,[1]

instead of which we get the more institutional value of:

> Give a seat to those (saints) in the last body. (I, 5.)

Loosely translated perhaps 'religion' is the least objectionable term, religion being of course to be taken in the early Buddhist sense of, not ritual, not creed, but the ideal of ever becoming a more in the long way towards the Most.

(4) As to difficult terms which we have translated, the traditional word rendered as Thrice-Ten: *tāvatiṃsa*, the usual 'Thirty-three' for this is impossible since 'thirty,' *tidasa*, is often substituted. In *tāvatiṃsa* a Vedic tradition has merely been carried on. The Council or cabinet governing the next world as being 'thirty' is suggested in the Jātaka book, No. 30.

(5) *Vaṇṇa*, which I have edited uniformly as 'beauty,' I am not prepared to defend save for convenient vagueness. It is used for so much held desirable: colour, i.e., complexion, caste, appearance and more. The reader anyway can be sure that this term is so translated, and no other.

(6) In one poem alone does this collection follow the Jātaka tradition of human and animal re-birth as interchangeable. This is when, the women's poems being ended, those that might be called 'Not-women's Mansions' begin. A frog, to

[1] *Attakāmena mahattaṃ abhikankhatā*: I am aware that, in translating *mahattaṃ* as *mah'ātmaṃ* (poetic accusative), I shall not carry all Pali-ists with me. The Commentary alters it to *mahantaṃ*: greatness. But in the Fourth Collection (Ang. i, 249; Gradual Sayings, i, 227) *mahattaṃ* is clearly contrasted with *app' ātuma*; little self. And the 'greatness' has to be explained away as an epithet: 'great result.'

which is imputed human intelligence, gets reborn as *deva.* No comment in the exegesis finds this exceptional. It belongs, for me, to the later 'underworld' of Buddhist teaching, when it became desirable to attract the 'masses' by the 'story,' perhaps as a set-off to that other underworld of monastic pessimism. True, the belief has crept into the older Upanishads, but there too it has a gloss-like look in the only two references. For me it is just not original Buddhism.

Finally, it needs more scope than is here to weigh any inferences we may try to draw from this work as to the when and how of its coming to be. As to its religious worth in a Canon on which immense labour covering many years will have been spent, it is easy to look down the nose at it and find worth only in such stories of homely and pathetic interest as we have let be told more or less in full. But for me there is more in the poems than just this, things we may one day be less ignorant about than we are now. We find here the man and the woman happily surviving in a material body with a will-power untasted by us as yet, with a keen memory of and interest in matters of earth that have proved to be of real worth, and where the man, however 'new' he be in bodyand mind, is in essence the very 'I' that he was when, on earth, he was sending on his good deeds to be registered ahead of his advent elsewhere The one thing here that has been let slide is the adjudication, at that advent, affirmed in the Suttas.

C. A. F. Rhys Davids.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

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To Professor Franklin Edgerton of Yale University for more help than I can adequately acknowledge;

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To Professor George A. Kennedy of Yale University, who spent many hours of search through Chinese versions of the Buddhist canon in an effort to final helpful material for my use;

And perhaps most of all to Mrs. Rhys Davids, editor and co-translator of this anthology, whose patience through the long-drawn-out process of translation has been beyond acknowledgment, and who has encouraged and helped me in every way possible.

JEAN W. KENNEDY.

NEW HAVEN,
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INTRODUCTION FROM THE COMMENTARY

ONE day, in the venerable Great-Moggallāna fixed in solitude, the thought arose: Men now, though without proficiency as to the reason, having wrought this and that act of merit, are reborn in the deva-world winning success. What if I were to make a deva-tour to ask such at first hand, of what deeds of merit they enjoy the results? If I then told the matter to the Exalted One, he might make the informing men about it a great teaching, such as would be for their aim, their good, their happiness, and for that of devas too. He asked permission of the Teacher who approved. He thereupon, having attained Fourth Jhāna, based on the higher knowledges,[1] went in a moment to the abode of the Thrice-Ten and asked this and that deva about deeds of merit done. They told him. He then returned to earth and the Teacher, approving, used his tidings as he had hoped.

[1] The *Abhiññās* of psychic power. The original five were levitation and other modes of abnormal will-power, clairaudience, thought-reading, memory of former lives and clairvoyance.

CONTENTS

STORIES OF THE MANSIONS

I

1

FIRST CHAIR MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jetavana, in the monastery of Anāthapiṇḍika, after King Pasenadi-Kosala had inaugurated the seven days Unparalleled Almsgiving for the Order of monks with the Buddha at their head, and Anāthapiṇḍika, the great banker[1] had given alms for three days in keeping with his wealth, and the great lay devotee, the lady Visākhā, had given great alms likewise, news of the Unparalleled Almsgiving became known all over India. Then people everywhere raised the question, "Does almsgiving become especially productive of reward only when it is liberality of such a magnificent sort as this, or is it rather when it is liberality in accordance with one's means?"

When the monks heard of this discussion, they told the Blessed One. The Blessed One said, "Not merely by efficiency of the gift does giving become especially productive of reward, but rather through efficiency of the thought and efficiency of the field of those to whom the alms are given. Therefore even so little as a handful of rice flour . . . bestowed with pure heart upon a person who is worthy of receiving a gift of devotion, becomes a thing which will bring an especially great reward, of great splendour and of great pervasiveness. Thus it is said by Sakka, king of the devas:

"'For the pure in heart there is no gift of devotion that may be called insignificant.
Nor for the Tathāgata, the Wholly Enlightened, nor yet for his disciple.'"

Now this saying was repeated throughout India. People gave alms according to their means to Samaṇa and Brāhman,

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[1] Read *Seṭṭhi*. More literally, 'head,' 'chief,' namely of the local merchants or business men, or trade guilds.—Ed.

to beggar, tramp and wayfarer; they provided drinking water in their courtyards, they spread seats in the gateways.

At that time a certain mendicant elder, perfect in deportment, arrived on his almsround at due time at a certain house. There a pious woman of good family welcomed him in, greeted him with reverence and, spreading a cloth of gold on her own chair, offered it to him. Serving him with such food as she could afford and fanning him, she thought with devout heart, "This has happened as a field of highest merit for me." When the Elder had eaten his meal he talked righteously about the giving of seat and food, and so on, and left. As the woman thought about her alms and the sermon, she was at once thrilled with happiness, and she sent the Elder the chair also.

Some time afterwards she died, and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten in a golden mansion twelve yojanas in extent. And she had a retinue of a thousand heavenly nymphs. And because of her gift of a chair there was created for her a golden palanquin a yojana in extent, one that travelled swiftly through the sky, made with a pinnacled roof. So it is called the Palanquin (or Chair) Mansion. Because the chair was given with a golden coloured cloth spread over it, the mansion was golden, demonstrating the similarity between an act and its consequence; because the chair was given with a powerful impulse of joy, the mansion was very swift; because the gift was given with a free will to one who was worthy of receiving it, the mansion could move at will according to one's pleasure; because of the efficiency of the woman's joyful faith, the mansion was splendid and bright.[1]

Now on a festival day when the devas were going, each by means of the form of divine power which was his or her own, to the grove of Nandana for amusement in the park, that devī set out dressed in deva-garments and ornaments, attended by her nymphs, and went in the Palanquin Mansion to the park with great power.

And at that time the venerable Great-Moggallāna, travelling about on his visit to the devas, arrived at the Realm of the

[1] *Pasāda* and *pāsādika* are the words used with intentional similarity, the clear, bright quality of the mental state being matched by the quality of the vimāna's beauty. *Pasāda* means clearness, brightness, joy, virtue, faith, serenity. . . .

Thrice-Ten, and showed himself near the devī. When she saw him, with joy and reverence she descended quickly from the palanquin, went up to the Elder, greeted him with the five-fold veneration, and stood paying homage to him with her hands lifted with the ten finger tips together. The Elder, because he knew that result corresponds to action, by the variety of power known as insight saw, as if it were a myrobalan in the palm of the hand, whatever there was of good or bad that had been accumulated by the woman and by other living beings. Nevertheless, since immediately upon their rebirth devas say, "Whence have I come to be reborn in this world?" "What good act did I do to receive this success?" and since as a general rule they arrive at a correct conclusion, therefore the Elder made this devī tell about the deed she had done, wanting to bring the reward of actions before the eyes of the world and devas, and spoke the words that follow:—

"I ask you, devī of great majesty,
When you were human what deed of merit did you do?
Why are you thus a blaze of brightness,
Your beauty[1] shining forth on every side?"
The devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, as she was asked, the deed the reward whereof was this.
"When I was human, living among men,
To a new-comer[2] I gave a little chair.[3]
I greeted him, I performed the *añjali*,
And what I could afford I gave as alms.
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever pleases my heart.
I tell you, monk of great majesty,
The deed of merit I did when I was human.
So am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My beauty shining forth on every side."

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[1] *Vañño.* "'Of golden colour art thou, O Blessed One. . . .' In such quotations as this (*vaṇṇo* means 'colour of skin.' Here too colour of skin is to be understood." VvA—16, 27ff. But because "Kena te tādiso vaṇṇo" is a recurring refrain throughout the Vimāna Vatthu, and occurs in contexts where "*vaṇṇo*" as "golden complexion" would seem incongruous, I have translated it simply as "beauty." The golden complexion is a sign of a Buddha.

[2] *abbhāgatānan ti.* "But here for the sake of respect the plural is used." VvA—24, 13-14.

[3] The word is *āsanakam.* Dh. says, "and because of its insignificance and lack of splendour she said the diminutive." VvA—24.

2

SECOND CHAIR MANSION

Both explanation and commentary of this one must be understood to correspond to what was said regarding the first. But the difference is this:

It is said that a woman who lived in Sāvatthī saw an Elder as he came to her house for alms, and as with devout heart she was giving him a seat, she spread a blue cloth over her own chair and gave it to him. So when she was reborn in the deva-world, there was created for her a palanquin in her mansion of lapis lazuli. Therefore, "Your . . . palanquin of lapis-lazuli . . ." is said.

"Your splendid palanquin of lapis-lazuli
Goes swift as thought where'er you wish
(etc., *as in foregoing with identical reply*).

3

THIRD CHAIR MANSION

. . . at Rājagaha . . . (*as in No.* 1) . . . the woman, on presenting her chair, makes the wish: May this deed be the cause of my obtaining in the future a golden mansion! Her answer is as follows:

That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told being asked the deed whereof this was the fruit.
"For a little deed of merit this is my reward,
Whereby I am thus a blaze of brightness.
When I was human, living among men,
In my former life in the world of men,
I saw a sinless monk, very holy, without stain,
To him did I, pure of heart, give a chair with my own hands.
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever pleases my heart.
I tell you, monk of great majesty,
The deed of merit I did when I was human.
So am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My beauty shining forth on every side."

4

FOURTH CHAIR MANSION

The setting of this too was in Rājagaha. It must be understood just as described for the 2nd Vimāna, because since the

woman gave a chair after spreading a blue cloth over it, there was created for her too a vimāna of lapis-lazuli. The rest is the same as what was said with regard to the first vimāna. So it goes:

> "Your splendid palanquin of lapis-lazuli," etc. . . .
> She, elated by Moggallāna questioned,
> Told, as she was asked, the deed whereof this was the reward.
> "For a little deed of merit this is my reward
> Whereby I am thus a blaze of brightness.
> When I was human, living among men . . . (*as in* 3)

5

ELEPHANT MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Rājagaha at the Place of the Squirrel Feeding in Bamboo Grove. Now one day a festival was proclaimed in the town of Rājagaha. Everyone, dressed up in the best that he had, took part in the festivities.

Now the Mahārājā Bimbisāra, to preserve the goodwill of the people, went out from the palace and made a ceremonial circuit of the town with great pomp and splendour. At that time a woman of good birth, a resident of Rājagaha, saw the pomp of the king, and filled with wonder she asked those who were known to be learned, "By what sort of deed of merit is this display of wealth of divine splendour acquired?" They said to her, "Lady, a deed of merit is like the jewel that grants wishes, like the wishing tree. . . ." When she heard that she said to herself, "I see that divine efficiency is greater than that here (on earth)," and she became very earnest in the performance of deeds of merit.

Now her mother and father sent a new suit of clothes, a new chair, a bunch of lotuses, and ghee, honey, sugar, rice and milk for her to enjoy. When she saw them she said, "I want to give alms, and now this which is a gift worth giving has become mine," and with a happy heart she prepared her alms, her house, herself on the next day.

At that time the venerable Sāriputta, begging for alms in Rājagaha, was going down the middle of the road with the

bearing of one who was laying down a purse of a thousand pieces.[1] Now the woman's maid saw the Elder and said, "Reverend sir, give me your bowl," and added, "As a favour to a lady devotee, come." The Elder gave her his bowl. She conducted him to the house. Then the woman welcomed and served the Elder. And as she was serving she made a wish, "Through the power of this meritorious deed of mine may there be for me divine splendours distinguished by a pinnacled howdah on a deva-elephant, and may it on no occasion be without lotuses." Then when the Elder had finished his meal and washed the bowl, she filled it with ghee, honey, sugar, and so on, made a carrying pillow of the cloth which had been spread over the seat, and put it in the hand of the Elder, and after the Elder had taken leave, she gave orders to two men, "Take this couch[2] and the bowl to the monastery, give them to the Elder, and return." They did so. Afterwards she died and was reborn in a golden mansion a hundred yojanas in height and had a retinue of a thousand deva-nymphs. And because of her wish a noble elephant five yojanas high was created for her, festooned with lotus garlands and with a golden howdah

Now upon a festival day when the devas were going, each by means of the form of divine power which was their own, to the Grove of Nandana for sport in the park . . . from here on the story is just the same as in the commentary on the first Palanquin Mansion. So it is to be understood as in that story, but here this Elder spoke the lines that follow:

"Your elephant, the best of mounts, with various gems caparisoned,
Beautiful, powerful, full of speed, travels through the sky.
A Lotus-One[3] is he, with eyes like lotus petals, and he is bright
with lotus of blue and white and red.[4]

[1] This seems to have been the mark of a distinguished person (?). Cf. Jāt. I, 506 (Fausböll).

[2] The word used here is *pallanka*, the same as used for describing the Chair Vimānas, and for the *palanquin* or howdah on the back of the elephant.

[3] For a description of elephants, their characteristics, distinguishing marks, etc., see the interesting and little-known treatise on elephant lore, the Mātaṅga-līlā of Nīlakaṇṭha, translated from the Sanskrit by Professor Franklin Edgerton (Yale Univ. Press, Oxford Univ. Press, 1931). Chapter I, 31, lists the different names by which elephants are known, and gives their "etymologies." For *kuñjaro* cf. VvA—35, 3ff. They are called "padmin," says the Mātaṅgalīlā, "because they are fond of lotuses . . ." but, as Professor Edgerton points out in the glossary, the name "really refers to the white spots, called *padma*, 'lotus,' sometimes found on the heads and other parts

With lotus powder his body is sprinkled, wreathed in golden yellow lotuses,
Over a road that is lotus-strewn, adorned with lotus petals,
Steadily, smoothly, without a jolt, with measured stride the strong one moves,
And golden bells upon him ring sweetly as he goes,
The sound of them is like the five instruments of music.
Upon the elephant's massive form, you, dressed in white and adorned,
Outshine in beauty the great throng of deva-nymphs.
Is this a reward for almsgiving, or is it a reward for virtue,
Or for performing the *anjali*? Tell me, you whom I ask."

That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the reward.

"When I saw one who was full of virtue, a muser, delighting in *jhāna*,
I gave him a flower-strewn seat, spread over with a cloth.
Halved lotus flowers[5] I had, and with my own hands
Devout in heart I scattered petals all about the seat.
For that act of merit a reward such as this is mine
And by devas revered, honoured, and worshipped am I.
Verily if one with devout heart shall give a seat to such as are wholly enlightened, tranquil and righteous,
He shall find delight, even as I,
Therefore one who, desiring the Self, longs for greatness
Should give a seat to those who are in the last body."[6]

6

BOAT MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī, sixteen monks who had spent the rainy season-retreat at another

of elephants." Chapter viii 'On Marks of Character,' section 2, says, "One that is beautiful, has an odour like the white water lily . . . he is to be honoured as having the character of a deva." And section 4, "A gandharva . . . they call him who has an odour like . . . *abja* (a kind of lotus . . ."

[4] The names, of *padma* and *uppala*, here used, are usually used to designate lotus of these colours. The various names used for lotus in the Pāli original relieve the poem of some of the monotony which is inevitable in the translation.

[5] Dh. comments on this: "*upaḍḍham padmamālāham ti upaḍḍham padumapupphaṃ ahaṃ . . . Pattehi hi tassa upaḍḍhassa padumassa visuṃ visuṃ katehi pattehi . . . okirin . . .*" VvA—38, 18ff. I have adopted the reading of S₂, "*upaḍḍhapadumamālāhaṃ,*" taking *mālā* in the sense in which Dh. takes it, "flower," rather than "garland."

[6] = *Saṃyutta*, i, 140; *Anguttara*, ii, 21. Of these the latter reads *mahantaṃ*. In the present Commy. a v.l. is *mahatthaṃ*. I have ventured to think the right reading is *mahattaṃ* in the meaning *mahātmaṃ*, as is the meaning in *Anguttara* i, 249. This brings the couplet into tune with the Immanence accepted *when Gotama taught*. See my Introduction.—Ed.

village set out on the highway toward Sāvatthī in the heat of a day, saying, "We will see the Blessed One and listen to Dhamma." And on the way was a waterless desert. And because they were overcome there by the heat, and finding no water, they went to the environs of a certain village. There a woman with a water jar was going to a well. Now the monks saw her, and saying, "If we go where this woman goes we can get water," they followed her, saw the well, and stopped near her. She drew water from there, and saw the monks. "These worthy ones are thirsty, she said to herself, and most respectfully invited them to drink. They took out strainer from knapsack, strained and drank as much water as they wanted, cooled their hands and feet, thanked the woman for giving them water, and went on. She kept that deed of merit in her heart, thinking of it from time to time.

Afterwards she died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. Through the power of her deed of merit there was created for her a great mansion beautified with wishing-trees. Surrounding it was a river of pure water which was a mass of jewels and gems and white sand strewn as if streaked[1] with nets of pearls and silver. On both its banks and at the gateway of the Pleasure-Garden Mansion was a great lotus pond, adorned with five-coloured and white lotuses, and with a golden boat. The devī dwelt there enjoying deva-luck, sporting and idling in the boat.

Now one day the venerable Great-Moggallāna, as he was going about on his deva-tour, saw the devī thus amusing herself and said:

"On a boat with a golden canopy, lady, you rest,
You dip into the lotus pool, with your hand you pick the lotus.
[2]Pinnacled palaces are your apartments, with rooms of fine[3] proportions;
Glittering they shine all about the four quarters.
Why is such beauty yours? Why do you prosper here,
While delights are created for you, whatever your heart desires?

[1] This is the regular meaning of *vikāsita* and apparently the only possible translation here. A passive participle of *vikāsata*, to shine, could not be construed into any possible meaning.

[2] This line and the following one are omitted in the commentary version for both of the 6th and 7th vimānas, though included in the 8th. The version in Vv includes it for all three.

[3] See note on this line for VvA—1-8.

I ask you, devī of great majesty,
When you were human what deed of merit you did?
Why are you thus a blaze of brightness,
Your beauty shining forth on every side?"

Then this verse was spoken by the compilers to introduce the form of answer made by the devī:

That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the reward.
"I, when I had human form, living among men,
[1]In my former life in the world of men,
Saw monks who were thirsty and weary.
Gladly[2] I gave them water to drink.
Truly he who gladly gives water to drink
To such as are weary and thirsty,
For him there are rivers of cool water
Abounding in blossoms, with many white lotuses,
Beside him streams forever flow,
Rivers of cool water, strewn with sand,
And mango trees surround him, sāl, tilakā, and roseapple,
Cassia and trumpet flowers in full bloom.
For him, its beauty enhanced by such surroundings,
Is a finest mansion greatly shining.
This[3] is the reward of his action.
They who win merit receive such as this.
[4]Pinnacled palaces are my apartments, with rooms of fine proportions,
Glittering they shine all about, into the four quarters.
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires.
[5]I tell you, monk of great majesty,
The deed of merit I did when I was human.
So am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My glory shining forth on every side."

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[1] Line inadvertently omitted in VvA—in the 6th, 7th and 8th vimānas.

[2] *Uṭṭhāya*, lit. having risen, is defined in the commentary as *uṭṭhānaviriyaṃ katvā, ālasiyaṃ anāpajjitvā*: "showing the vigour of one's getting up, not showing laziness." VvA—736–7. "Having risen" does not fit the context of the story. Following Dh.'s suggestion I have tried to express alacrity, ungrudging service. Perhaps "willingly" would be the better word. Professor Edgerton suggests that the colloquial "up and gave" exactly expresses the meaning.

[3] Vv: *Tasseva*; VvA: *Tassidha*, in Vimānas 6, 7 and 8.

[4], [5] This and the following line are included in Vv, but omitted in VvA.

7

SECOND BOAT MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī a certain saintly elder at the beginning of the rains wanted to begin the season at an abode in a village, and set out after the (noonday) meal upon the highway from Sāvatthī to the village. Becoming weary and thirsty from the fatigue of the journey, he came to a certain village. Seeing no place such as had shade and water in the environs, and being overcome with fatigue, he donned his upper garment, entered the village, and stopped at the door of the first house. There a woman saw him, asked, "Where have you come from, sir?" and seeing that he was weary and thirsty, welcomed him into the house, and gave him a seat. She gave him water for his feet, and oil to anoint them, and fanned him. When his heat was allayed she prepared a sweet, cold, fragrant drink for him. The elder drank it, and relieved, thanked her and went on his way.

Later the woman died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. Understand everything as for the preceding mansion. Even in the verses there is nothing new.[1]

8

THIRD BOAT MANSION

The Blessed One, while he was travelling about the province with a large company of monks, went down to a Brāhman village named Thūṇa in the Kosala-country. Now, the story goes, the Brāhman householders of Thūṇa heard the rumour, "The Samaṇa Gotama, they say, has arrived in the field of our village." Now the Brāhman householders were non-believers, holding wrong views, avaricious by nature. They said, "If the Samaṇa Gotama should enter this village and stay two or three days, he would convert all these people. Then the Brāhman religion[2] would have no support," and trying to prevent the Blessed One from stopping there they took the boats away from the landing places, and made the

[1] Except for the change from plural to singular in referring to the monks, and the omission, in the goddess' reply, of the two lines that begin *Kūṭāgāra* . . .

[2] *Brahmaṇa-dhammo.*

bridges and causeways unusable. They filled all the wells except one with weeds and the like and concealed the watering-places, rest-houses and sheds. Thus it is told in the *Udāna*.

The Blessed One learned of their abuse, and having compassion on them, crossed the river through the air with his company of monks, went on, and in due course of time reached the Brāhman village of Thūṇa. He left the road and sat down at the foot of a tree. At that moment many women were passing by near the Blessed One carrying water. And in that village an agreement had been made, "If the Samaṇa Gotama comes here, there is to be no welcome or the like made for him, and when he comes to a house, neither to him nor to his disciples is any food to be given." Then a certain Brāhman's slave girl, going along with a jar of water, saw the Blessed One and monk, realized that they were weary and thirsty, and being of devout heart, wanted to give them water. "Even and though the people of this[1] village have resolved that nothing at all is to be given to the Samaṇa Gotama and not even a show of respect is to be made," she said to herself, "yet, if after I have found these supreme fields of merit and worthy recipients of meritorious giving, I do not lay the foundation for my salvation by a mere giving of water, when hereafter shall I be released from woe? So be it, my masters! Let everyone who lives in the village beat or bind me, still I will give a gift of water to a field of merit such as this." When she had made this resolve, though the other women carrying water tried to stop her, without regard for her life, she lifted down the water-jar from her head, placed it on one side, approached the Blessed One full of joy and happiness, greeted him with the five-fold veneration, and offered him water. The Blessed One recognized the purity of her heart, and as a favour to her washed his hands and feet and drank water. The water in the jar was not diminished. The girl saw this, os next with devout heart she gave to one after another of the monks. Then to all of them, the water was still not diminished. Thrilled with happiness, and with her water jar as full as ever,[2] she went home.

[1] Read *ime* (*'me*) for *me*. VvA—46, 22.

[2] Read *yathāpuṇṇena*, instead of *yathā puṇṇena*. Cf. J. I, 101, 23ff, *pañca sakaṭasatāni yathāpūritān' eva aṭṭhaṃsu*: "the five hundred carts stood as full as ever."

Her master, the Brāhman, heard of her giving water. "She has broken the rule of the village and I am blamed," he said, and burning with rage and grinding his teeth he hurled her to the ground and beat her with hands and feet. Because of that she died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten, and a mansion for her was created, like that described in the first Boat Mansion.

Now the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ānanda, "Come now, Ānanda, bring me water from the well." The Elder said, "The well here, reverend sir, has been ruined by the people of Thūṇa. I cannot bring water." But the Blessed One commanded him a second time, and still a third. The third time the Elder took the bowl of the Blessed One and went toward the well. As he went, the water in the well filled up to the top, brimmed over and flowed down on every side.

All the rubbish floated to the top and cleared off. By the rising water other watering places were filled, the village was surrounded and the region of the village was submerged. The Brāhmans saw the miracle, and with hearts filled with amazement and wonder, asked forgiveness of the Blessed One. At once the flood of water disappeared. They provided a place for the Blessed One and his company of monks to stay, invited them for the morrow, and on the next day prepared great alms, presented solid and soft food in abundance to the assembly of monks with Buddha at their head, and when the Blessed One had finished his meal and had withdrawn his hand from the bowl all the people of Thūṇa sat in homage around him.

At that moment the devī had reflected on her attainment and realized that its cause was her gift of water. With gladness she said, "Come now, I will pay homage to the Blessed One. I will make known in the world of men the great fruitfulness of deeds, even of a trifling sort, when done by those who hold the right view," and full of zeal, with her retinue of a thousand deva-nymphs, and with her mansion, pleasure garden and all right along with her, with great deva-majesty she arrived in sight of the great body of people. She descended from the mansion, approached the Blessed One, saluted him, and stood in an attitude of reverence. Then the Blessed One, desiring

to make clear to that multitude the fruit of merit which was there before their eyes, asked her:

"Aloft in boat with golden canopy, lady, are you placed,
You dip your hand into the lotus-pool and pluck.
Pinnacled palace is your bower, finely proportioned its rooms,[1]
Glittering they shine around into the four quarters.
Why is such beauty yours? Why do you prosper here. . . .
(*Continue as in preceding poems*)
. . . shining forth on every side?

The devī replied:

"I in my last life 'mong men of earth
Saw monks who were thirsty and weary.
Gladly I gave them water to drink.
Truly he who gladly gives water to drink
To such as are weary and thirsty,
For him there are rivers of cool water
Abounding in blossoms, with many white lotus.
Beside him streams forever flow,
Rivers of cool water, strewn with sand,
And mango (trees surround him), sāl, tilakā, and roseapple,
Cassia and trumpet flowers in full bloom.
For him, its beauty enhanced by such surroundings,
Is a mansion most splendid, greatly shining.
This is the reward of his action.
They who win merit receive such as this.
Pinnacled palaces are my apartments, with rooms of fine proportions.
Glittering they shine all around, into the four quarters.
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever pleases my heart.
Therefore am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My glory shining forth on every side.
For that deed of mine this is the reward.
The Buddha drank water for me."[2]

9

LAMP MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī, upon a feast day many lay devotees, both men and women, in observance of the Sabbath, early in the morning performed

[1] *bhāgaso mitā* I have translated as "fine proportions" in spite of the fact that Dh. takes it otherwise. *Tāni hi catussālabhūtāni aññamaññassa paṭibimbabhūtāni viya paṭivibhattarūpāni* . . .: "For they are of four rooms, in form equally divided, like reflections of one another . . ." VvA—50, 7–8.
[2] VvA—50, 18.

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their almsgiving, each in accordance with his means, dined very early and, dressed in clean garments with clean mantles and with perfume and flowers in their hands, went in the afternoon to the monastery, gathered about the monks cultivating the mind, and in the evening listened to Dhamma. While they were still listening and wanted to stay longer, it became dark. Then a certain woman thought, "They ought to light a lamp here," and she had a lamp, and the things to light it with, brought from her own house, lit the lamp, placed it in front of the Dhamma-seat, and listened. Pleased by her gift of the light she became full of joy and happiness, and after worship went to her home. Afterwards she died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten mansion of brilliant jewels. But as the luminance of her body was very great, she outshone the other devas and diffused radiance in ten directions. Now one day the venerable Great-Moggallāna on his deva-tour . . . (*as in the accounts above*). But here he put his question with the three verses:

"With surpassing splendour, devī, you stand
Diffusing radiance on every side, like the Healing Star.
Why is such beauty yours? Why do you prosper here
With delights created for you, whatever pleases your heart?
Wherefore, devī, pure in light, do you outshine all others?
Why does your whole body illumine every quarter?[1]
I ask you, devī, of great majesty
When you had human form what did you do?
Why are you thus a blaze of brightness,
Your glory shining forth on every side?"
That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the fruit.
"I, when I was of human form, living among men,
In my former birth in the world of men,
On a night very black, in darkness profound,
At the time for lamp-lighting, gave a light.
He who in darkness, on a night very black
At the time for lamp-lighting, gives a light,
For him shall be a mansion of the jewels whereof the essence is light,
Abounding with blossoms, with many white lotuses.
So is this beauty mine, so do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires.

[1] *Mano-bhāvaniyā*. On this interesting technical term see my *To Become or not to Become*.

Therefore do I, pure in light, outshine all others.
Therefore is every quarter radiant with (the lustre of) all my body.[1]
I tell you, monk of great majesty,
The deed I did when I had human form.
So am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My glory shining forth on every side."

That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the fruit.
"I, when I had human form, living among men,
In my former birth in the world of men,
[2]I saw a sinless monk, very holy, without stain.
I touched him as I gave alms of sesame, but without lust,
Devout in heart, with my own hands, I gave to the Enlightened One who is worthy to receive.
Therefore is this beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires.
I tell you, monk of great majesty . . .
. . . on every side."

10

GIFT OF SESAME MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Jetavana, in the park of Anāthapiṇḍika.[3] At that time in Rājagaha a certain woman who was with child had washed some sesame and dried it in the sun, because she wanted to drink a little sesame oil. Her life had now come to its end, and she was destined to die that very day, and her accumulated deeds pre-determined rebirth in hell.[4] Now the Blessed One, while contemplating the earth at the time of dawn, saw her with the deva eye and thought "This woman dying to-day may be reborn in hell; now then let me by accepting sesame as alms cause her to reach heaven." In but a moment he went from Sāvatthī to Rājagaha, and as he went begging through Rājagaha he came to the door of her

[1] Alternate translations for what is literally, "(Why, therefore) does every direction shine with your (or my) whole body."
[2] Apparently a line is missing from this group.
[3] "The vihāra is almost always referred to as *Jetavane Anāthapiṇḍikassa Ārāme.* The Commentaries say that this was deliberate, in order that the names of both earlier and later owners might be recorded, and that people might be reminded of men, both very generous in the cause of religion, so that others might follow their example." *Dict. of Pāli Proper names,* Vol. I, p. 966, II. 12ff.
[4] "A kamma involving Hell had established itself and was fixed," is the literal reading.

house. The woman saw the Blessed one, and filled with joy and delight rose suddenly, performed the *añjali*, and seeing nothing else fit to give made a pile of the sesame seeds, after she had washed hands and feet, cupped both her hands and filling the hollow of them she heaped the sesame into the bowl of the Blessed One. The Blessed One, in compassion for her, said, " Be thou happy ! " and went on his way. That night, in the time toward dawn, the woman died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten in a golden mansion twelve yojanas in extent. The venerable Elder, Great-Moggallāna came across her on his deva-tour, as described above, and asked her (*as in the foregoing number*)

11

DEVOTED WIFE MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī. In that city there was a devoted wife, she lived in harmony with her husband, was patient and intelligent ; she did not scold ; she was gentle in speech, truthful, filled with faith, and she gave alms, as much as she could afford. Afflicted by some sort of disease she died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. The rest is just as has been told.

" Herons, peacocks and swans divine
And sweet-voiced kokilas hover about
This charming mansion, flower-strewn,
Gaily painted, by men and women frequented.
There you dwell, devī of great majesty,
By will abnormal assuming many forms,
And these your nymphs on every side
Dance and sing and cause you joy.
Deva-potency have you attained, O great in majesty,
When you had human form what did you do ?
Why are you thus a blaze of brightness,
Your glory shining forth on every side ? "
That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the fruit.
" When I was human, living among men,
A faithful wife with heart for no other was I,
I sheltered my lord as a mother her child,
Even though angry I spoke no rough word.

In truth abiding, without false speaking,
Delighting in giving, of kindly nature,
And pure in heart I freely gave
Both food and drink, abundant alms.
Therefore is such splendour mine, therefore do I prosper here,
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires.
Therefore am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My beauty shining forth on every side."

12

SECOND DEVOTED WIFE MANSION

In Sāvatthī the story goes was another lay devotee who was a devoted wife, believing, devout. She observed the precepts, gave alms as she was able, and dying, was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. The rest is as described above.

"In a mansion pillared in lapis-lazuli,
Gleaming and beautiful, bright with many colours,
There you dwell, devī great in majesty,
By will abnormal working every change.
And these your nymphs on every side
Dance, sing and cause you to rejoice.
Deva-power have you attained, O great in majesty,
When you had human form what did you do? . . .
. . . on every side."
That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the fruit.
"When I was human, living among men,
A devotee of the Seeing One was I,
From destruction of life I abstained,
In the world I took nothing not given me,
I drank no liquor, nor spake I falsehood.
With my own husband I lived content,
Pious in heart I freely gave
Both food and drink, abundant alms.
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here
And for me are created delights—whatever my heart desires.
So am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My glory shining forth on every side."

13

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MANSION

In Sāvatthī in a certain house a daughter-in-law who came of good family saw a saintly Elder come to the house for alms

and filled with delight, thinking, "This has happened as a field of highest merit for me," she took a portion of the bread which she had received for herself and gave it respectfully to the Elder. The Elder accepted it, thanked her, and went on. Later the daughter-in-law died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. All the rest is the same as that explained above.

"With surpassing splendour, devi, you stand . . ."
That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned
Told of the deed whereof the fruit was this :—
"When I was human, living among men,
A daughter-in-law was I, in the home of my father-in-law.
I saw a sinless monk, very holy, without stain,
To him did I, pure of heart, give bread with my own hands.
Because I gave him half my share I rejoice in the grove of Nandana.[1]
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here. . . .
. . . on every side."

14

SECOND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MANSION

The only difference in this is that the gift was of curd.

15

UTTARĀ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling in Rājagaha, at the Place of the Squirrel Feeding in Bamboo Grove. At that time a poor man, Puṇṇa by name, lived as a dependent upon a leading citizen of Rājagaha. His wife Uttarā, and a daughter named Uttarā, were the only two people in his home. Now one day in Rājagaha there was a seven-day festival. The master heard it and said to Puṇṇa early in the morning, "My man, my household want to celebrate the festival. Will you celebrate the festival, or will you work for wages?" "My lord," said Puṇṇa, "such a thing as a festival is for the rich, but in my house there is not even rice to make gruel for

[1] This concludes another group of three lines. Cf. 1–10.

ow. What is a festival to me? I will take oxen and lough." "Well, then, take the oxen," said the master. took powerful oxen and a fine plough and said to his My dear, the townsfolk are celebrating a festival. I ng to earn wages, since we are poor, but for me too, day, cook a double portion of food and bring it to me." e went to the field.

the Elder Sāriputta had ended a seven day trance,[1] erefrom, and as he was wondering, "Now to whom will the chance come to-day to do a kindness to me?" Puṇṇa who had come within the net of his perception, ile he was wondering, "Now is this man a believer? be able to do a kindness to me?" he realized that was a believer and able to do a kindness, and on that effecting for him great attainment, took bowl and robe, the field where he was ploughing, and seeing a bush edge of a wall, sat down. As soon as Puṇṇa saw the e stopped his ploughing, greeted the Elder with venera- nd saying to himself, "He needs a toothstick," he suitable toothstick and gave it. Then the Elder s water strainer from his knapsack and gave it to him to himself, "He needs drinking water," Puṇṇa took iner, strained drinking water and gave it. The Elder , "This man lives in a house behind that of unbelievers. to the gate of the house, his wife will not be able to see Then his wife sets out upon the road with his meal ll I be here." He waited there a little while, and when v that she was on the way, he set out into the town. he woman saw the Elder on the road she thought, imes when I have something worth giving I see no rthy to receive it; sometimes when I see a worthy here is nothing worth giving, but to-day I see a worthy and at the same time I have a gift worth giving. Surely l work for my benefit." She put down the dish with d in it, greeted the Elder with veneration, and said, vithout giving thought to whether this is coarse or fine a favour to your servant."[2] Then the Elder held out l, and as she held the dish with one hand and was giving

dha: lit. 'stopping.'
ssa, masculine dative—presumably her husband.

him rice from it with the other, he said, "It is enough if you give me half the food," and covered over his bowl with his hand. She said, "Sir, one portion cannot be divided. If you will not do a favour for your servant in respect to this world, do one for the sake of the next. I want to give all, without any remainder whatsoever," and so saying, and having put every bit into his bowl,[1] she made a devout wish, "May I through you be prosperous in this world." The Elder said, "So be it," thanked her still standing up, and when he had sat down in a pleasant place where there was water, made his meal. The woman went home, searched for some rice, and cooked a meal. Puṇṇa meanwhile, had ploughed a half karīsa of land, and being unable to endure his hunger, had unyoked the oxen, gone into the shade of a tree and sat down watching the road. Now as his wife was going along with the food and saw him she thought, "He is sitting watching for me, oppressed with hunger. If he rails against me, saying 'She is very late,' and should strike me with the driver's stick, the deed which I have done will become of no effect. I will speak to him so as to prevent it." With this in mind she said, "Master, to-day, just this one day, make your heart calm, make not a deed which I have done of no effect. While I was bringing your meal very early, on the way I saw the captain of Dhamma. I gave him your meal, then I went home, cooked a meal, and have come. Be calm, master." He asked, "What are you saying, my dear?" and when he had heard the story again, he said, "Wife, you did exactly right in giving my food to this worthy one. I, too, to-day, very early, gave him a toothstick and water for his mouth," and serene in heart he approved her story, and being drowsy from taking his meal late in the day, he put his head in her lap and fell asleep.

Now all of the place ploughed early in the morning, including the dust and dirt, became bright gold and remained resplendent, like a heap of yellow kaṇikāra flowers. When Puṇṇa woke he looked, and said to his wife, "My dear, all this ploughed land looks to me as though it had become gold. Now tell me, are not my eyes unsettled because I ate my meal so late

[1] Begin the quotation at *tumhehi* . . . instead of at *sabbaṃ* . . .

in the afternoon ?" "Master," she said, "it looks just that way to me, too." He got up, went there, took up a clod, hit it on the head of the plough, saw that it was gold, and cried, "Aha, the reward for the alms given to the worthy captain of Dhamma has made its appearance to-day already. But clearly it is not possible to hide and enjoy the use of so much wealth." He filled with gold the dish brought by his wife, went to the king's palace, and gaining permission from the king, entered and made his obeisance, and when the king said, "What is it, my man ?" he said, "Majesty, to-day the land which I had ploughed all became quite filled with a heap of gold and stayed that way. The gold ought to be sent for." "Who are you ?" asked the king. "Puṇṇa is my name." "But what have you done to-day ?" "Very early this morning I gave a toothstick and water for the mouth to the Captain of Dhamma, and my wife, too, gave to the same one the food that was to serve as a meal for me." When the king heard this he said, "This very day the reward will have appeared for the alms given," and he asked, "My man, what shall we do ?" "Dispatch many thousand carts and have the gold brought to you," said Puṇṇa. The king dispatched the carts. As the king's men were taking the gold and saying, "It belongs to the king," each piece as they picked it up became nothing but earth. When they went and told the king and he asked them, "My men, what did you say as you took it ?" and they answered, "That it belonged to you," the king answered, "In that case, my men, go again and collect it as you say, 'It belongs to Puṇṇa.'" They did so. Each piece picked up remained gold. They brought it all and made a heap in the court of the king. Eighty cubits high was the heap. The king had the townsmen summoned. "Has anyone in this city so much gold ?" he asked them. "No one, majesty." "But what ought to be given to this man ?" "The umbrella of a seṭṭhi, Majesty." The king said, "Let him be seṭṭhi of great wealth," and gave him much wealth. Then Puṇṇa said to the king, "Majesty, all this time we have been living in the home of another. Give us a place to live in." The king said, "In that case, look. This appears to be jungle. Clear it off and build a house," and he showed him the site of the home of a former seṭṭhi. On that site within just a

few days he had a house built, and performing the ceremony of entering the house and the ceremony of his investiture of rank, all in one, he gave alms for seven days to the Order with the Buddha at their head.

Afterwards a seṭṭhi of Rājagaha asked for the daughter of Puṇṇa in marriage for his son. He said, "I will not give her." "Do not act thus," said the seṭṭhi, "you got your luck at the very time you were living with us. Give your daughter to my son." "Your son is an unbeliever," said Puṇṇa, "my daughter cannot live without the Three Jewels. Because of this I just will not give my daughter to him." Then many men of rank entreated him, "Do not break off your friendship with this man. Give him your daughter." He complied with their entreaty and gave away his daughter at the time of the full moon in the month of Āsālhī. She went to the home of her husband.

From the time of her departure she was not allowed to go near monk or nun, to give alms, or to listen to Dhamma. When two and a half months had thus passed she asked the servants who attended her, "How much of the rainy season is left now?" "Half a month, my lady," they said. She sent a message to her father: "Why have they cast me into such a prison? It would have been better for you to have branded me and declared me a slave of others than to have given me into such a family of unbelievers. From the time that I came here I have not been allowed to do even a single pious act, even so much as catching sight of a monk." Now her father, after he had expressed his sorrow, saying, "Unhappy, alas, is my daughter!" had fifteen thousand kahāpanas delivered to her and sent a message: "In this city there is a courtezan, Sirimā by name. Daily she received a thousand (*kahāpaṇas*). Have her brought to you by means of this money, give her over to your husband, and you yourself perform your pious acts as you please." Uttarā did so, and when her husband saw Sirimā and said "What's this?" she replied, "Husband, for this half-month let this companion of mine look after you, but for this half-month I want to do nothing but give alms and listen to Dhamma." He looked at that beautiful woman and with aroused desire agreed, "Very well." Uttarā for her part, sent an invitation to the Order

with the Buddha at the head, saying, "Reverend sir, for this half month go nowhere else, but receive alms here only," and when she had received an acknowledgment from the Master she said, "From now up to the Great Pavāraṇā festival I shall be able to wait upon the Master and to hear Dhamma, and with heart content thereat she went about arranging everything that was to be done in the kitchen, saying "Cook the porridge this way, cook the cakes thus."

Now her husband, thinking, "To-morrow will be the Great Pavāraṇā festival," stood at the window looking into the kitchen and wondered, "Now what is that silly woman busy doing?" He saw she was moving about wet with sweat, sprinkled over with ashes, smeared with charcoal soot from all her preparations, and said, "The silly woman does not enjoy the luck of her high position in a place like this. She goes about with a happy heart because she says, 'I will minister to shaven-head monks,'" and he laughed and went away.

As he went away, Sirimā was standing near him and said to herself, "Now what did he see to make him laugh?" and looking in by the same window she saw Uttarā and thought, "He looked at her and laughed. There must be intimacy between him and her." Now the story goes that, although this woman had been for half a month an outsider in this house, yet, since she was enjoying its luxury just as an equal, she was unaware of her status as an outsider, and had the notion, "I am the mistress of the house." She settled her malice upon Uttarā, and saying to herself, "I will make trouble for her," descended from the terrace, entered the kitchen, and at the place where they were cooking the cakes, took up some boiling hot ghee with a ladle and went toward Uttarā. Uttarā saw her coming and thought, "My companion has done me a favour. The circle of the earth is too narrow, the world of the devas is too low, but the virtue of my companion is great because by her help I have become able to give alms and to listen to Dhamma. If I am angry with her, may this ghee burn me, if not, let it not burn me." The ghee, although poured on the top of her head, was like cold water because she was suffused with a kindly spirit. Now when the serving women saw that Sirimā filled the ladle again because they thought, "This must be cold," and was going with it towards Uttarā they screamed,

"Ah, you wicked woman! How dare you pour boiling oil on the head of our mistress," and jumping up from wherever they were in the kitchen, they struck her with hands and feet and threw her to the ground. Though Uttarā tried to prevent them she could not stop them. Then she stood over Sirimā, held off all the servant women, and said reproachfully to Sirimā, "Why have you done such a sinful deed?" Then she bathed her with warm water, and anointed her with pure oil.

At that moment Sirimā realized the fact that she was an outsider, and thought, "I have done a grievous deed. As I was scattering boiling oil on her head because of a mere smile on the part of the husband, she ordered her serving women, 'Hold her,' but when they were hurting me, she held off the serving-women and did for me just what should have been done. If I do not ask her forgiveness, may my head split into seven pieces." She fell down at Uttarā's feet and said, "Lady, forgive me." "I am a daughter whose father is living. If my father forgives you, I will forgive you,"[1] said Uttarā. "So be it, lady, I shall beg forgiveness from your father too, Puṇṇa the seṭṭhi." "Puṇṇa is my father in the cycle of transmigration,[2] but if my father, in the cycle that does not turn[3] forgives you, I will forgive you." "But who is your father in the cycle that does not turn?" "The Wholly Enlightened." "I do not know him. What shall I do?" "The Master will come here to-morrow with his company of monks. Do you with whatever hospitality you can bring come here and ask his forgiveness." "Very well, my lady," said Sirimā, and rose and went to her own home, gave orders to five hundred women attendants, prepared many sorts of solid and liquid food, and on the next day took the offering of hospitality, went to Uttarā's house, and waited, not presuming to put anything into the bowls of the Order with the Buddha at their head. Uttarā herself took everything and arranged it. But Sirimā with her retinue, at the completion of the meal, fell at the feet of the Master. Then the Master asked her, "What is your fault?" "Sir, yesterday I did

[1] Read *pitari te khamāpite khamissāmi*. Cf. p. 69, line 12–13, which should read, *tumhesu khamāpitesu khamissāmi*.

[2] *Vaṭṭe* and *vivaṭṭe*, the cycle of transmigration, human life; and the cycle that does not turn, *nibbāna*.

[3] Read *vivaṭṭe janakapitari khamante . . . khamissāmi*.

thus and so, but my companion held back her serving women who were hurting me; she did me a kindness instead. I realized her virtue, I asked her pardon, but she said to me that when I had your forgiveness then 'I will forgive.'" "Is it as she says, Uttarā?" "Yes, reverend sir. The companion poured boiling oil on my head." "Then what did you think?" "I thought, 'The circle of the earth is too narrow, the world of devas is too low, but the virtue of the companion is great, because by her help I am able to give alms and to listen to Dhamma. If I am angry with her, let this burn me; if not, let it not burn.' Thinking thus I was suffused with a kindly spirit." The Master said, "Well done, well done, Uttarā, thus should one conquer anger." And in explanation of the meaning of the saying,

"He who is angry is to be conquered by non-anger,
He who abuses by one who is not abusive,
The quarrelsome by one not quarrelling,
The stubbornly selfish by a gift of something one owns,
The liar by truth-telling" (*Dhp.*, ver. 223)

he said,

"One may conquer anger by non-anger, that which is not good
by the good may one conquer,
Selfishness by giving, by truth-speaking the liar."

When he had spoken this verse, at the end of the verse he recited the four truths. At the conclusion of the truths Uttarā was established as a *once-returner*. And her husband, and father-in-law and mother-in-law realized conversion. Sirimā too, with her retinue of five hundred courtezans, was converted. Afterwards Uttarā died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten.

And the venerable Great-Moggallāna travelling about as described above, on his deva-tour, saw Uttarā the deva-daughter, and put the question to her with the verses that begin, "With surpassing splendour . . ." (*as in preceding number*).

That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told of what deed this was the fruit.
"Jealousy, avarice and spite
Were never mine when I lived at home.

Without anger, obedient to my husband,
Careful always on the feast day was I.
[1]The fourteenth, fifteenth and the eighth day of the fortnight too.
And the special fast of the eight observances,
And the feast I observed, always restrained in the precepts.
Thrifty and generous, (so) I dwell in this vimāna.
From destruction of life abstaining, from false speaking restrained
From theft and transgression and drinking of liquor far removed was I,
In the five precepts delighting, of the noble truths having true knowledge,
A lay devotee of glorious Gotama the Seer,
I myself by my own virtue, and with glory, glorious,
Enjoy the reward of my merit. Blessed am I, free from ills,
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires.
I tell you, monk of great majesty,
The deed I did when I had human form.
So am I thus a blaze of brightness,
My glory shining forth on every side."

The devī moreover said to him in reply: "And reverend sir, by means of this story of mine may you pay homage to the Blessed One with your head at his feet, and say, 'Reverend sir, the devotee named Uttarā pays homage with her head at the foot of the Blessed One.' But it would not be surprising indeed, reverend sir, if the Blessed One should predict some fruit of samaṇaship for me." The Blessed One did predict the reward that consisted of her being in the First Path.

16

SIRIMĀ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Rājagaha at the Place of the Squirrel Feeding in Bamboo Grove. And at that time Sirimā (p. 75), the courtezan mentioned above, had abandoned her impure profession because of her conversion, and had begun to give alms daily to eight members of the Order chosen by lot.[2] From the beginning, eight monks came daily to her house. Saying such things as, "Have some ghee. Have

[1] J. iv—320, 19, and vi—118, 22, read . . . *yāva pakkhassa* instead of . . . *yā ca*. Dh. understands *yā ca*, but is confused in his interpretation of these three lines. So am I.

[2] See discussion at end of this section.

some curd," she would fill their bowls. The amount one person got was enough for three or four. Every day food worth sixteen kahāpanas was given as alms. Now one day a monk had enjoyed the Meal for Eight at her house, and went to a monastery three yojanas away. Now that evening as he was sitting in attendance upon the elders they asked him, "Āvuso, where did you get food from just before you came here?' "I partook of the Meal for Eight." "Did Sirimā give food that she had made appetizing?" "I cannot describe her meal. She gave food that she had made most delicious. What one alone got was enough for three or four.[1] But even more excellent than the alms she gave was her appearance, for she has beauty of such and such a sort . . ." and he recounted her charms.

Now when one of the monks had heard the account of her charms, although he had not seen her, by merely hearing about her he fell in love, and thinking to himself, "I want to go and see her," he told where his own hut was[2] and questioned the monk who had partaken of the meal,[3] and when he heard him say, "To-morrow, venerable sir, if you are the first[4] one in that house you will get the right[5] to have one of the Meals for Eight," setting out with bowl and robe at that very moment, and rising at dawn, he entered the ticket-room, was seated, and became the first of the congregation there and got the right to have a Meal for Eight in Sirimā's house.

But at the very moment when the monk who had dined the day before had gone away[6] a disease arose in Sirimā's body. So she took off her ornaments and lay down. Now her serving women saw that the monks who had got the right[7] to receive the Meals for Eight had arrived, and told her so. Being unable to take the bowls with her own hand or to invite the monks to be seated, she gave orders to her serving women

[1] Read *pahoti* (without *ti*).

[2] *Attano vassaggaṃ kathetva* is hard to understand in this context. I should like to understand the accusative in locative sense, i.e., he talked privately to the monk in his own hut.

[3] *Ṭhitikam* here probably stands for *āhāraṭhitikaṃ*.

[4] The meaning of *thera* here is hard to understand unless it does mean exactly "first," i.e., elder by priority.

[5] The meaning of *labhati* as "get the right to receive" is clearest in VvA 11. 26 ff.

[6] 1. 24 read without a period after *pakkami*.

[7] Read *labhitvā* instead of *labhituṃ*.

saying, "Women, take the bowls, invite the reverend gentlemen to be seated, give them gruel to drink, serve them with food, and when it is time for the rice,[1] fill their bowls and give them to them." They did so. She said, "Put your arms around me and lead me in. I will greet the reverend gentlemen," and supported by them she was led into the presence of the monks and greeted them, her body shaking. When the monk (who had fallen in love with her) saw her he thought, "Even though ill this woman has radiant beauty, but when she is in health, decked in all her adornments, what a complete beauty she must have!" and sin that had been accumulating for many tens of millions of years past beset him. He became distraught, and being unable to eat his rice, took his bowl and went to the monastery, covered the bowl, put it on one side, spread out a corner of his robe and lay down. Then even though a fellow-monk entreated him, he could not make him eat. He went without food.

In the evening of that very day Sirimā died. The king sent a message to the Master, "Reverend sir, Sirimā, the youngest sister of Jīvaka, has died." When the Master heard it he sent a message to the king, "Sirimā's body is not to be cremated. Have her set down in the place of the unburned bodies and set a guard so that crows and other creatures of prey may not devour her." The king did so. Three days passed in succession, and on the fourth day the body swelled up. From the nine apertures maggots oozed forth. The entire body was like a broken pot of rice. The king had a proclamation drummed through the town, "For everyone who does not go to see Sirimā, except the boys who stay at home to guard, a fine of eight kahāpanas!" And he sent a message to the Master: "Let the Order with Buddha at the head come to look at Sirimā." The Master announced to the monks, "We will go to look at Sirimā." The young monk had lain for four days paying no heed to what anyone said, and without any food at all. Even though the food in his bowl turned putrid, he did not rise. Now a fellow-monk went up to him saying, "Āvuso, the Master is going to see Sirimā," and at the very mention of the word "Sirimā" the young monk, although

[1] Obviously *bhatta* does not mean "meal" here in the sense of the full meal.

hungry and distressed, forced himself to his feet. "The Master is going to see Sirimā, will you go too?" his fellow-monk asked. "I will go," he said, and throwing away the rice, he washed the bowl and went with the Order. The Master surrounded by the Order stood at one side. The Order of nuns, the king's court, and the crowd of lay devotees each stood in a group by themselves. The Master asked the king, "Maharaja, who is she?" "Reverend sir, this is the sister of Jīvaka, Sirimā by name." "Is this Sirimā?" "It is, reverend sir." "Well then, have a proclamation drummed through the town that anyone may have Sirimā for a thousand kahāpaṇas." The king had this done. There was not even one who so much as said "Yes" or "No" to the offer. The king said to the Master, "Reverend sir, no one accepts." "Well then, Maharaja, set the price." The king had the proclamation drummed, "For five hundred take her!" When he saw no taker, he had the proclamation drummed, "Take Sirimā for two hundred and fifty," "For two hundred," "For one hundred," "For fifty," "For twenty-five kahāpaṇas," "For ten," "For five," "For one," "For a half," "A quarter," "An eighth," "For a kākaṇika," and at last he had the proclamation drummed, "Take her for nothing." Even then there was no one who said so much as "Yes" or "No" to the offer. The king said, "Reverend sir, there is no one who will take her even for nothing." The Master said, "See, O monks, how women are loved by the world. In this very city formerly they gave a thousand kahāpanas for one day with her, now there is no one who will have her even for nothing. Of such form is beauty, full of corruption and decay, made beautiful only by adornments placed upon it, a mass of sores by reason of the nine festering mouths, compounded of three hundred bones, forever wretched, the object of schemes only because it is schemed for many a time by the foolish world, an impermanent body,"[1] and to teach this he recited the verse:

> "Behold the painted image, a body of sores, a thing compounded,
> Wretched, the object of many a scheme. It has no permanence,
> no stability." (Cf. Dhp., ver. 147.)

[1] Note "di" written for *ti*.

At the end of the teaching, the monk whose heart had been attached to Sirimā became freed from his passion of infatuation; he developed inward vision and achieved arahanship. Eighty-four thousand human beings were converted.

At that time Sirimā, the deva-maiden, had contemplated her power and prosperity, and as she was contemplating the place from which she had come she saw the Blessed One, surrounded by the Order of monks and the crowd of people all assembled beside her own body. And surrounded by her five hundred deva-maidens with five hundred chariots, she arrived in visible form, descended from her chariot, paid homage to the Blessed One with her retinue and stood in an attitude of devotion. At that time the venerable Vaṅgīsa was standing near to the Blessed One. He said to the Blessed One, " O Blessed One, I should like to ask a question." " Do so, Vaṅgīsa," the Blessed One said. The venerable Vaṅgīsa put to Sirimā the daughter of heaven the following question:

" Your yoked steeds superbly caparisoned[1]
Downward through the sky are heading, powerful and swift,
And five hundred chariots by magic created
Accompany you, their steeds by charioteers urged on.[2]
You stand in the finest chariot, adorned,
Shedding radiance like the shining fire of stars.
I ask you, exquisite one, of form without flaw,
From what class of beings you come to approach the Supreme One."

Thus questioned by the Elder the devī explained about herself:

" Supreme am I among those who have reached the heights of desire, where, they say,
The devīs goddesses ever delight in ever creating.
From that class of beings, a nymph who can change her form at will,
Have I come here to pay homage to the Supreme One."

When the devī had thus explained her appearance, then the Elder wanted her to tell about her former state of existence, the deed of merit that she had done, and her religious belief.

" In former time what act of piety did you perform, and here
Why do you dwell in boundless glory, thriving in joy?

[1] Dh. says, or " Steeds fit for you . . ." or " Your well-matched steeds . . ."
[2] Read *sārathicoditāhayā* and *pañcarathāsatā*. See VvA 79, 4 ff.

Why have you the potency supreme of flight through air?
Why does your beauty shine out into the ten quarters?
By devas surrounded and honoured are you.
From what former life have you come to good fortune, O devī?
Or obedient to whose teaching were you?
Tell me if you were a disciple of the Buddha."

The goddess recited these verses:

"In the fine city, well planned, that lies among mountains
Attendant of a noble raja, illustrious,
In dance and song highly accomplished was I.
Sirimā they called me in Rājagaha.
The Buddha, sage who is first among saints, controller,
Taught me about ill, of its origin, of impermanence,
He taught of the unconditioned, the eternal suppression of ill,
And he showed me this Way the straight, the lucky Road.
When I had heard of this immortal path, the unconditioned,
The teaching of the Tathāgata supreme,
In the moral precepts I became most highly self-controlled,
Abiding in Dhamma taught by him who is first among men,
the Enlightened One.
When I had learned the passionless Way, the unconditioned,
Shown by the One Supreme, the Tathāgata,
Even then did I touch tranquillity and intentness of mind,
The supreme certainty itself was mine.
When I had gained the outstanding immortal path,
Assured, in understanding well advanced,
Free from doubts, revered by many people was I.
Play and pleasure I enjoyed in great measure.
Thus am I a devī tasting immortality,
A disciple of the Supreme, the Tathāgata,
Finding a support in the fruit which is first, O seer of Dhamma,
And having entered the stream, thereafter[1] for me is no evil
bourn.
I drew near to revere the Supreme One
And the gracious monks who delight in good,
To honour the blessed assembly of hearers,
And with respect toward the illustrious King of Dhamma.
When I see the Sage, glad of heart am I, uplifted,
The Tathāgata, best of men, the charioteer of the tameable,
Who removes cravings, who delights in good, controller,
I revere him, the supremely merciful, the compassionate.

Thus Sirimā, the daughter of heaven, by a declaration with her own mouth of the belief she had accepted, declared her faith in the Three Jewels; she paid reverence to the Blessed

[1] Vv reads *puna*, VvA *pana*.

One and the Order, and having made a ceremonial circuit about them, went to the deva-world itself. The Blessed One made her descent (from heaven) the occasion for a sermon, and expounded Dhamma. At the end of the sermon the monk who had longed for Sirimā attained Arahanship, and the sermon was of benefit to the whole assembly too.

17

KESAKĀRĪ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Benares in the deer park at Isipatana. In the morning the monks dressed, took bowl and robe and entered Benares. They went by the door of a house of a certain Brāhman. In that house the Brāhman's daughter, Kesakārī by name,[1] was taking lice from her mother's head near the door of the house, saw the monks going along, and said to her mother, "Mother, these men who have renounced worldly life seem to me to be in their first youth, very handsome, worth looking at, very young, untouched by any signs of age whatever. Now why in the world do they renounce the world at this age?"

Her mother said to her, "Daughter, there is a son of Sakya, who has renounced the house of Sakya and has appeared in the world as a teacher called the Awakened. He expounds Dhamma. He teaches a holy way of life lovely first, middle and last, in meaning and in letter utterly and completely pure. Because these men have heard Dhamma they have left the world."

Now at that time a certain lay devotee who was blessed with an understanding of the Teaching, as he was going along on that street, heard the conversation and came up to the two women. Then the Brāhminee said to him, "Here now, devotee of the Awakened, many men of good family renounce great wealth and a great circle of relatives and go forth to the clan of Sakya. Now because of what motive do they go forth?" The lay devotee heard her and said, "Because of the danger in pleasures and the merit in renunciation," and he explained in detail the motive to the best of his own under-

[1] Literally, The Girl who Arranged Hair.

standing, explained the merits of the Three Jewels and expounded the advantage and benefit of the five precepts in relation to this world and to the world to come.

Then the daughter of the Brāhman asked him, "Is it possible for us too to partake in the advantage and benefit you have told about, through dependence upon the Refuges and the Precepts?" "Why not?" he said. "Free for all alike are these things which the Blessed One has spoken," and he gave her the Refuges and the Precepts. When she had accepted the Refuges and had undertaken to observe the Precepts, she then said, "What else is there to be done besides this?" Observing her intelligence he thought to himself, "She will become one of those who has got the conditions," and, explaining the nature of the body he spoke of the objects of meditation which are its thirty-two constituents, he developed indifference to the body, and in addition, having moved her with a sermon that dealt with everything from impermanence on, he pointed out the Way to inward vision and left her. She took to heart all he had said, and with her thoughts composed by the realization of the impurity of the body, she developed inward insight, and became converted very soon afterwards with attainment of the conditions.

Then later she died and was reborn as a maiden attendant upon Sakka, the king of devas. Her retinue was a hundred thousand nymphs. When Sakka saw her, he, astonished and admiring, asked her what deed of merit she had done?

"This mansion, lovely, gleaming,
Pillared in lapis lazuli, spacious, well-proportioned,
Shaded on every side with trees of gold
Is my abode, created as a fruit of merit.
Here have come to life these who were nymphs of old,
A hundred thousand, because of your deed.
You have attained to this, you are glorious;
Radiant you stand, a devī from of old.
As the moon shines out surpassing all else,
Like the king of the stars among the stars,
Just so do you with your glittering light
Surpass in radiance this throng of nymphs.
Whence have you come here, you of flawless form?
Whence have you appeared in this realm of mine?
As[1] the thirty devas with Indra at sight of Brahmā,
So none of us shall weary at sight of you."

[1] Read *'va*. Cf VvA—90, 11 ff.

Thus questioned by Sakka, governor of devas, the devī spoke these two verses:

" Since this you graciously ask me, O Sakka,
'From what former birth have you come here?'—
A city there is of the Kāsis, Benares by name,
There, in former times, lived the girl called Kesakārī.
Serene in heart was she, with singleness of devotion
To Buddha, Law, and Order; never doubting,
With Precepts unbroken, her reward attained,
Steadfast in Dhamma of Enlightenment, free from decay."

Then Sakka, rejoicing in her virtuous deeds and her divine magnificence said to her:

"Then for that we rejoice, and welcome you.
In righteousness and glory do you shine,
Serene in heart, with singleness of devotion
To Buddha, Law, and Order; never doubting,
Not breaking the Precepts, with reward attained,
Steadfast in Enlightenment-Dhamma, undecaying."

But Sakka, governor of devas, told the venerable Elder Great-Moggallāna about this occurrence, who told it to the Blessed One. The Blessed One made the matter the occasion for a sermon and preached Dhamma to the assembled multitude That sermon was of benefit to the world, including the deva-world.

Ended is the Commentary of the first section, adorned with seventeen parts, in the Vimāna Vatthu of the Minor Collection: the "Exposition of the Highest Meaning."

II

1 (18)

SLAVE-WOMAN'S MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Jetavana, a certain lay devotee went to the monastery at eventime with many lay devotees, listened to Dhamma, and when the assembly had risen, approached the Blessed One and said, "Reverend sir, from now on I will give four Perpetual Meals." Then the Blessed One spoke to him in fit words and dismissed him. He said to the superintendent of meals, "Reverend sir, I have appointed four Perpetual Meals for the Order. From to-morrow on, let the worthy gentlemen come to my house," and went home. He explained the matter to his serving woman and said, "In this matter you must be constantly diligent." "Very well," she replied. By nature she was full of faith, loving good works, virtuous, therefore every day she rose very early, prepared excellent food and drink, having made places for sitting well swept, very neat; she prepared the seats, and when the monks had arrived, caused them to be seated there, paid respectful homage, worshipped them with perfume, flowers, incense and the like and served them respectfully. Now one day when the monks had finished their meal, she approached them, paid her respects and spoke thus: "How, pray, reverend sirs, is there utter release from these ills that begin with birth?" The monks gave her the Refuges and the five Precepts, explained the nature of the body, and incited her to give thought to decay. Afterwards they would teach her about impermanence. Keeping the precepts for sixteen years, from time to time fixing her attention purposefully, one day she had the benefit of hearing Dhamma, and because of the maturity of her understanding she developed insight and experienced the fruit of conversion. Soon afterwards she died, and was reborn as a favourite attendant of Sakka, king of devas. And she roamed about in the parks and so on, fêted by musical instruments, enjoying great

deva-luck, delighting in pleasures. The venerable Great-Moggallāna saw her in the way described above and asked her:

"Like Sakka himself, prince of devas, in Chittalatā's delightful grove
You stroll about everywhere, by woman-throng attended,
Shedding radiance on every side, like the Healing Star.
Why is such glory yours . . .
. . . shining forth on every side?"

That devī elated . . . answered:—
". . . this was the fruit.
When I had human form, living among men,
A slave girl was I, servant in a household,
Disciple of Him who Sees, the glorious Gotama.
There was strength for myself in the teaching of such as he.
What though the body be destroyed, in it is no satisfaction.
The way of the five precepts, secure and blest,
Is said by the wise to be thornless, not entangled, straight.
Behold the fruit of effort, since a little woman has achieved this!
Companion of the king am I, of Sakka supreme in power,
Sixty thousand musical instruments make my awakening,
Ālamba,[1] Bhaggara, Bhīma, Sādhuvadī and Saṃsaya,
Both Pokkhara and Suphassa, and the women who play the lute:
Nandā herself and Sunandā, Sokatiṇṇā[2] of the bright smile,
Ālambusā, Missa[3] and Kesī, and the pitiless one called Puṇḍarīkā,
Eniphassā and Suphassā, Subhaddā of gentle ways—
These and other most lovely nymphs are the awakening minstrels
In the morning they come to me, those devīs, and say,
'Come, let us dance and sing, come, let us make you glad.'
Not for those with deeds of merit undone, for those alone with deeds of merit done
Is this Nandana, lovely, free from sorrow, the great grove of the Thrice-Ten.

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[1] VvA—96, 18. "They say this is a partial listing of names of deva-musicians, but it is a listing of musical instruments. Those from *viṇāmokkhā* on are deva-women." Cf. Hardy, Vva—p. 372, note to p. 93. Most of the women's names are recognizable as occurring in various stories, *e.g.*, Nandā, J. I, 201; Dh. A. 1. 269. Sunandā Vv–III–9; VvA, 170.

[2] B. gives Sokadinnā, S_1 M Soṇādinnā for Sokatiṇṇā. Soṇadinnā occurs in Vv II—6; VvA 114.

[3] Ālambusā Missā is found in J. V—15, 11–12 and Kesī in Sāsanavaṁsa, p. 29. I have not found Ālambusā or Missākesī.

Pundarīkā—n. of an Apsaras. Mhbh. (Monier-Wms. Skt-Eng. Dict.)
Eṇiphassā (?).
Suphassā. Jāt. II, 436; *ib.* I, 40.
Subhaddā. Jāt. I, 35 ff.
VvA—94–1 *mudukā carī.*
Vv—18–11 *mudukāvadī.*
Vv—50–26 *Mudukāvadī.*
VvA—*muduvādinī.*
VvA—96–22 *mudukā ativiya vādanasīlā nāmam eva vā.*
I have read *mudukācarī* as *kācarī, metri causa.*

Not here nor beyond is there bliss for those with deeds of merit undone,
But bliss there is here and beyond for those with deeds of merit done.
By such as long for companionship with these much goodness must be accomplished,
For they who have done good deeds, with delight, find joy in heaven."

2 (19)

LAKHUMĀ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling in Benares. Now there was a gate of Benares town called Fisherman's Gate. There was also a village situated near it known also as Fisherman's Gate. There a woman named Lakhumā, a believer, devout, perfect in enlightenment, greeted monks as they went in by that gate, led them to her home, gave them ladlefuls of food, and, her faith growing thereby, she had a pavilion built and there entertained monks, listened to Dhamma in their company, and having become established in the Refuges and the Precepts, learned subjects for insight and by zealously practising insight, in no long time through the attainment of assurance gained the reward of entering the stream.

Afterwards she died and was reborn in a great mansion in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. And her retinue was a thousand deva-nymphs. Enjoying deva-luck she dwelt there in delight. The venerable Great-Moggallāna on his deva-tours questioned her thus:

"With surpassing beauty, devi, you stand
Shedding radiance on all quarters, like the Healing Star.
How is such beauty yours, why do you prosper here
With delights created for you, whatever your heart desires?
I ask you, etc. . . .
. . . on every side?"
That devī elated, by Moggallāna questioned,
Told, being asked, the deed whereof this was the reward:—
"As you come out by Fisherman's Gate, there was my dwelling,
There to disciples and great sages when they were passing by
Rice, curd, greens and salt gruel I gave
With believing heart, and they were upright men.
The fourteenth, the fifteenth, and the eighth day of the fortnight,

The special fast day, too, which includes the eight pledges,
And the sabbath I observed; ever controlled in virtue.
From destruction of life abstaining, from false speaking restrained,
From theft and transgression and drinking of liquor far removed was I,
In the five precepts[1] delighting, of the Noble Truths having true knowledge,
A lay devotee of the Seer, the Glorious Gotama.
Therefore is such glory mine . . .
. . . . shining forth on every side."

And, reverend sir, with this story of mine may you pay homage at the Blessed One's feet, saying, 'Reverend sir, the devotee named Lakhumā pays homage at the feet of the Blessed One.' But it would not be surprising indeed, reverend sir, if the Blessed One should predict some unworldly reward for me."

The Blessed One did predict the reward that consisted of her being a "Once-returning One."

3 (20)

RICE-SCUM-GIVER'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling in Rājagaha at the Place of the Squirrel Feeding in Bamboo Grove. But at that time, you must know, a certain well-born family in Rājagaha was down with the snake-wind disease. All the people died there except one woman. Terrified by the fear of death, she abandoned the house, and its inhabitants and all her money and grain and fled through a breach in the wall.[2] Having no one to help her she went to the house of another family and stayed at the back of it. The people in that house taking pity on her gave her the rice gruel, boiled rice, rice-water and so on that were left in the rice pot and other cooking vessels. By means of them she was able to live there.

And at that time the venerable Great-Kassapa had entered upon a seven day stopping (of consciousness), had arisen therefrom, and as he was thinking, "Now to-day whom shall I favour by accepting food? Whom shall I set free from

[1] Read *pañcasikkhāpade*.
[2] Cf. *Dh. A.* I—427 ff, *Ud.* III—7, etc., for accounts of Sakka's attempts to improve his condition in heaven.

distress and woe?" he saw that this woman was near death and that a hell-conducive karma had made its appearance for her. He thought, "When I go (near), this woman will give me the rice she has received for herself; through that very deed she will be reborn in the world of the devas who-delight-in-creating-things. When I have thus freed her from rebirth in hell, assuredly I shall be producing deva-luck for her." And at dawn he dressed, took bowl and robe and went toward the place where she was living.

Now Sakka, governor of devas, in disguise, offered him deva-food of many flavours and with many sauces and condiments. The elder recognized him and declined, saying, "Kosiya, why do you whose good acts are accomplished act thus? Do not ruin the luck of unhappy wretches,"[1] and came and stood before the woman. She wishing to offer him somewhat thought: There's nothing suitable here to give this elder of great majesty and said, "Please go further!" The elder retreating only a step, accepted naught that others offered him. She, discerning he wanted to help her, gave him her rice-scum, and he ate it there, and said: "In your third life before this you were my mother," and went away. She, dying that very night, was reborn among devas delighting in creating. Then Sakka, knowing of her death and not seeing her among the Thrice-Ten, went at midnight to Kassapa and asked him:

"To you alms-seeking speechless standing
The wretched beggarwoman at back of houses dwelling
In piety gave rice to you with her own hands:
She leaving earthly body to what state is she gone?"

To him the elder (repeating the first three lines):

. . . . . .

"She leaving earthly body, set free deceased,
Where are creation-loving devas of great potency,
There is the woman, happy rice-giver, in bliss."

And Sakka said:

"Ah! gift of pauper in Kassapa well placed!
What others gave, an offering O! well deposited.

[1] *Bhittichiddena*: is this the wall round the town, or her own house?

The woman-treasure of Wheel-turning King,[1]
Lovely in every limb of her, were she to make
A gift, 'twere not in worth the sixteenth part of this.
An hundred nikkhas, hundred mules,
An hundred thousand maidens, would be worth no more.
An hundred elephants of Himalay, with ivory tusks,
Fighters in battle all adorned were not in worth
The sixteenth part of this poor gift of rice.
Nay, lordship over all four continents were not in worth
The sixteenth part of this poor gift of rice.

What here was said Kassapa told the Blessed One. . . .

4 (21)

THE CHANDĀLĪ'S MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Rājagaha, he entered at dawn into the fit of great compassion practised by Buddhas, arose, and, contemplating the world, saw that in that very town. living in the Chaṇḍāla section,[2] was an aged woman whose span of life was at an end, and that for her there existed a karma leading her to hell. With great compassion he brought about a karma which would lead her to heaven, and thought, "I will establish her in heaven," and with a great company of monks entered Rājagaha for alms. And at that moment the Chaṇḍāla woman was coming out of the city leaning on a stick, saw the Blessed One approaching, and when she was opposite him, stopped. The Blessed One also stopped and stood in front of her as if hindering her from going on. Then the venerable Great-Moggallāna, because he was aware of the Teacher's thought, and knew that the woman's life was over, spoke by way of urging her to veneration of the Blessed One:

"Chaṇḍalī, homage pay at feet of glorious Gotama,
In pity just for you alone the Seventh Sage[3] stood still,
Set your mind[4] on one who is worthy as he,
Make haste, pay homage, for short is your life."

[1] On such a king's seven treasures. Cf. *Dialogues, Sta.* XXVI.
[2] Outcasts, 'untouchables.'
[3] Seventh Buddha.
[4] *Manaṃ.*

And she listened to him, and with emotion became a true believer in the Teacher, paid homage with the five-fold veneration, and with heart become tranquil through joy in the Buddha stood with head bowed. The Blessed One said, "This is sufficient for her attainment of heaven," and entered the city with the company of monks. Now right after that a cow roaming about with a young calf, rushing toward the woman, struck and killed her. To explain all this the compilers said:

"Urged by one who was holy, wearing her last body,
The Chaṇḍālī worshipped at feet of glorious Gotama.
A cow struck down that Chaṇḍālī standing at salute,
While she was bowing in reverence to the Wholly Enlightened
light-bringer in the dark."

And she was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. And she had a retinue of a hundred thousand deva-nymphs. And on that very same day she came, a devī with her vimāna, alighted, went up to the venerable Great-Moggallāna and paid homage to him. To explain this she said:

"Mighty One of great majesty,
I who have attained deva-potency,
Approach and pay homage to you,
Who are canker-free, stainless, imperturbable,
Alone in the forest, seated in solitude."

The elder asked her:

"You of golden colour, radiant, of great glory,
Bright with many ornaments, from a vimāna alighted
Attended by a company of nymphs,
Who are you, beauteous devī, who to me homage pay?"

Questioned thus by the elder she spoke again:

"Your worship, I am the Chaṇḍālī, invoked by you, the elder,
I paid homage at the feet of the arahan, glorious Gotama.
When I had paid homage at his feet I passed from life as a
Chaṇḍālī.
I was reborn in Nandana in a mansion very splendid.
A hundred thousand nymphs there are to honour me.
This splendid one is this very I,[1] in glory, splendour and long
life excelling.
Mindful of many favours done, which I remember,
I come to pay homage to you, lord, a sage compassionate
towards the world."

[1] Lit. "That she (am) I": *tā sā ahaṃ*.

And then this verse was added by the compilers:

"When she had said this, the Chaṇḍālī, grateful, acknowledging past favours,
Paid homage at the feet of the arahan, and at once vanished."

5 (22)

BHADDĀ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jetavana, the monastery of Anāthapiṇḍika. And, you must know, that at that time in Kimbilanagara there was a well-to-do man named Rohaka, a believer, devout, perfect in the practice of virtue. There too in a family of like circumstances was a young girl, a believer, devout, named Bhaddā, because of the goodness of her nature. Now the mother and father of Rohaka asked for the girl, Bhaddā, in marriage for their son, and at the proper time brought her and performed the marriage ceremonies. The two of them lived a life of harmony. The woman, because of the perfection of her conduct, became commonly known as The Good Lady. At that time the two chief disciples attended by five hundred monks, were making a tour of the country and arrived at Kimbilā. Rohaka learned of their arrival there, and joyfully went to the elders, greeted them reverently, invited them for the morrow, and on the following day after the elders and their retinue had dined, Rohaka listened with his wife to their teaching, accepted the Refuges and undertook to observe the five Precepts. But his wife observed the feast days and was altogether perfect in the practice of the virtues. And she was favoured by devas. Through that very favour she brought to nought an evil that befell her, and the fame of her great purity and piety spread to the ends of the earth. Because she, who had remained by herself in Kimbilanagara while her husband for business purposes was staying in Takkasilā, when the mood for amusement arose on a holiday, encouraged by her companions she was united with her husband (in Takkasilā) after the household deva[1] had taken her there by his own power. From that very meeting she conceived, was conducted back to Kimbilana-

[1] *Ghara-devatā.*

gara, and when in the course of time she was suspected by her mother-in-law and others, who called her "adulteress," through the personal power of that same deva, when the flood of the Ganges seemed about to spread over Kimbilanagara, she, with a vow, accompanied by a determination to have the truth, in order to prove that she was a faithful wife, caused the great flood of the Ganges which had risen in waves to turn back through the force of a wind, and averted the disgrace that had fallen upon her. And she, displaying the seal ring and token which her husband had truly given her, destroyed suspicion and became honoured by the kinfolk of her husband and by all the world. Therefore it is said, the fame of her great purity and piety spread to the ends of the earth.

Afterwards she died and was reborn in the realm of the Thrice-Ten. Now the Blessed One had gone to that realm Sāvatthī, had taken a seat on a stone, covered by an orange-coloured cloth, at the foot of a coral tree, and as the company of devas came up to the Blessed One and reverently greeted him, the Good Lady too approached and stood at one side. Then the Blessed One asked her about the deed of merit she had done.

"Blue and yellow and black, crimson and red too,
Covered with filaments of many a colour (are the coral trees).
A wreath of coral blossoms on your head you wear.
These trees are found in no other realm, lady most wise.
Why have you come, glorious one, to the realm of the Thrice Ten?
Devī whom I ask, tell me, of what deed is this the reward?"

The devī thus questioned by the Blessed One answered with these verses:

"In Kimbilā the lay devotees knew me as 'the Good Lady,"
A believer was I, perfect in virtue, ever delighting in giving alms,
Clothing and food, lodging and light
I gave with pure heart to righteous men.
The fourteenth, the fifteenth, and the eighth day of the fortnight,
The special fast day, too, which includes the eight pledges,
And the feast I observed; ever controlled in virtue.
From destruction of life abstaining, from false speaking, restrained,
From theft and transgression and drinking of liquor far removed was I.
In the five precepts delighting, of the noble truth having true knowledge,
A lay devotee of the Seer, my life was one of zeal,

I have gained entrance here, for I did good,
A shining spirit I roam through Nandana.
To monks I, most kind and compassionate, gave food,
And to a pair of ascetics and to a great sage.
I have gained entrance here, for I did good,
A shining spirit I roam through Nandana.
Ever I kept the feast, in its eight parts,
Which brings bliss that has no measure.
I have gained entrance here, for I did good,
A shining spirit I roam through Nandana."

6 (23)

SOṆADINNĀ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling in Sāvatthī in Jetavana. At that time in Nālandā a female lay devotee named Soṇadinnā, a believer and devout, hospitably waited upon the monks with the four requisites, practised unbroken piety of great purity and observed the feast day with its eight pledges. She had the benefit of hearing Dhamma, and entered upon the stream, practising the four truths with zest through perfection of assurance. Then afflicted by a certain disease she died and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. The venerable Great-Moggallāna questioned her with these verses: . . .

It is all just as said above.

7 (24)

UPOSATHĀ'S MANSION

This resembles the foregoing, with the following difference. The woman Uposathā was a lay follower of Sāketa. After telling Moggallāna how she came by her present reward, she added, confessing a fault:

"Often I heard of Nandana and yearning rose in me,
My heart on it with longing set, I arose in Nandana.
I did not do the Teacher's bidding, of him the Enlightened, kin of the sun.
I longed for things unworthy; for what is past I am penitent."[1]

[1] The Commy. refers here to Anguttara i, 35: "I do not favour becoming (*bhava*) for a moment"—a dreadful assertion which has every appearance of being an appended insertion. Cf. my *To Become or Not to Become*.—Ed.

The elder said:

"How long a time, Uposathā, here in the mansion will you dwell?
Devī whom I ask, reveal if you know what the span will be."

Uposathā said:

"Sixty thousand years and thirty myriads of years
Here shall I abide, great sage, and hence will go
To companionship with humankind."

The elder said:

"Be not afraid, Uposathā! you are declared by the Buddha himself,
That in Stream-winning you have done well; for you ill bourn is put away."

8, 9 (25, 26)

NIDDĀ'S AND SUNIDDĀ'S MANSIONS

The eighth and ninth mansions have their origin at Rājagaha. As to the background, one must understand, "A female lay devotee named Suniddā . . . etc.," and again, "A female lay devotee named Suniddā . . . etc.," respectively.[1] The rest is exactly as has been said. Even in the verses there is nothing new. Indeed, they are omitted from certain books because of the repetition of lines, it is said.

"The special fast day, too, which includes the eight pledges,
And the sabbath I observed; ever controlled in virtue,
From destruction of life abstaining, from false speaking, restrained,
From theft and transgression and drinking of liquor far removed was I,
In the five precepts delighting, of the Noble Truths having true knowledge,
A lay devotee of the Seeing One, Gotama the glorious.
Therefore is such glory mine, therefore do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires.
I tell you, monk of great majesty,
The deed I did when I had human form,
So am I thus a blaze of majesty,
My glory shining forth on every side."

[1] In the Vimāna Comy., 25 is Niddā, and only 26 is Suniddā.

10 (27)

ALMSGIVING MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī. And at that time in northern Madhurā was a certain woman whose span of life had come to an end and who was due for rebirth in a state of woe. The Blessed One rose at early dawn from a fit of great pity, and as he contemplated the world he saw her. Desiring to establish her in bliss, he went alone to Madhurā, and entered the outskirts of the town in search of alms. And at that time the woman had prepared food in her home, had set it aside, had gone to the watering place with a pitcher, and bathed. She was returning home with the pitcher full when she saw the Blessed One, and said, " Perhaps the reverend sir has already received alms ? " and when the Blessed One said, " We shall receive," she knew that he had not yet received alms, set down her water jar, went up to the Blessed One, paid homage to him and said, " Reverend sir, I will make an almsgiving. Permit me." The Blessed One gave consent by keeping silent. She ascertained his consent and went on ahead, prepared a seat in a place sprinkled and swept and stood watching for his arrival. He went in and sat down. She gave him to eat, and sat down. The Blessed One when his meal was finished and hand withdrawn from bowl, gave her thanks and went on his way. She heard his blessing and, experiencing great joy and gladness, not losing the joy caused by the Buddha, stood doing homage until he had passed out of view. After the passage of only a few days she died and was reborn in the realm of the Thrice-Ten. Now the venerable Great-Moggallāna, as he was touring among devas, saw the devī who with great exercise of godly prerogative, with great deva-power and with a Buddha's knowledge which cannot be measured, was enjoying deva-splendour, and he inquired in these verses about the deed of merit performed by her. The verses are like those preceding :

" With surpassing beauty . . .
. . . forth on every side."
The devī elated . . .
. . . this was the fruit.

"When I was mortal, living among men
In my former life in the world of men,
Saw I the sinless Buddha, very holy, without stain.
To him did I, with pious heart, give bread with my own hands.
Therefore is such glory mine . . .
. . . my beauty shining forth on every side."

II (28)

SECOND ALMSGIVER'S MANSION

Identical with the foregoing, save that a monk is recipient of the alms.

III

1 (29)

SPLENDID MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At that time in Rājagaha in the household that ministered to Great-Moggallāna was a young girl who was intent on giving alms and who loved giving. In that house the early morning meal was prepared the evening before. Then the girl would give away a half of her own rations. Unless she had given alms she did not eat. Even when she saw no one worthy to receive a gift she put (the ration) aside till she saw such an one. She gave to beggars as well. Now her mother was joyful and happy as she said to herself, " My daughter is intent on giving and loves to give," and she gave her a double ration, and the girl, when giving (alms), gave more. She even shared again from what was left. As time thus went by, her mother and father gave her, when of age, to the son of another family in the same town. But the family was unbelieving, undevout. Now the venerable Moggallāna, while on an uninterrupted alms-seeking, stopped at the door of the house of the young girl's mother-in-law. When she saw him, the young girl with devout heart said, " Enter, reverend sir," ushered him in, greeted him with honour, and in good faith took a cake which had been set aside by her mother-in-law, without asking her, saying to herself, " I will make good to her," and gave it to the elder. The elder thanked her and went on his way. The young girl told her mother-in-law, " I gave the cake you had put aside to the Elder Moggallāna." When she heard that, the mother-in-law cried, " What impudence is this! You gave to a monk something of mine without even asking ! " and chattering with rage, overcome with anger, without thinking of right and wrong, she took up a piece of a pestle and struck the girl on the shoulder. . . . The girl, because she had been delicately reared and her life-span had come to an end, was overcome with severe pain and in just a

few days died and was reborn in the realm of the Thrice-Ten. Although she had karma of other good deeds, that particular almsgiving to the Elder was the pre-eminent one. The venerable Moggallāna went, as described above, and questioned her:

"Sublime your beauty, your glory shines on every side.
Women are dancing and singing, bejewelled daughters of heaven,
They make you rejoice, devī, with worship they attend you,
These are your golden mansions, O you fair to behold!
You are mistress over them, richly endowed with every delight.
Of noble birth, mighty are you, in the assembly of devas you rejoice.
Devī, asked, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

Thus questioned by the elder the devī explained:

"When I was mortal, living among men,
A daughter-in-law was I in a family ill-behaved.
Among unbelievers, among miserly folk I, believing, was virtuous.
As you were seeking alms I gave you a cake.
Then I told my mother-in-law, 'A monk came here,
Devout; with my own hands, I gave a cake to him.'
Thus I spoke.[1] Mother-in-law reviling:
'Daughter-in-law, you are without training.
You did not want to ask me. 'Tis I do the giving to a monk.'
In anger struck me with a pestle.
It hit my shoulder, it killed me—I could not live for long.
And I by body's up-breaking freed, thence departed.
I attained to companionship of the devas of the Thrice-Ten.
Therefore is such beauty mine . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."

2 (30)

SUGARCANE MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Rājagaha . . . etc.—it is the same as the foregoing. But the difference is this: she gave sugar-cane; she was struck with a stool; she died that very instant and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. That very night she came into the presence of the elder, and, like the moon and like the sun, making Vulture Peak radiant the while, she paid homage to the elder, and bowing, with hands

[1] Punctuate after *Iti 'ssā*. Begin new sentence with *Sassu* . . . Cf. III, 2, 6.

raised in the *anjali*, stood at one side. Then the elder questioned her:

" You make radiant the earth and the deva-world
And surpass them in brilliance, like the moon and the sun,
With your luck and beauty and glory and glow,
As does Brahmā the Thirty devas with Indra.
I ask you who wear blue lotus-garlands,
Whose head is wreathed, whose skin is like gold,
Bejewelled one wearing the finest of robes,
Who are you, bright devī, who pay homage to me?
Almsgiving, austerity, or self-control in virtue—
Did you of old do a deed of merit of your own accord
When you had human form in a former birth?[1]
By which did you, glorious one, attain to bliss?
Devī whom I ask, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit?"

Thus questioned by the elder the devī explained with these verses:

" Just now, reverend sir, in this very town
For sake of alms you drew near to our home.
Thereupon I gave you a little stick of sugar-cane
With boundless joy, for my heart was devout.
And afterwards my mother-in-law took me to task:
'Daughter-in-law, did you throw out my sugar-cane?'
'I did not throw it out, but neither did I eat it.
To a holy monk this morning I gave it.'
'Now is that your right or is it mine?'
Thus she, my mother-in-law, railed at me.
Seizing a stool she gave me a blow.
Thence I passed, my time fulfilled; devī am I.
That very act of merit is the good that I did
And karma of bliss do I enjoy.
I take pleasure in deva-company,
I find delight in the five strands of pleasure.
That very act of merit is the good that I did,
And karma of bliss do I enjoy,
Protected by the prince of devas, watched over by the Thirty,
Wholly possessed by the five strands of pleasure.
Such is merit's reward, not small.
Great in fruition is my gift of sugar cane
I take pleasure in deva-company,
I find delight in the five strands of pleasure.
Such is merit's reward, not small,
Great in splendour is my gift of sugar cane.
Protected by the prince of gods, watched over by the Thirty,
Like Him of the Thousand Eyes (I dwell) in Nandana grove.

[1] The Commy. omits these two lines.

And you, good sir, compassionate, wise,
I approached and paid homage, I asked about your health,
Then to you I gave a little stick of sugar cane
With unbounded joy for my heart was devout."

3 (31)

COUCH MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jetavana. At that time in Sāvatthī the daughter of a certain lay devotee was given in marriage to the son of another family of similar lineage and circumstances in that same town. And she was good-tempered, perfect in the practice of virtue, she held her husband in honour, she had undertaken to keep the five precepts, and duly at the feast she observed the feast vows. Afterwards she died and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. The venerable elder Great-Moggallāna went there as has been described above and questioned her:

"Upon a finest couch, adorned with gems and gold,
Flower-bestrewn, a resting place of splendour,
There you rest, devī of great majesty,
Working with potency every sort of change.
And these nymphs surrounding you
Dance and sing and make you glad.
Deva-power have you attained, lady of great majesty.
When you had human form what good deed did you do?
Why are you thus a blaze of brightness,
Your glory shining forth on every side?"

She replied to him thus:

"When I had human form, living among men,
A daughter-in-law in a house of wealth was I,
Of kindly disposition, obedient to my husband,
Diligent in keeping the feast days.
When I was human, young and innocent,
Serene in heart I delighted my lord,
By day and by night I acted to please,
A virtuous woman in days of old was I.
From destruction of life I abstained, I stole not,
Utterly chaste in body I lived in purity,
I drank no liquor, nor did I speak falsely,
A woman who fulfilled the precepts was I,

The fourteenth, the fifteenth, and the eighth day of the fortnight,
The special fast day, too, devout in heart (I kept),
Obedient to Dhamma, the feast day
With the eight precepts, joyful in heart I kept.
I kept the holy (day) of eightfold vows,
A righteous deed which brings blessing,
Charming and obedient toward my husband was I,
Who of old was a disciple of the Well-Come One.
Because I performed in the world of the living
Such good work, I partake in splendour ;
At the body's up-break, in the life that followed,
With deva-powers to bliss have I come.
In a splendid mansion, enchanting,
By a host of deva-nymphs I am attended,
A host of radiant devas delight in me
Who with long life to come have reached a deva-mansion."

4 (32)

LATĀ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī, in Jetavana. At that time a daughter, Latā by name, of a certain lay devotee who lived in Sāvatthī, a learned, accomplished and intelligent girl, went to the home of her husband. She was charming to him, her mother- and father-in-law, pleasant in speech, kind and good to the servants, capable of taking charge of affairs in the household, good-tempered, perfect in the practice of virtues, delighting in generosity, not offending against the precepts, and diligent in her observance of the feast day. Afterwards she died and was reborn as a daughter of Vessavaṇa. But her name was still Latā. There were four other sisters of hers besides: Sajjā, Pavarā, Acchimatī and Sutā. The five of them were brought by Sakka, king of the gods, because of the fact that they were dancing girls, and established in a pleasure-pavilion. But Latā was the favourite because of her skill in singing, dancing and so on. When they had assembled a dispute arose regarding merit. They all went to Mahārāja Vesavaṇa and asked him, " Father, which among us is best in song and dance ? " He said thus : " Daughters, go display your singing in an assembly of devas on the bank of Lake Anotatta. There it will be apparent which of you is superior."

They did as he said. There the sons of heaven were not able to contain themselves while Latā was dancing. They began to laugh; they were filled with amazement, and applauding without stopping, and applauding and waving of garments they made an uproar that caused the Himavat, as it were, to tremble. But when the others danced they sat silent like kokila in the cold season. Thus in the assembly there the superiority of Latā was proved. Then to (one sister) Sutā, deva-daughter, this thought occurred: "Now because of what deed has this Latā surpassed us in glory and splendour? Come, I will ask about the deed done by Latā." She asked her. The other explained the matter to her. King Vessavaṇa told that same story in full to the venerable Great-Moggallāna when he visited Vessavaṇa on his deva-tour. In telling the matter to the Blessed One who had asked him about it from the beginning, the elder said:

"Latā and Sajjā and Pavarā, Acchimatī
And Sutā, devīs, daughters of King Vessavaṇa,
King most noble, king glorious,
Resplendent with Dhamma-qualities you shine.

Here were five women come to bathe,
To the blest, lotus-filled, cold-water river,
When the devīs had bathed there, played there,
Danced and sung, Sutā to Latā said:

'I ask you who wear blue lotus garlands,
Whose head is wreathed, whose skin is like gold,
Whose eyes are like dark copper, shining like a cloud,
Whose life will be long, whereby was your glory accomplished?

Lady, why are you your lord's best beloved,
In beauty indeed of utter loveliness,
Skilful in dance and the singing of songs?
Tell us, you by men and women questioned.'

Latā, questioned by Sutā, said,
'When I was human, living among men,
A daughter-in-law in a home of great wealth was I,
Not given to anger, obedient to my lord,
Diligent upon the feast days.

When I was human, young and innocent,
Serene in heart I delighted my lord,
His brother, his mother and father and the slaves,
In this was my glory accomplished.

I myself by that good performance
Have attained distinction in four of the attributes,
Long life, beauty, happiness and strength.
Play and pleasure I enjoy in great measure.'

Now that which Latā told to Sutā,
Which we asked about, she declared to us:
If we are perfect wives to husband
A bourn shall we be for them,[1] and devīs excellent.

Let us all make known Dhamma to our husbands
Wherever women are devoted wives.
When to our husbands we have all made known Dhamma,
We shall receive that of which Latā has told.

As a lion, ranging a mountain forest,
Dwelling on a mountain, support of the earth,
Having with force slain other four-footed ones,
Being a meat-eater, devours weakling beasts,

Just so here on earth a believing woman, disciple of the Noble
Way,
For sake of her husband, faithful to her lord,
Having slain anger and vanquished avarice,
Walking in Dhamma, will rejoice in heaven."

The rest is as in preceding numbers.

5 (33)

GUTTILA'S MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling in Rājagaha, the venerable Great-Moggallāna on his deva-tour, as related above, went to the realm of the Thrice-Ten. There in thirty-six mansions in succession he saw thirty-six deva-daughters each enjoying great deva-luck with a retinue of a thousand nymphs, and in succession he asked, with the verses beginning, "With surpassing splendour," about the deed of merit they had done in former times. After his question they replied with the verses of which the first one is: "I was one who gave raiment most fine." Then the elder came from there to the world of men and told the story to the Blessed One. When he had heard it the Blessed One said, "Moggallāna, not only by you have the devas been questioned and replied in this fashion,

[1] VvA—136-8 ff reads, *gatiñ ca nesaṃ . . . paṭisaraṇañ ca nesaṃ.*

but indeed in a former time they were questioned by me, too, and they answered in like fashion," and entreated by the elder he told the life of Guttila, a story of his own past.

For the story see Jāt. II—248 ff., page 139, verse (included in Vv. version):

" The seven-stringed (lute) melodious that charms, I made to speak.
One summons me to the dancing place. Kosiya, be my refuge ! "

And p. 140:

" I am your refuge, I am he whom teachers revere.
The pupil will not defeat you ; teacher, you will defeat the pupil."

The 36 women—so the story goes—who existed in the human state in the time of Kassapa, the wholly enlightened, performed such and such deeds of merit. There one woman gave raiment ; one a wreath of jasmine ; one, perfume ; one, superb fruit ; one, sugar-cane juice ; one gave a five-finger mark of perfume at the tomb of the Blessed One ; one observed the feasts ; one gave water to a monk as he was eating at the approach of mealtime ; one attended, without anger, to bad-tempered mother and father-in-law ; one was industrious as a slave ; one gave milkrice to a monk who was seeking alms ; one gave molasses ; one, a piece of sugar-cane ; one, timbaru fruit ; one, a (small variety of) cucumber ; one, a cucumber ; one, the fruit of a creeper ; one. pharusaka (flower or fruit ?) ; one, an earthenware coal-pan ; one, a handful of lotus-root ; one, a handful of flowers ; one, a bundle of roots ; one, a handful of nimb leaves ; one gave porridge ; one, sesame seed-cake ; one gave a waistband ; one, a shoulder band ; one, a bandage ; one, a fan ; one, a palm-leaf fan [1] ; one, a peacock's feather-fan ; one, a parasol ; one, sandals ; one, a cake ; one, a sweetmeat ; one, a sweet cake. [2] They each with a retinue of a thousand deva-nymphs were reborn in the realm of the 33 as attendants upon Sakka, prince of devas. Questioned by the Teacher Guttila they explained, each in turn her own good deed performed, with " A woman who gave raiment most fine . . ." and so on.

[1] Spelt *talapaṇṇa* ; cf. 145, verse 43 *tālapaṇṇa*.

[2] Note that this list varies slightly from the list in the verse. Perhaps to indicate the difference in the two occasions.

"With surpassing splendour . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."
"That devī elated . . .
. . . this was the fruit.
A woman who gave raiment most fine
Became supreme among men and women.
She who gave things of such pleasing sort
Has reached and received a charming deva-above.
Behold the mansion of such as me,
A nymph who can change form at will am I.
I am the fairest of a thousand nymphs.
Behold the reward of deeds of merit.
Therefore is such . . .
. . . forth on every side."

And just as here, so below, for every mansion one should expand the verses.

"A woman who gave flowers most fine . . .
. . . forth on every side."
"A woman who gave perfume most fine . . .
. . . forth on every side."
"A woman who gave fruit most fine . . .
. . . forth on every side."
"A woman who gave fruit most fine . . ."
"I gave a five-finger perfume-mark
At the tomb of the Blessed Kassapa.
(*According to Vv. continue with*)
Behold the mansion of such as me . . .
. . . forth on every side."
(*and repeat for the five following*)
"Monks I saw and nuns as well
As they travelled along the way.
When I had heard Dhamma from them
I observed one feast day . . ."[1]
"Standing in the water, water I gave
To a monk whose heart was pious . . ."
"A mother-in-law and father-in-law
Ill-tempered and cross and scolding
I waited upon, free from spite,
Diligent in my own virtue . . ."
"A servant of others was I,
A slave-girl industrious in duty,
Good-tempered, not conceited,
Generous with what was my own
(Because I did such deed of merit
I have come to bliss and rejoice) . . ."[2]

[1] Or perhaps better *ek' uposatham* . . . : "Alone I kept the sabbath day."
[2] This verse not included in Vv.

"Milk-cooked rice did I give
To a monk who was seeking alms.
Behold the mansion of such as me . . ."[1]
"Molasses did I give . . ."
"A little piece of sugar-cane did I give . . ."
"Timbaru fruit I gave . . ."
"A cucumber (*kakkaruka*) I gave . . ."
"A cucumber (*elaluka*) I gave . . ."
"Creeper fruit I gave . . ."[2]
"Pharusaka fruit (or flower ?) I gave . . ."
"A pan for coals I gave . . ."[3]
"A handful of greens I gave
To a monk upon the way . . ."[4]
"A handful of little flowers I gave . . ."[5]
"I gave a little root . . ."
"A handful of nimb I gave . . ."
"Mango mash I gave . . ."
"Oil sesame seed cake I gave . . ."
"A waistband I gave . . ."
"A shoulder band I gave . . ."
"A bandage I gave . . ."
"A fan I gave . . ."
"A palm-leaf fan I gave . . ."
"A peacock feather fan I gave . . ."
"A parasol I gave . . ."
"A sandal I gave . . ."
"A cake I gave . . ."
"A sweetmeat I gave . . ."
"A sweet cake I gave . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."
"Welcome indeed is to-day to me, happily dawned, happily risen
Since I have seen the devīs, nymphs lovely to sense[6]
Because I have heard Dhamma from them, I shall perform abundant good,
With liberality, quietude, self-control and mastery
Myself I shall go to that very place where they who go shall never grieve."[7]

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[1] Vv. says, "As in the mansion of the woman who gave milk . . . so fill out for twenty-five of the mansion.
[2] P. 142, *valliphala*; 145, *vallipakka*.
[3] P. 142, *angarakapalla*; 145, *hatthapatapaka*.
[4] Second line omitted in Vv. VvA, p. 142, "handful of lotus root."
[5] See note for this on p. 142 above.
[6] *Kāmavaṇṇiyo*.
[7] A refrain met with elsewhere, e.g. V, 1.

DAZZLING MANSION

The blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jetavana, And at that time in the little village of Nālaka a certain man of means, a voluntary servitor of the venerable elder, Revata, had two daughters. One of them was named Bhaddā, the other Subhaddā. Bhaddā, of the two, went to the home of a husband, was full of faith and wisdom, and was barren. She said to her husband: "I have a younger sister named Subhaddā. Take her. Should she have a son, he would be a son to me too, and this line would not die out." Her husband assented, "Very well," and did as she had suggested. Now Bhaddā advised Subhaddā, "Subhaddā, take pleasure in giving alms, and be diligent in observance of the right, so will there be in your power advantage in the world that we see and in the world to come."

One day Subhaddā, upon her sister's advice, and acting according to what she had said, invited the venerable elder, Revata, to come to dine bringing seven others with him. The elder did so. With happy heart, serving with her own hands, she satisfied the venerable Revata and the monks with an abundance of hard and soft food. The elder gave thanks and went. Afterwards Subhaddā died and was reborn in the companionship of the devas who delight in creating. But Bhaddā, because she had given alms among individuals,[1] was reborn as an attendant of Sakka, prince of devas. Now Subhaddā, on realizing her success and wondering, "Now because of what act of merit have I arrived here?" realized that she had so attained through her donation to the assembly based on Bhaddā's advice, and as she was wondering "Now where in the world is Bhaddā," she saw that Bhaddā had been reborn as an attendant upon Sakka, and with compassion for her entered her mansion. Then Bhaddā said to her:

"Dazzling in beauty and with splendour resplendent
Every deva of The Thirty in glory you outshine.
Your form I know not—this its first appearance—
From what race come hither call you me by name?"

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[1] *Puggalesu*, an unusual term in such a context.—Ed.

The other replied :

" Bhaddā, I was Subhaddā in our former human state,
I was co-wife with you, your younger sister,
Set free by the body's destruction thence I passed
And was reborn to companionship of devas delighting in creation."

Again Bhaddā questioned her :

" Beings who have done many a lovely act go unto those devas,
To whom, Subhaddā, you will proclaim your own past life.
But now, by what cause, or by whom enlightened,
By just what sort of almsgiving, of piety are you glorious ?
With glory such as this you have found abundant distinction,
Devī whom I ask, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

Then Subhaddā replied :

" Just eight alms-portions was the gift I gave of yore,
Devout in heart, with my own hands, to the assembly worthy to receive,
Therefore is such beauty mine, therefore do I prosper here
With delights created for me, whatever my heart desires. I tell you . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."

Then Bhaddā asked :

" I entertained with food and drink—devout, with my own hands—
More monks, enlightened, of righteous ways,
Than you. Though I gave more alms than you
I have come to a lower rank.
Why have you who have given less come to abundant distinction ?
Devī whom I ask, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

Then Subhaddā explained :

" A monk making mind grow was by me seen of yore,
So I asked him to dine, Revata, with seven others.
He, in compassion, Revata, devoted to good,
Said to me, ' Give to the Order.' I obeyed his behest.
That gift to the Order was established in the infinite.[1]
Your almsgiving to individuals[2] brought no great reward to you."

When Subhaddā had thus spoken, Bhaddā, accepting the teaching and wishing thus further to attain, spoke a verse :

[1] *Appameyye*, a rare idiom.
[2] *Puggalesu.*

"Now for the first time I understand that bounty towards the
Order brings great reward.
Bountiful, unselfish, I shall return to the human state,
And give alms to the Sangha, diligently, again and again."

But Subhaddā went to her own deva-circle. Now Sakka, prince of devas, although he surpassed in the brilliance of his body every other deva of the Thrice-Ten, saw Subhaddā, the daughter of devas, shining brilliantly, heard the conversation between the two, and the instant that Subhaddā had left, since he did not know "who in the world this could be," asked Bhaddā:

"Bhaddā, who is this devī who earnestly spoke with you?
She surpasses in brilliance all the devas of the Thrice-Ten."

Bhaddā said to him:

"When she was human, prince of devas, in her former state,
She was both co-wife with me, and my younger sister.
Because she gave alms to the Order, with merit achieved she
shines brilliantly."

Then Sakka expounded Dhamma, making clear the great fruitfulness of worthy giving to the Order. He said:

"She who of yore was your sister, Bhaddā, by Dhamma outshines
you,
Because she bestowed her giving upon the infinite[1] Order,
For upon Vulture Peak mountain I asked the Buddha
About the reward of liberality in which almsgiving brings great
reward:
'For human beings who give alms with a view to winning merit,
On whom will bounty bestowed bring merit leading to rebirth,
great in its reward?'
Then the Buddha explained to me, who know for myself the
reward of good deeds,
About the reward of liberality in which almsgiving brings
great reward:
'Four (kinds of men)[2] follow the Way and four are established
in their reward,
For this Order is vast, is mighty,
It is boundless, like the sea, like the ocean.
Disciples of the hero of men, these indeed are the best of men,
Bringing light they proclaim[3] Dhamma.

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[1] See preceding page.
[2] Cf. Vv—44–22, and VvA—194–16.
[3] Read as in S_1, *pabhankarā dhammaṃ udīrayanti*. Cf. Vv—44, 24.

For those who give alms for the use of the Order—
Rightly presented, rightly offered, rightly sacrificed—
That offering, bestowed upon the Order
Will bring great reward, and is praised by them who know
    the world.
They who are mindful of such righteousness,
Who filled with zeal dwell in this world,
Having given up the stain of avarice from the root,
Faultless, attain a heavenly place."

7 (35)

PESAVATĪ'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. At that time in Nālaka village, in the country of the Magadhas, was a daughter-in-law named Pesavatī in the family of a householder. The story goes that, at the time when the golden shrine a yojana in extent was being made for the lord (Buddha) Kassapa, she as a young girl had gone with her mother to the site of the monument, and asked her mother, " Mother, what are these people doing ? " " They are making golden bricks to build the monument." When she heard this, the girl with her heart full of devotion said to her mother, " Mother, around my neck is this little golden ornament of mine. I would like to give it for the monument." Her mother said, "Very well, give it," and loosened it from her daughter's neck and gave it into the hand of the goldsmith, saying, "This is a contribution from this girl. Include it in the brick you are making." The goldsmith did so. Afterwards the girl died and because of that particular good deed was reborn in the world of devas and enjoying one existence of bliss after another was reborn in Nālaka in the time of our Blessed Lord. In course of time she became twelve years old.

One day she was sent on an errand by her mother, and went with some money to a certain shop to buy oil. And in the shop a certain wealthy man, while digging to get a great quantity of coin and gold, pearls, gems and jewels which had been buried and left by his father, saw that because of the effect of his deeds they appeared as pebbles and little fragments of rock ; then he made a heap and put them in one place to examine

them, saying to himself, "Through the power of those who have good deeds to their credit it will become gold, money, etc."

Now the girl saw it and said, "How is it that money and jewels are heaped up like this? Surely they ought to be properly put in order." The shopkeeper heard this and thought, "This girl is of great merit. Because of her, all this has become gold and so on, and will be of value to us. I shall treat her with kindness," and he went to her mother and when he had asked for her in marriage, saying, "Give this girl for my son," he gave great riches, celebrated the marriage feast and brought the girl to his own home.

Now realizing her virtue he opened up his storehouse and said, "What do you see here?" and when she said, "I see a heap of nothing but gold, money and jewels," and when he said, "These were vanishing because of the result of our (bad) deeds, but because of the excellence of your deeds they have become of worth; therefore from now on in this house you alone are to take charge of everything. We will use only what you allot"—from then on people knew her as Pesavatī.[1]

And at that time the venerable Captain of Dhamma (Sāriputta) knew that his life-principle had come to an end. Thinking, "I shall give money to my mother, Rūpasārī the brahminee for her support and shall find fulfilment in nirvana," he approached the Blessed One, obtained his permission to fulfil nirvana, and on the command of the Teacher displayed a great miracle; with many thousand praises he praised the Blessed One, and set out on his way, facing straight toward the Blessed One until he passed out of his sight; when he had moved out of sight he once more made obeisance, and left the monastery surrounded by the company of monks; he gave instructions to the assembly of monks, encouraged the venerable Ānanda, made the four classes of people return (from accompanying him), and in due time reached Nālaka, established his mother in the fruit of conversion and at dawn fulfilled nirvana in the inner room where he had been born.

[1] I.e., "She who has servants." V. and B. in *Mahābodhi* magazine follow the reading of S_1, *Sesavatī*: "She who has wealth." Their rendering gives more point to the emphasis on the girl's name, and it may well be that their reading is the right one.

Then both devas and men spent seven days in paying respect to his body. They made a funeral pyre a hundred hands high with aloe and sandalwood and the like.

Pesavatī, too, heard of the elder's passing. Saying, "I will honour him," she had caskets filled with golden flowers and perfumes brought, and wanting to go asked permission of her father-in-law. Though he said to her[1], "You are pregnant and there is a crush of people there, send your flowers and perfumes and stay here," yet being full of faith she thought, "Even though there be danger to my life, go I will and perform the ceremony of honour," and without his permission she went there with her attendants, paid honour with perfume and flowers, and stood with her hands clasped before her in an attitude of devotion.

And at that time, as the royal entourage was coming to pay respects to the elder, a rutting elephant came to the place. As the people saw it and were fleeing in terror of the fear of death, the crowd trampled and killed Pesavatī, who had been knocked down in the crush of people. She had performed the ceremony of honour, and died with heart quite serene through faith in the elder, and was reborn among the devas of the Thrice-Ten. She realized her success, and in reasoning out its cause, saw that it was the ceremony of honour paid to the elder, and with mind believing in the Three Jewels, came with her mansion to revere the Teacher, descended from it, and stood with hands clasped in an attitude of devotion.

And at that time the venerable Vangīsa, who was seated near the Blessed One, spoke as follows: "I would like, Blessed One, to question this devī as to the deed of merit which she did." "Do so, Vangīsa," the Blessed One said. Then the venerable Vangīsa spoke, first of all praising her mansion:

"With a blaze of crystal, silver and gold overspread,
Its surface of many a colour, this shining mansion I see,
Very beautiful, of noble proportions,
Possessing portals, and strewn with golden sand.

And[2] as the sun, thousand-rayed, dispelling darkness
In autumn shines in the sky to the ten directions,
So this your mansion glows in highest heaven
As a blazing, smoke-crested[3] (fire) in the night.

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[1] Begin quotation after *tena*.
[2] Read *'va*.
[3] "Smoke-crested," a term for fire.

It blinds the eye, as it were, like lightning,
Ravishing, set in the sky,
With lute and drum and cymbal-clap resounding,
Glorious as Indra's city is this of yours.

Lotuses of white and red and blue[1]
Jasmine, gaṇḍika and anojaka[2] are there,
Blossoming sāl and flowering asokas[3];
It is filled with fragrance of many a tree superb.

Bordered with salala, labuja and sujaka,[4]
Lying among kusa and full blooming vines,[5]
With splendour like the fire of jewels
A lovely lotus pond springs up for you.

Whatever flowers there are that grow on water
And whatever trees there are that grow on land,
Those known to man and those not known to man,
Things divine—all grow in your abode.

For what tranquillity and self-restraint is this the reward?
By the fruit of what merit are you here reborn?
And how was this mansion won by you?
Tell the full story,[6] lady of thick eyelashes."

But she said:

'And how I have attained to this mansion,
Alive with flocks of herons, peacocks and chakora birds,
By ducks of heaven and the king of swans frequented,
Made to resound by birds, by karanda and kokila,
Filled with many a creeper, blossom and tree,
Trumpet flowers, jambu and asoka trees in profusion[7]—
How I have attained to this mansion,
That will I relate. Listen, your worship.

In eastern Magadha, the splendid,
Is the village Nālaka, your worship,
There a daughter-in-law was I in former days,
As Pesavatī there they knew me.

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[1] Various kinds of lotuses are named for which there is no English translation except by denoting colour.
[2] Various trees and plants.
[3] Read *sālā kusumitā pupphitā asokā.*
[4] Names of fragrant trees.
[5] Text evidently corrupt. The best that can be done without MSS. is *kusakasuphullitalatāvalambinī hi*, and omit tr. *hi*.
[6] *Tad anupadam avacāsi.* Lit.: "You speak of that word by word, i.e., in full." The use of the aorist in what is clearly a request must be taken as a polite form of request. . ." You are speaking of that." VvA—162, 26. . . , *avacāsi . . . katheyyāsi.*
[7] Read lines 1 and 2 as one compound, with shortening of final *a* in *vividha.*

I myself, gladdened in heart, scattered flowers
For him who was good in deeds,
By devas and men revered, the Great One,
Upatissa, gone to the infinite waning.

And when I had honoured him who had gone to the highest bourn,
The mighty seer wearing his last body,
I forsook my mortal body,
I came to the Realm of the Thirty, and here I inhabit a place."

8 (36)

MALLIKĀ'S MANSION

After the Blessed One, refuge of the world, had fulfilled his Buddhahood from the time of setting in motion the wheel of Dhamma up to the time of instructing the religious wanderer, Subhadda ; and at dawn of the full moon-night in the month of Visākha, between a pair of sāl trees in Upavattana, the sāl grove of the Malla kings in Kusināra, had waned into detached, fulfilled nirvana, and while homage was being paid to his body by devas and men, a lay devotee of Kusināra, Mallikā of the line of the Malla kings, wife of Bandhula, a believer, devout, washed with scented water her "Great Creeper' ornament, which was like the ornament of the great lay devotee, Visākhā, polished it with a pad of fine cloth, and taking an abundance of other things, perfume, garlands and the like, paid homage to the body of the Blessed One.

This is a summary here, but the Mallikā story occurs at length in the Commentary on the Dhammapada.[1]

Afterwards Mallikā died and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. Because she had so paid homage she had magnificent incomparable deva-luck. Robes, ornaments, mansions, resplendent with the seven jewels, having altogether the radiance of purest gold, utterly dazzling, made every direction of golden colour.

Now the venerable Nārada, going about among the devas, saw her and went near. She saw him, greeted him reverently, and stood with her hands raised in an attitude of devotion. He questioned her :

[1] XI, 6 : Mallikādevi-vatthu.

"Yellow-robed lady with banner of yellow, with yellow jewelry
adorned,
With your beauteous robes of yellow like an ornament you shine.
Who are you who wear rings and bracelets, you with garlands
of gold adorned,
Covered with a golden net, wreathed with flowers of divers gems?
Things wrought of gold and wrought with rubies,
Wrought with pearls, with beryl too,
Cat's-eye jewels and rubies are here,
And the splendour made by pigeon's-eye gems.
Here is the noble cry of the peacock,
The song of the swan, the cuckoo's sweet voice,
Their voices are melodious
Like music played on the five instruments.[1]
Your chariot, too, shines splendid, handsome, bright with
many gems
Perfectly proportioned in its parts of varied form.
You whose form is like a golden image,
Who, standing in the chariot, shine upon this place
Devī whom I ask, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

And she answered:

"A golden net, with jewels and gold bedecked
Thick with pearls, with a blaze of gold overspread,
Devout in heart, I gave as an offering
When Gotama the infinite fulfilled nirvana.
Because I did that deed, virtue extolled by the awake,
Free from grief I rejoice, in happiness and health."

And at the time of convocation this matter was recited by the venerable Nārada to those who were compiling the scriptures, exactly as he and the devī had then said it, and the compilers added it as spoken to the collection.

9 (37)

LARGE-EYE'S MANSION

At the full waning of the Blessed One, when king Ajātasattu had built a great shrine over his share of the relics, a weaver's daughter named Sunandā, a devotee, an Ariyan disciple, both sent fragrant wreaths to the shrine, and on feast-day went herself to offer in worship. Dying later she was reborn as handmaiden to Sakka governor of devas. And he, entering

[1] *Turiyaṃ*, the singular, probably stands for the plural idea. Cf. I—5, 4.

one day the Varied Creeper Grove, saw her standing there undistressed by the luminance of all around her. And he asked her of the reason :

" Who now are you, O Large-eyed One, who here
Go to and fro leading your band of nymphs.
When Thrice-Ten devas come within this Grove
With chariot and horse their lustre is diverse.
And you, who here are taking your pleasance,
In form are different, why is your beauty thus ?
Asked, devī, tell of what is this the fruit ? "

Sunandā :

" The deed whereof this form and bourn are mine,
And potent majesty, that hear, Giver divine.
In Rājagaha a disciple I,
Pious and good and aye eager to share.
Shelter and food, lodging and light
I gave to the upright with pious will,
Feastdays fourteen, fifteen and eight,
To special rite and eighth ever attent,
I kept the feast to precepts giving heed :
Forswearing hurting life nor telling lies,
From thieving, and excess and drink aloof,
Fain for the trainings five, skilled in the truths,
A follower of Gotama the famous seer.
To me my kinsfolk ever garlands brought
All these I offered at the Blest One's shrine,
Myself on feast day wreaths and unguents sweet
In piety placed on the shrine with my own hands.
Hence, deva-ruler, form and bourn are mine
And potent majesty from this same offering.
But not from just my virtue this result.
I longed, O deva-ruler, 'once-returner' I might be."

Now this matter Sakka told Vangīsa, and he told it to the editors and they included it in the rehearsing.

10 (38)

CORAL-TREE MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Now a pious lay-disciple entertained the Blessed One at his house with great honour. Just then a woman gathering kindling wood in Dark Forest saw an asoka tree in blossom.

Gathering sprays she went and spread them around the Blessed One, worshipped and left. Dying later, she was reborn among the Thrice-Ten, and enjoyed in Nandana Grove, together with her dancing nymphs a festival. Her too the venerable Great-Moggallāna saw and inquired of her thus:

"In Shady (Grove)'s ebon trees lovely and sweet
Deva-wreaths binding, singing you have joy.
For you, your body active everywhere,
Sweet deva-sounds float around you all.
For you, your body active everywhere,
Sweet deva-odours float around you all.
By swaying body, trinkets in the hair
Cause tinkling to be heard as fivefold music 'twere.
Chaplets breeze-blown by breeze disturbed
Cause tinkling to be heard as fivefold music 'twere.
And on your head garlands fragrant and sweet,
All round an odour wafts like the manjusaka.
Its fragrance shows your form not human is.
Asked, devī, tell of what is this the fruit?"

The devī

"The fiery brightness with sweet odour joined
In wreathed asokas I to Buddha brought.
That good deed doing by the Buddha praised,
Griefless, blest in health I find my joy."

IV

1 (39)

CRIMSON MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī, in Jetavana. While he was being entertained in the way described in the preceding Mansion, a certain slave-girl from a well-to-do household had from a sāl-tree in full bloom in Dark Wood, gathered flowers, strung them on little sticks for bouquets,[1] and then gathering a great quantity of choice flowers and flowers that had fallen, she entered the city, saw the Blessed One seated in the pavilion, and with devout heart doing honour with the flowers, placed the bouquets all around his seat, scattered the other flowers, greeted him reverently, made the triple circuit around him, and went on her way. Afterwards she died and was reborn among the devas of the Thrice-Ten. In that place there appeared for her a mansion made of red crystal and in front of it a great sāl-grove, the ground of which was strewn with golden sand. When the devī came out and entered the sāl-grove, the boughs bent low and scattered blossoms over her. The venerable Great-Moggallāna went up to her as described above, and questioned her :

" In a crimson mansion surrounded with golden sand,
And sweetly resounding with music of the five instruments,
you rejoice.
Descending from that mansion stately, of jewels made,
You enter a sāl-grove in perpetual bloom.
Each sāl-tree 'neath which you stand
Bows low, devī, and sheds its blossoms.
The sāl grove, where birds dwell, breeze-stirred, shaken,
Perfumes the air on every side, like the coral-tree.
You breathe the sweet-perfumed beauty, unearthly beauty you
behold,
Devī, asked, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

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[1] *Hira*—" small piece, splinter," is a doubtful word, and *vataṃsaka* means an ornament for head or ear. Probably here the slave-girl made small formal little bunches of flowers to be worn in the hair or behind the ear.

Thus questioned by the elder the devī answered with these verses :

"When I was human, living among men
I was a slave girl in a noble family.
I saw the Buddha seated. Devout, with my own hands
Sāl blossoms I showered on him, and a bouquet
Of sāl blooms finely fashioned I gave to the Buddha.
Because I did that deed, virtue extolled by the awake,
Free from grief I rejoice, in happiness and health.

2 (40)

SHINING MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Rājagaha. But at that time, you must know, in Rājagaha was a certain lay devotee devoted to the elder Great-Moggallāna. His daughter too, a believer and devout, had great veneration for the elder. Now one day Moggallāna, while seeking alms in Rājagaha came up to the house. The girl seeing him was filled with joy, had a seat prepared, and when the elder was seated there saw to it that he was honoured with a garland of jasmine, and filled the elder's bowl with molasses. Wishing to give thanks, the elder remained seated. The girl, intimating that because of many housekeeping duties she had no time to listen, said, "I will listen to Dhamma some other day," paid her respects to the elder and took leave of him. And on that very day she died and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. Moggallāna went up to her and questioned her :

"Lady of shining colour superb
Clothed in robes of lovely hue,
Whose deva-potency is great, whose limbs are lovely with sandalwood,
Who are you, shining devī, who do honour to me ?
And your palanquin most costly,
Bright with various gems, is brilliant,
In which seated you are radiant
Like the prince of devas in Nandana's grove.
What good conduct, lady, was yours in days gone by ?
Of what deed of merit are you enjoying the fruit in the deva-world ?
Devī whom I ask, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

Questioned by the elder the devī thus replied:

"When you were seeking alms,
A wreath and syrup I gave you, good sir.
For that deed of merit I enjoy
This reward in the deva-world.
But following remorse is mine, good sir;
I did wrong and I am grieved,
I listened not to Dhamma
By king of Dhamma well taught.
Therefore to you I say, good sir,
Whoever there is whom I should pity,
Him I pray you incite in matters
By king of Dhamma to be well taught.
For they who have faith in Buddha and Dhamma
And in the jewel which is the Order,
Me shall he outsine in long life, fame and beauty,
In majesty and glory far above me,
As other devas with greater deva-powers than mine."

3 (41)

ELEPHANT MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling in Benares in Isipatana, the deer park. At that time a lay devotee, a woman who lived in Benares, a believer, devout, observer of the precepts, had a pair of robes woven for the Blessed One, and thoroughly washed. Approaching she laid them at his feet and thus spoke, "Reverend sir, may the Blessed One in compassion accept this pair of robes, that it may long be for my blessing and happiness." The Blessed One accepted it, perceived she had won assurance and taught her Dhamma. At the conclusion she was established in the fruit of conversion, reverently greeted the Blessed One, made the circuit around him, and went home. Very soon after she died, was reborn among the Thrice-Ten, became beloved of Sakka, prince of devas, a favourite, Yasuttarā by name. Through the power of her deed of merit there was created a noble elephant covered with a net of gold; upon his back a pavilion made of gems was created, and in the middle a beautifully designed jewel-couch; and in his two tusks two lovely lotus pools, bright with lotus and water lilies made their appearance. There, standing upon

the lotuses, deva-daughters, with the five sorts of musical instruments held high, were dancing and singing.

The Blessed One, having dwelt in Benares as long as he wished, set out wandering toward Sāvatthī. Once there, he dwelt in the Jetavana. Now that devī in contemplating her luck and its cause, realized, "It has as its cause that gift to the Teacher," and filled with gladness, with joy and reverence toward him, she came through the sky upon the back of her noble elephant as the night was ending, descended thence, paid homage to the Blessed One, raised her hands in the anjali, and stood near. The venerable Vangīsa, with permission of the Blessed One, questioned her thus:

"Bejewelled one, mounted upon a fine elephant,
A mighty one covered with gems and gold,
Whose trappings are fine, heaped[1] with a net of gold,
Hither you come through the air, in the sky.

Set in the two tusks of the Mystic One[2]
Lie clear-water lotus pools in full bloom
And among the lotuses burst forth a host of (maidens[3] with) musical instruments,
And these enchanting ones are dancing.

You of great majesty have won deva-potency.
When human what did you of merit?
By what . . ." (*as in I, 1, etc.*)

The devī replied:

"When in Benares I had drawn near,
To the Buddha a pair of robes I gave,
At his feet I worshipped, on the ground I sat,
And joyful I saluted him.

And the Buddha whose skin resembles gold
Taught me of origin, impermanence, of ill,
Of the unconditioned where suppression of ill is eternal,
He taught me the Way whereby I may come to know.

My span of life was short, I died, thence passed away,
Glorious, I was reborn into the Thirty's host.
Of Sakka I am a consort,
Yasuttarā by name, famed in all quarters."

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[1] Or is this *ācitaṃ* become *acitaṃ* metri causa? 'Covered with' seems rather better.
[2] Nāgassa.
[3] Cf. VvA—183–5 ff, and Vv—V—10 (60).

4 (42)

ALOMĀ'S MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling in Benares in Isipatana, the deer park, he entered Benares for alms. There a woman named Alomā saw him, and being of devout heart, and seeing nothing else that could be given, thought, " Such a thing even as this, given to the Blessed One, will bring great reward to me," and offered crumbled, unsalted, dry curd. The Blessed One accepted it. Because of that almsgiving the woman expressed joy. Later she died and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. The venerable Great-Moggallāna asked her :

" With surpassing splendour . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."

She answered him (*as in I,* 1) :

That devī, elated . . .
. . . whereof the reward was this.
" In Benares, I, devout, with my own hands,
Gave dry curd to the Buddha, kin of the Sun.
Of a dry and unsalted morsel of curd behold the reward !
Who is there who will not work merit once he has seen that
Alomā is blest ?
Therefore is such glory mine . . .
. . . forth on every side."

5 (43)

RICE-GRUEL-GIVER'S MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Andhakavinda. At that time wind disease arose in the Blessed One's abdomen.[1] The Blessed One said to the venerable Ānanda, " Go, Ānanda when you have sought alms bring some sour rice gruel as medicine for me." " I will do so, your reverence," he promised and taking the bowl fit for a king he stood at the door of the home of a physician who was his pupil. The physician's wife saw him, went out to meet him, greeted him, took the bowl and asked the elder, " Of what sort of medicine have you need, your reverence ? " She, you see, was an enlightened woman

[1] Cf. *Psalms of the Brethren,* &c.

and realized, "The elder has come here because there is a need for medicine, not for the sake of food," and when he said, "For some rice gruel," she said, "This medicine is not for my teacher; indeed this bowl is none other than that of the Blessed One. Come, let me get gruel fit for the protector of the world!" and filled with joy and in reverence she procured gruel with jujube juice, filled the bowl, and out of esteem prepared and sent him other food besides. By the use of that the illness of the Blessed One was relieved. Afterwards the woman died, was reborn among the Thrice-Ten and was happy, enjoying great deva-luck. The venerable Great-Moggallāna questioned her thus:

"With surpassing splendour . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."

The devī elated . . .
. . . whereof this was the reward.

"In Andhakavinda to the Buddha, kin of the Sun,
Sour gruel I gave cooked with jujube, flavoured with oil,
Mixed with pepper and with garlic and with lamanjaka.
With pure heart I gave it to the holy man.
One who could be queen of a Wheel-turning King. . . ."
(*as in II*, 3)
This is not worth the sixteenth part of one gift of sour rice gruel."

6 (44)

MONASTERY MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jetavana. At that time Visākhā, the great lay devotee had been urged by her friends and attendants to make a tour in the park on a certain feast day.[1] Bathed and anointed with care, she had eaten a good meal, adorned herself with her "great creeper" parure, and surrounded by five hundred companions, set out from home in great ceremony with a great retinue, and while going toward the park, thought, "What is there for me in idle amusement, as if I were a young girl? Come, I will go to the monastery, pay my respects to the Blessed One and the honourable worthy gentlemen, and listen to Dhamma." She went to the monastery, stopped at one side, took off the "great

[1] *Ussava-divase* . . .

creeper" ornament, gave it into the hand of a slave girl, respectfully saluted the Blessed One, and sat down at one side. She listened to Dhamma, respectfully saluted the Blessed One, made the circuit around him, left the monastery, went a little way and said to the slave-girl, "Come now, I will put on the jewelry." The girl had tied it into a bundle, had put it down in the monastery, had wandered here and there, and when it was time to go had forgotten it, confessed, "I forgot it. It should be there. I will fetch it," and wanted to go back. Visākhā said, "Well, if it has been laid down and forgotten in the monastery, then for the monastery's benefit I shall give it up, and she went to the monastery, went up to the Blessed One, greeted him reverently, and declaring her desire said, "Your reverence, I would build a monastery, may the Blessed One in compassion permit me." The Blessed One gave consent through silence. Visākhā having made a gift of the jewelry, which was worth 109,000 krores, the venerable elder Great-Moggallāna superintended the new work. The monastery was completed in nine months, making for the Buddha, the Blessed One, and for the Order of monks a palace suitable for their abode, adorned with a thousand rooms—five hundred rooms on the ground, and five hundred rooms above ground, it is said—a palace like a deva-mansion, its floor made to resemble a mosaic of jewels, ornamented with beautifully designed wreath and scroll work, pleasing with white plaster, with beautiful wood-work finely polished, having well-proportioned house-parts—walls, pillars, rafters, beams, cornices, doorposts, windows, stairs, etc.—well arranged, charming; and with the help of Moggallāna's attendants, huts, pavilions, cloister walks and the like were made. When the monastery was finished, and she was making a monastery festival with nine krores of gold pieces, while she was ascending into the palace with five hundred companions she saw this achievement and joyfully said to her companions, "Since I am she who makes this palace of such beauty, which is an act of merit for me, do you bless me for it so that I may be giving a gift in which you have a share." "Oh, gladly. Oh, gladly!" they assented and with devout hearts they all blessed her.

On that occasion a certain lay devotee took part in the sharing of almsgiving with special thought. Very soon afterward

she died and was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. Through the power of her merit there appeared for her a great mansion that could travel through the sky, beautified with many pinnacles, with park, lotus-pond and the like, 16 yojanas in length and breadth and height, diffusing light for a hundred yojanas by its own radiance. And when the devī went (anywhere) she went with her mansion and with a retinue of a thousand heavenly nymphs.

But Visākhā, because of her munificent liberality and the triumph of her faith, was reborn among devas who delight in creating, and attained the rank of first Queen of Sunimmita, their king.

Now the venerable Anuruddha was on a tour among the devas, saw the friend of Visākhā who had been reborn in the realm of the Thrice-Ten, and questioned her thus :

"With surpassing splendour, devī, you stand
Diffusing light on every side like the evening star.
When you are dancing . . . (*eight lines from* Vv—38, 2 5)
. . . music on the five instruments.
The wreath, too, which is on your head, of fragrance sweet, entrancing,
Perfumes the air on every side, like the coral tree.
You breathe sweet perfumed beauty, unearthly beauty you behold.
Devī whom I ask, declare of what deed of merit this is the fruit."

The devī replied :

"In Sāvatthī a friend of mine, reverend sir,
Built a great monastery for the Order.
There with devout heart I gave my blessing,
For I saw the dwelling and it was pleasing to me.
Just by that pure blessing of mine
I obtained a mansion, wondrous to behold,
Sixteen yojanas on everyside.
By my potency it travels through the air.
Pinnacled palaces are my apartments, with rooms of fine proportions
Glittering they shine out on every side for a hundred yojanas.
Lotus-ponds have I here, haunt of flat-finned fish,
With bright pure water, strewn with golden sand,
Covered with various lotuses, with white lotus overspread,
Entrancing, moved by the breeze, they diffuse fragrance.
Groves of jambu, jackfruit, palmyra and cocamut
And many wild trees, grow on my estate,

Resounding with many a musical instrument, by a host of nymphs extolled.
Should one see me in a dream, he a joyful man would be.
Such a mansion wondrous to behold, altogether radiant,
Has come into being through my works of merit. Enough to do good deeds!"

Then the elder, desiring to have her speak of Visākhā's place of rebirth spoke this:

"Just by that pure blessing of yours
You have won a mansion wondrous to behold.
But that woman, the very one who gave the gift,
Tell of her fate. Where has she been reborn?"

Then explaining the matter inquired of by the elder she said:

"She who was my friend, good sir,
Had a great monastery built for the Order.
She who understood Dhamma gave the gift,
She is reborn among devas who delight in creating.
She is chief queen of Sunimitta.
The reward of her deed is beyond imagining.
That which you ask me: Where is she reborn?
This have I told you in manner true."

"Therefore indeed urge others besides:
Joyful, give alms to the Order,
And with minds devout hearken to Dhamma.
Profit among men, very hard to obtain, will be yours.
The way which the Lord of the Way has taught,
He with the Brahmā-voice, with skin like gold.
Joyful give gifts to the Order,
For worthy gifts bring great reward.
The eight (sorts of) men extolled by the wise,
Four pairs are they,
Worthy to receive are they, disciples of the Well-Come One,
Almsgiving to them brings great reward.
Four (kinds of men) follow the Way, and four are established in their reward,
This is the upright Order, firm in wisdom and righteousness.
For human beings who give alms with a view to winning merit.
Bounty bestowed on the Order brings merit leading to rebirth; great in its reward.
For this Order is vast, is mighty,
It is boundless,[1] like the sea, like the ocean.
Disciples of the hero of men, these indeed are the best,
Bringing light they proclaim Dhamma.

[1] Read *Es' appameyyo udadhiva* . . . Cf. VvA—154, 2.

For those who give alms for the use of the Order
Rightly presented, rightly offered, rightly sacrificed,
That offering bestowed upon the Order
Will bring great reward, and is praised by Him who knows the
world.
They who are mindful of such charity,
Who filled with zeal dwell in this world
Having given up the stain of avarice from the root,
Faultless, attain a heavenly place."

7 (45)

FOUR WOMEN MANSION

While the Blessed One was dwelling in Sāvatthī the venerable Great-Moggallāna on his deva-tour, as described above, reached the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. There he saw one after another four daughters of heaven in four mansions that were there, each surrounded by a thousand deva-nymphs and enjoying divine magnificence, and by way of asking about the good work done by them in their former existence he questioned them in succession (*as previously*):

"With surpassing splendour . . .
. . . on every side."

They in turn each in succession, as soon as she was questioned replied. To express this the verse

That devī elated . . .
. . . of what deed this was the reward

is recited.

The story goes that in the time of the blessed Kassapa these women had been reborn in a good family in a town named Paṇṇakata in a kingdom named Esikā. Having come of age and gone to a husband's home in the same city, they dwelt in harmony. One of them saw a certain monk as he was seeking alms, and with devout heart gave him a bunch of blue water-lilies, one gave a handful of blue lotuses to another (monk), another gave a handful of white lotuses, another gave jasmine buds. Afterwards they died and were reborn among the Thrice-Ten. They had a retinue of a thousand deva-nymphs. After they had enjoyed deva-luck there for the space of an aeon they passed thence and through what re-

mained of the reward for that same deed of merit, had been reborn during the existence of this Buddha into the same place and were questioned by the venerable Great-Moggallāna in the manner described. One of them, describing to the elder that same deed of old which she had done, said :

" Of blue water-lilies a handful I gave
To a monk who was seeking alms
In the fine town of the Esikā folk,
In fair Paṇṇakata the proud.
Therefore is such glory mine . . .
. . . forth on every side."

Another said :

" A handful of blue-lotuses I gave
To a monk who was seeking alms
In the fine town of the Esikā folk,
In fair . . .
Therefore is such glory mine . . .
. . . forth on every side."

Another said :

" White was its root, yellow-green were its leaves,
It grew on the lake in the water ; I gave it
To a monk as he sought for alms
In . . .
. . . forth on every side."

Another said :

" Jasmine buds of ivory hue did I,
Sumanā, give to one whose heart was fair,[1]
To a monk as he was seeking alms
In . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."

8 (46)

MANGO MANSION

The Blessed One was dwelling in Sāvatthī. At that time a certain woman here, a lay devotee, heard of the great fruitfulness and praiseworthiness of giving a dwelling-place as alms, and filled with zeal she reverently greeted the Blessed One and thus she spoke, " Your reverence, I desire to have a

[1] The play on words is lost of course. *Ahaṃ Sumanā sumanassa sumanamakutāni* . . .

dwelling-place built. I pray that you will grant permission for such an undertaking. The Blessed One instructed the monks. The monks made known to her that it was permitted. Then she had a beautiful dwelling built and all about it planted mango-trees. The dwelling, surrounded on all sides by rows of mango-trees, abounding in shade and water, with its white ground strewn with sand like nets of pearls, was altogether enchanting. The woman decorated the monastery with tapestries of many colours and with flower wreaths and perfume wreaths like a mansion of the gods, put up an oil lamp, wrapped the mango trees with new robes, and dedicated it to the Order. Afterwards she died and was reborn in the Realm of the Thrice-Ten. For her there appeared a great mansion surrounded by a mango grove. There, surrounded by a host of heavenly nymphs, she enjoyed deva-luck. The venerable Great-Moggallāna went up to her and asked:

"Lovely is your deva-mango-grove, imposing your palace here,
Resounding with many a musical instrument, sung by a host of deva-nymphs.
And here a great lamp of gold burns forever
Surrounded on all sides by trees clad with fruit.
Why is such glory yours . . .
. . . shining forth on every side?"

The devī elated . . .
. . . of what deed of merit this was the fruit.

"When I was human, lived among men
In my former life in the world of men,
For the Order I had a monastery built, surrounded by mango-trees.
When the monastery was finished I had a festival prepared,
Making shade with the mangoes clad with fruit
When I had lighted a lamp there and given a feast to a peerless throng,
Devout, with my own hands on the Order I bestowed (the dwelling).
Therefore have I this mango grove fair, and here a palace imposing,
Resounding with many a musical instrument, sung by a host of deva-nymphs.
And here a great lamp of gold burns forever,
Surrounded on every side by trees clad in fruit.
Therefore is such glory mine . . .
. . . shining forth on every side."

9 (47)

YELLOW MANSION

At the final passing of the Blessed One, king Ajātasattu having erected the great shrine for his share of the relics at Rājagaha, a woman devotee with blossoms of the kosataki creeper approached to make offering. But a young heifer at loose and alarmed by the crowd rushed about and smote her with its horns killing her. She, reborn in Thrice-Ten, appeared to Sakka going in his chariot to the garden sports; and he inquired of her:

> " In yellow robe with yellow flags and yellow ornaments,
> With limbs bepowdered with yellow sandalwood
> With yellow lotus wreath, on yellow couch
> On yellow seat with yellow nourishment, and canopy
> Of yellow, yellow chariot and horse and yellow fan,
> What action doing, maiden, in past human life
> Tell me, devī, hath yielded this result ? "

She replied:

> " There is a creeper, sir, kosātakī famous and prized,
> Four blossoms of it bore I to the shrine
> Raised to the Teacher's body, with a pious heart,
> Of way thereto not heedful but with absent mind.
> Then did a cow slay me intent upon the shrine,
> What I then stored sure 'tis a better thing."

10 (48)

SUGARCANE MANSION

This is similar in the text (pali) to the former sugar-cane mansion.[1] But here the mother-in-law used a log of wood when she killed the daughter-in-law. Because of this the stories have been entered separately.

> " You make radiant the earth and the deva-world,
> Surpass them in brilliance like moon and sun,
> With your luck and beauty and glory and glow,
> As does Brahmā of Thirty devas the ruler.
> I ask you who blue lotus-wreaths wear,

[1] See III, 1 and 2.

With garlanded head and skin like gold,
Bejewelled one, wearing the finest of robes,
Who are you, bright devī, paying me homage ?
Almsgiving, austerity, or moral restraint,
By which did you, glorious one, to bliss attain ?

The devī replied :

(*As in III*, 2, *with the one alteration in the* 11*th line.*)

11 (49)

WORSHIPPING MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī. At that time certain monks having spent the rains at a certain village-settlement and, at the close, keeping Pavāraṇa, passed through a certain village on their way to greet the Blessed One. There a certain woman met and saluted them with mind and eyes full of reverence and goodwill. Reborn after decease in the Thrice-Ten, her Moggallāna interrogated :

(*in the words used often above : I*, 1, etc.)

She answered :

" I among men as human born,
Whenas I pious recluses saw,
Gave kneeling worship with pious heart
And glad with high salute.
Hence is my beauty such . . . on every side." (*As in I*, 1.)

12 (50)

CORD-WREATH MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Now at the little village of Gayā there lived a brahmin who gave his daughter in marriage to a brahmin's son. She in that house wielded authority, and took from the first a dislike to the daughter of a woman serf, scolding and abusing and hitting her. As the girl grew to working age, she treated her worse. (It is said, that in Kassapa Buddha's time their relations were reversed.) One day the mistress shaved the girl's head, binding a cord about it, and not suffering her to remove it :

[1] *Khatakaṃ deti.* Cf. Jāt. ii, 241.

hence her name. Now one day the Teacher in a fit of great pity saw in Cord-wreath ground for salvation, and he went into the forest and sat down under a tree showing his rays. And wretched Cord-wreath, longing for death, took a jar and came by to draw water, and looked for a tree whereon to hang herself. Seeing the Buddha with heart drawn towards him, she thought, "If the Blessed One would teach me Dhamma, I might be delivered from my miserable life." And he discerning said to her, "Cord-wreath!" And she, as if sprinkled with ambrosia, drew near and saluted. And he taught her the four truths, she attaining the Stream. She left and with her jar went and sat beneath a tree. Unable now to destroy herself she thought with patience, amity and kindness: "Let the Brahminee hurt and injure me or whatever she will," and went back. The master of the house stood at the door and said: "You've been long in fetching that water and your face is radiant; you've come up against some other cause—what was it?" She told him; and the brahmin was pleased and went in saying, "Don't you do anything more to Cord-wreath." Then he went quickly to the Teacher and reverently invited him to lunch. After that he, the mother-in-law and neighbours who had come in sat down near the Teacher, who told them how things had been in that former life with her and Cord-wreath, with suitable religious discourse beside. He then took his leave and the brahmin made Cord-Wreath his adopted daughter, while the mother-in-law treated her gently. Reborn when she died among the Thrice-Ten, Cord-wreath was also interrogated by Moggallāna:

"You, devī, with surpassing beauty standing,
And dancing too with gestures various,
For whom thus dancing with all your limbs
Divine sounds exquisite to hear come forth,
For whom thus dancing with all your limbs
Divine perfumes are wafted sweet to smell,
As you your body turn the trinkets in your braids
Resound like music on five instruments.
The wreath upon your head of fragrance sweet entrancing,
Resounds like music on five instruments.
And on your head garlands fragrant and sweet
All round an odour waft like the manjūsaka.
Its fragrance shows your form not human is.
Asked, devī, tell of what is this the fruit."

That devī replied about her former birth and the rest:

"Serf of a Gayā brahmin was I once,
Of little worth, unlucky, Cord-wreath called.
Worn by ill-temper, blows and threats,
I took a water-jar and gat me forth.
Jar dropped, I into the jungle plunged:
'Here will I die! What good is life to me?'
A strong noose made I, slung it on a bough,
Then looking round: 'Who now lives in the wood?'
There saw I 'neath a tree Seer of world's weal,
The Buddha[1] musing, seated, void of fear.
Then rose in me new agitated thrill,
'Who now lives in the wood, deva or man?'
Peace to one needing peace, from wood to open come,[2]
Forthcoming from the wood there came,
For what I saw brought peace of mind.
This man is not like other men.
Sense-guarded, fain to muse, mind not astray,
Weal of all men surely the Buddha this will be.
Fear and dismay afar, like lion in his cave,
Rare chance to see, like udumbara flower.
With gentle words he spoke, the Man thus Come,
'Cord-wreath!' he said, 'take refuge in the Man thus Come.'
Then I, hearing that voice, gentle, benevolent,
So sweetly musical, drove all my woe away.
Seeing my mind was healed and purified,
The Weal of all the world instructed me.
''Tis this is ill,' he said, 'and that the cause,
This is the stopping and the Way, the Road
That's in the Immortal based.
Out of compassion for your good I teach, and I
Came up upon the Immortal, Holy Path
Undying. And I held there with love, in vision firm,
Root-born in faith as daughter of the Buddha's mouth.
I now enjoy, I play, I'm happy—whence may come fear?
I bear a deva-wreath, I drink sweet drink.
A wealth of music wakes me from my rest:
Ālamba, Bhaggara, Bhīma, Sadhuvādī and Saṃsaya,
Pokkhara, Suphassa, excelling on the lute.
Nandā and Sunandā, Sokatiṇṇā, Sucimhitā,
Ālambusā, Missakesī and Puṇḍarīkā the terrible,
Eniphassā and Suphassā, Subhaddā, Muduvādinī.[3]

[1] *Sambuddhaṃ.*
[2] *Vanā nir- vāṇam āgatam*: "a play on words."
[3] The version known—? in Ceylon—to the compiler of the Pali Commentary cannot have included this five-lined list of names. It is passed over in silence. Of four names MSS give variants. The first nine are male names, yet are they called women (*nāriyo*).

And other better still, who wake the nymphs:
Devīs who come betimes and summon me:
Come now let's dance, let's sing, let's happy be!
Not for good deeds not done, for good deeds done
Is happy Nandana, the Thrice-Ten's pleasant grove.
Joy for good deeds not done's not here nor there.
Joy for good deeds performed's both here and there.
For those in fellowship of will great good
Is to be done; when done a rich reward in heaven.
For good of many rise the Men thus Come;
Makers of fields of merit for the worshipper,
Wherein deed done the givers' heaven enjoy."

V

1 (51)

GREAT CHARIOT MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Champā, on the bank of the Gaggarā lotus lake. Rising at dawn in a fit of great pity he saw, that "to-day when in the evening I am teaching Dhamma a frog, seizing my image and remembering me, will, suffering violence, be killed and be reborn in deva-world and will with great following come to many people, whereby will be great understanding of Dhamma." His day's work done after siesta, he began by the lake to teach a mixed congregation. Then a frog, thinking, "this is what is called Dhamma," came out of the lake and crouched at the back of the listeners. And a cowherd, seeing the Teacher speaking and the congregation quietly listening, leaning on his crook stood on and crushed the frog. The frog was reborn in Thrice-Ten abode, with a twelve yojana golden mansion and attended by nymphs. Asking himself how he came there, what had he done, he could only remember the Blessed One's image. Forthwith he went with his mansion down to earth, and seeing the Blessed One teaching many folk he went up and worshipped him. The Blessed One to reveal the Buddha glory asked him:

"Who worships at my feet in power and glory shining,
With supreme beauty lighting up all quarters?"

Then the deva-son, starting from his past life said:

"A frog I was, a water-haunter,
Me hearkening to your Dhamma a cowherd slew.
Of a moment's piety of mind behold the potency, the glory of me,
The glory of me behold, the beauty, the splendour of me.
But they who long have heard the Dhamma of thee, Gotama,
'Tis they who've won to that which moveth not,
Where going weep they never more."

The Blessed One, teaching, expanded the matter and the deva-son reached the first fruit, and returned to his world.

2 (52)

REVATĪ MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Benares, in the Isipatana Deerpark. There was then a pious and princely giver and pupil of the Order there, Nandiya. His parents wanted him to marry one Revatī,[1] but she was without faith and not charitable. Nandiya had no desire for her. Now his mother told Revatī to come to her house and make ready to entertain the Order, and she did so. And the mother told her son: "She will make you an efficient helper." So he consented and they were married, and she bore him two sons. Nandiya thereupon launched out into charity on a large scale, and built at the Isipatana monastery a hall, which he presented to the Man Thus Come, pouring water of offering on his hands. From that time in Thrice-Ten world a golden palace rose up of twelve yojanas, with attendance of nymphs. Moggallāna on tour saw it and asked the Blessed One for whom was it destined? The answer, in verse, was:

"The man long absent from afar safe home,
Friends, kinsmen, mates rejoice to have him home.
So the well-doer hence to next world gone,
Good deeds make welcome as loved kinsman come."[2]

Nandiya hearing this was glad, gave gifts, worked merit. Then leaving home on business, he bade Revatī carry on with zeal. She consented, but whereas he, while absent continued his pious deeds, she after a few days stopped gifts to the unprotected, gave inferior food to monks, scattered it and blamed these for doing so. Then Nandiya came back and sent her to her own home. She, saying, "In this fashion he has destroyed for me prosperity and honour," continued to abuse monks. Then Vessavaṇa told two of his yakkhas to go in a week to Benares and throw Revatī into hell. People hearing of this were frightened, but Revatī went to the house-top, locked the door and sat. In a week two fearsome yakkhas came and said: "Rise, Revatī of evil character," took her by their arms, marched her up and down the streets that all

[1] She is bo h Revatī and Revatā in text.
[2] Cf. the interesting converse in the Apocalypse: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord . . . their works do follow them."

might see, then took her through the air to Thrice-Ten world and brought her lamenting to hell. The Controllers cast her into hell. As it is said:

"Rise Revatī! of evil character,
Of door that's shut and gifts that are not given.
We'll lead thee where do mourn those gone to woe,
They that are heel-bound and by woe beset.
Thus spoke the Yama messengers.
The twain red-eyed gigantic yakkhas
Took Revata each by one arm
Then went their way back to the deva-folk.

These verses were spoken by editors.

Thus brought to Thrice-Ten world, Revatī, placed near Nandiya's mansion, and seeing its glory as of sun and moon, asked the yakkhas:

"Whose is this mansion of the many folk,
Blazing as were it very rays of sun,
Where women, sweet with powder of sandalwood,
Make fair the mansion both inside and out.
This that appears in beauty like the sun:
Who, come to heaven, takes joy therein?"

They told her:

"Nandiya at Benares devotee,
Unselfish, lord of giving, wise of speech,
His is this mansion of the many folk,
Blazing as were it very rays of sun,
Where women . . . (*as above*)
He come to heaven takes joy therein."

Then Revatī:

"Of Nandiya was I the wife,
House-lady, family mistress.
Now in my husband's mansion I
Will find my joy. No wish
Have I to find me back in hell."

But they replied: "Whether you wish it or not, what have we to do with wishes?" And they brought her to hell, saying:

"This hell's for you, you evil one.
No merit have you wrought in world
Where you do live. Not for the one
Of selfish wrathful evil ways
Is gain of comradeship, to heaven gone."

So saying the yakkhas vanished, there and then. But her two similar hell-warders, dragging her to throw her into the dung-hell, showed her on her asking:

"What is't of filth that is revealed,
Of evil smell that's hither blown?

This is the Flowing Hell profoundly deep
Where you must ripen thousand years, O Revatī!"

She asked:

"What now in deed, word, thought has ill been done,
To win the Flowing Hell profoundly deep?"

They said:

", Recluses, brahmins, many a wayfarer,
By lying you betrayed: this have you done."

They also told her of further punishment to follow that:

"Hands are cut off and also feet,
Ears are cut off and also nose,
And raven crew together come
Devour combined the writhing one."

She again implored them wailing to take her back to earth:

"'Twere well ye took me back, so good I'll be,
I'll give, I'll live at peace, in self-restraint,
Which having done brings weal not later day remorse."

Then they again:

"Once you were happy, now must you lament.
'Tis of your own deeds you must reap reward."

And she again:

"Who e'er from deva-world to world of men
Has come and told me this when asked:
Lest ye hereafter suffer give your gifts,
Clothing and lodging also food and drink.
No selfish wrathful evil one in sooth
May be the mate of them to heaven gone?
Were I now hence to go to human life,
Kindly and virtuous I would do much good.
I'll give, I'll live at peace, in self-restraint,
Parks will I plant and mend bad roads,
And tanks and wells I'll make with pious heart.
And all the feastdays of the moon I'll keep,
High festival, in moral precepts strict,
Nor slack in giving: this I truly see."

Now the editors added this :

"Thus her, lamenting weeping sore,
Head first in dreadful hell they cast."

And she once more :

"A selfish woman once was I,
Abuser of religious men.
My husband lying I deceived.
In dreadful hell I reap reward."

Now inasmuch as in the "Revatī Mansion" there is no devī, but the story is connected with Nandiya's Mansion, therefore this is included in the men's mansions.

3 (53)

YOUNG CHATTA'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Now at that time a brahmin's son Chatta, who had finished his studies under a brahmin of Setavya, had gone home and got his teacher's fee of a thousand kahāpanas from his parents, and had set out for Setavya to pay him. Thieves heard of this and plotted to kill and plunder the youth on the way. The Blessed One rising in a fit of great pity discerned this, set out early that same way and sat down under a tree. The youth passing by, he asked him his mission, and then, did he know the three refuges and five precepts? The youth denying, the Blessed One taught them for him to learn.

"He who best speaker is 'mong men,
The Sakya, perfect Blessed One,
The yonder-farer, hero strong,
To well-come one for refuge go.
To Dhamma passion-pure unmoved,
Griefless and sweet, partitioned well,[1]
To this, yea, this for refuge go.
And where they've said 'gifts bring great fruit,'
To those who walk in couples four,
Eight bands of Dhamma-seers they,
The Church : to this for refuge go."

[1] *Suvibhattaṃ.* Dhamma is here already externalized codes of doctrine. See Introduction.—Ed.

Him, laying up as he walked these things in his heart, the thieves beset and slew, taking the money. But he was reborn in world of Thrice-Ten with a thirty yojana mansion throwing light further than that. Men of Setavya finding the body told parents and teacher, and a funeral ceremony was held. And the Blessed One went, that Chatta might have opportunity of coming to show himself and so reveal his happy fate to many. Chatta thought so too and this actually took place. And when people wondered: Is this a deva or a brahmā? he explained and said:

"Not thus shines in the sky the sun,
Nor moon nor Phussa group of stars
With light so measureless as this.
Who art thou now who to the earth
From threefold deva-worlds art come?
As from lightgiver cuts the ray,
Making the night into the day,
So radiance over score of leagues
Thy pure and lovely mansion pours.
A lake of many lotuses
And divers flowers of every hue,
And dust-free canopy above
Burns in the air as very sun,
With varied draperies and gems
Like starry constellations float.
And comely men and women too
In garments fair and happy seen
Send fragrant perfumes wafting round.
Whose self-control is this result?
Fruit of what act thee hither brings?
And how thou to this house didst come:
Lo! asked in due course tell us all.

Then the deva-son answered thus:

"'Twas Chatta, brahmin youth who fared
Hither, by pitying Teacher taught.
Thy teaching, best of Jewels, heard,
This will I do, so Chatta said.
To Conqueror's Refuge did I come,
To Dhamma and likewise to Church.
No, sir! so said I first to thee,
But then I carried out thy word:—
Live not impurely hurting aught that lives,
Here wise men praise not lack of thought for life.
No, sir! so said I first to thee,
But then I carried out thy word:—

Not what another man doth guard,
Not giving look on as a gift.
No, sir! so said I first to thee,
But then I carried out thy word:—
Not her another man doth ward,
His wife, approach; ignoble this.
No, sir! so . . .

. . . . . .

Speak not the lie, the changèd word,
Here wise man praise not word untrue.
No, sir! so . . .

. . . . . .

See that thou do as thou hast said.
Whereby his reason leaves a man:
Strong drink: see thou avoid it all.
No, sir! so . . .

. . . . . .

I sooth five precepts having learnt,
Walking as Well-come One me bid,
To cross-roads came, where nest of thieves
Slew me that they might take my pelf.
Thus much of good is in my mind,
And more than that befel me not.
By that good conduct 'tis that I
Came to Thrice-Ten where I would be.
See how for me so briefly minding
Came the reward by Dhamma walking,
Glowing like fire 'mid splendid folk,
When many long for lesser things.
See how for such brief homily
I've won this happy bourn, this weal.
While they who long can hear thee teach
Methinks must win immortal goal.
Little done for great result.
Rich reward in Well-Come's word.
See Chatta, little merit wrought,
Lights up the earth as were he sun.
What good thing's this that we may do?
So some together counsel take,
We, if reborn to man's estate,
Let us wayfare in moral ways.
Teacher of help and sympathy,
To me as I was, that day he came.
Here am I come to that True Name![1]
Show us once more thy sympathy.

[1] *Saccanāma.* This rare epithet occurs thrice in the Fourth Nikā*ya* (e.g., Gradual Sayings, iii, 244) and once in Commy. on *Petavatthu.*—Ed.

Let us once more thy Dhamma hear.
Who wilful passion here forswear
And lust for worlds and muddled mind,
They come not to the womb again,
But in cool bliss they wane away.

So when the Teacher had addressed the assembly, the deva-son, greeting his parents and establishing them in the first Way of the Stream, returned to his world.

4 (54)

CRAB MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At that time a certain monk practising insight fell away therefrom owing to grievous earache. The healer's medicine availed nothing. Telling the Blessed One, he was bidden put 'crab-curry' in the ear, seeking it in the Magadha fields. He went thither and stopped for alms at the door of a field-keeper's hut. This man having lunched off such curry made him be seated and gave him some. Anointing his ear the monk "became well as if bathed from a pitcher." His composure regained by suitable food he resumed his devotions and then and there became arahan. Telling the keeper: "Lay-follower, by the fruit of this merit you will become saved from ill of body and mind," he gave thanks and left him. When later the keeper died, he was reborn in Thrice-Ten world and with a twelve yojana mansion of gold and gems and pinnacles. On the door was hung by a string of pearls a golden crab. And Moggallāna on his tour saw this and asked:

"Lofty this mansion's jewelled shafts,
Spread o'er a dozen yojanas.
Seven hundred splendid pinnacles
On beryl pillars lovely stands.
There do you bide and drink and eat
While deva-lutes make melody
And deva essence pleases sense,
And women dance in comely robes.
Whence comes to thee . . ." (*As in I*, 1)

The deva-son elated, by Moggallāna asked,
Declared what act had brought him such reward.
"Reminder on the door a crab is hung,
Perfect in metalwork ten paces shines.
Hence is such beauty mine . . ." (*As in I*, 1)

5 (55)

DOORKEEPER'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha. At that time a lay-follower instituted four perpetual meals to the Order. Now for fear of thieves he kept his house-door locked. Hence monks coming for those meals had to go away hungry. He learning this from his wife, appointed a doorkeeper to welcome monks so coming and wait on them. When the donor died he was reborn among the Yamas, but when the doorkeeper died he was reborn among the Thrice-Ten with a twelve yojana golden mansion, just as in the foregoing. To Moggallāna's similar inquiry he replied:

" Me for a thousand years of life
By voice decreed, by mind designed,
Shall I as man of merit stand
With deva-pleasure happy made.
Hence is such beauty mine . . ." (*as in I*, 1)

6 (56)

SHOULD-BE-DONE MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. And a lay-follower, returning from a bathe in the Achiravati river, met and invited the Master to lunch at his house and entertained him with honour. The remainder is as in the foregoing. The deva's answer is as follows:

("... whereof this is the fruit?")
"'Tis meet good deeds be done by man of judgment wise
To well wayfaring Wake Ones where gifts bring plenteous fruit.
Oh, for my growth the Wake from wood to village came!
Thence with a mind at peace to Thrice-Ten did I come.
Hence is my beauty . . ." (*as in I*, 1)

7 (57)

SEVENTH MANSION

This is similar to the Sixth, save only that the food was given, as in that to the Blessed One, so here to an Elder. In the reply "the monk" is said, not "the Wake (Buddha)."

8 (58)

NEEDLE MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At that time there was robe-making to be done for the venerable Sāriputta, and there was need of a needle. Coming to a smith's house for alms and asked what he needed, he told of the need. The smith in piety offered two needles and bade him say, if there were further need. The smith was afterwards reborn in Thrice-Ten world and he also was questioned by Moggallāna. In the same words he replied:

("... whereof this is the fruit?")

"'Tis not the fact that one doth give.
What should be given the better is.
The needle given better was,
Hence is my beauty such ..."

9 (59)

SECOND NEEDLE MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. Now a certain tailor went to see the Grove, and there sat a monk stitching a robe, and the tailor having a needlecase gave him needles. The question put to him after he had been reborn among the Thrice-Ten was like the foregoing. His reply was thus:

("... whereof this was the fruit?")

"I, born a man in realm of men
In former birth of human kind,
Saw holy monk of piety and pure.
A needle gave I him with mine own hands.
Hence is my beauty such ...

10 (60)

ELEPHANT MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Then Moggallāna on his deva-tours in Thrice-Ten world saw a deva-son, mounted on a great white elephant with a great retinue going through the air, and went towards him. The

deva descended and saluted him, and was asked about his deeds.

" Mounted on bright-limbed elephant
Pure-bred, a tusker, strong and swift,
On beast so well caparisoned,
Come hither buoyant through the air
Who on his twin tusks upward bears
A crystal lake of lotuses,
Among which music-folk play sweet
And other lovely creatures dance.
To deva-power . . ." (*as in IV*, 3)

The deva replied:[1]

" Eight several flowers to blessed Kassapa[2]
I offered at his shrine with my own hands
Hence is my beauty such . . .

11 (61)

SECOND ELEPHANT MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At that time a pious lay-follower, who had lived according to the precepts, kept feast-days, given gifts to the Order, and attended with gifts at the monastery to hear Dhamma, died and was reborn in the Thrice-Ten. And a great white elephant being at his service with much retinue, he went at times to the park-sports. Now one day being impelled to show gratitude, he went on his elephant at mid-night to Bamboo Grove and there saluted the Blessed One. Vangīsa stood near and was permitted to question him:

" On mighty finest all-white elephant aloft
From grove to grove you come with woman-train.
All quarters lighting up like evening star,
Whence comes such beauty . . ." (*as in I*, 1)

That deva-son elated by Vangīsa, asked,
Answered concerning deed that brought such fruit.
" I among men a man reborn . . .
Became of the Seer a follower,

[1] In text read *vyākāsi*.
[2] The preceding 'Buddha.'

Became one who shunned taking life,
From theft I turned away,
No drinker I, and lies I uttered not,
In my own wife I found content[1]
And food and drink in piety,
And with respect I gave, rich gifts.
Hence is my beauty such . . .
. . . and shining forth on every side."

And so on as above.

12 (62)

THIRD ELEPHANT MANSION

The Blessed One was once staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. Then three arahan elders came to a village settlement for the râins, going thereafter to Rājagaha to salute the Blessed One. Passing the sugar-cane plantation of an ill-favoured brahman they asked the keeper: "Can we get to Rājagaha to-day?" "No, sir, it's half a yojana further; stay here and go on to-morrow." "Is there here a place we could stay at?" "No, but I will tell you of a place." And he contrived with standing sugar-canes and their cloaks to make them huts and fed them with canes, and sped them forth with a sugar-cane each, returning in joy and hope in his own welfare. But his master, meeting the monks, asked them how they got the sugar-canes, and when he heard got furious and ran back spluttering and hit his keeper with a club, killing him with one stroke. By merit of his deed the latter was reborn in the palace of Sudhamma, owner of an all-white great elephant. His parents and kin made lamentation at his funeral, but he came riding among them in state, and a man wise as to rebirth asked him about his merit thus:

"Who now on deva-mount, on all-white elephant,
With sound of music comes to earth in air?
Art thou a deva or a gandharva? Or Sakka Giver?
Not knowing thee we ask that we may know."

[1] It is interesting to note that, here and below, the precept, usually ranked third in the five (*sīla's*), is not worded as in the more inclusive way of the Suttas: 'wrong action in sense-desires,' and 'not of the training' (*a-brahma-cariya*).

And he replied:

> "No deva am I nor gandharva nor Sakka Giver,
> But of the Sudhamma devas am I one."

The man asked again:

> "I ask thee, deva of Sudhammas, worshipping,
> What deed hast done 'mong men that thou'rt so born?"

And he:

> "Of sugar-cane and straw and robes, all three,
> Who made and gave a hut is now Sudhamma-born."

Thus comforting his parents he returned to deva-world.

13 (63)

LITTLE CHARIOT MANSION

When at the death of the Blessed One his relics were distributed, and under Great-Kassapa the Order assembled to chant Dhamma, disciples coming each with his own company, the venerable Great-Kacchāna was staying in a wooded spot. And Assaka was then reigning at Pota over Assaka. Now his son by his head-queen, Sujātā, had left the world for forest-life, being just a moral man, and had been at death reborn in the Thrice-Ten. Returning later to earth as once more the son of an Assaka king, with the name of Sujāta, when his mother died, his father married again and a son was born. The pleased prince offering his wife a boon, she, when Sujāta was sixteen years old, claimed it of him, asking him to make her son the heir. He refused, since his eldest son was his heir. She kept worrying him to keep his pledged word, till the prince, feeling he must do so, told Sujāta with tears. The youth, grieving at his father's grief, asked leave to go into forest life. The prince offered to build him another town, but he would not consent, nor that he should be sent to neighbouring princes. The prince embracing him let him go, on the understanding he should return when orphaned to take over the estate. Living with foresters in the wood, he one day

went deerstalking, and pursued a deer till it vanished near the leaf-hut of an anchorite, who asked him thus:

"Leaning on your strong bow from sound wood made,
Art prince's son or trapper roaming round?"

He replied:

"Son of prince Assaka I roam around.
My name Sujāta is, I tell you monk.
Deerhunting in the jungle plunged,
My game I saw not, but 'tis you I see."

Then the elder in friendly wise:

"Welcome to thee! Thy great desert I know.
For thee no long way was't to come.[1]
Here water take and see thou bathe thy feet,
So cool it is from mountain cavern brought.
Drink, noble son, rest on the seat that's strewn."

The prince accepting said:

"Lovely in sooth to hear thy speech, great seer.
Charming is what thou sayest, for my good.
Whence comes the love in woods to dwell,
O bull of sages, tell me this.
Thy way of speech I'll note that I
In path of righteous aim may walk."

Now the elder spoke of his own attainment as suitable for him too:

"Harm to no creature pleases us, O youth,
And shunning theft, excess and liquors strong,
Aversion and right conduct, learning, gratitude,
In this life praised, these things are laudable."
Death draweth nigh to thee in five months hence,
Know this, young prince. Set thee at liberty."

And the youth:

"Into what country ought I hence to go?
What work should I perform, what work of man,
Or by what lore may I become
One who nor ages nor doth die?"

[1] Cf. *Psalms of the Sisters*, Sundarī.

And the elder:

"There's no such land or work or lore or human thing
Where going, mortal may become nor old, nor dead.
Nobles of wealth and pelf, kingdoms galore,
None become such as never age nor die.
Maybe thou'st heard of Andhakveṇhu's,[1]
Warriors and heroes of surpassing strength:
Not men of any caste from high to low
By birth are such as never age nor die.
They who the mantra spin of priestly cut
Through lore; nor these nor others cease to age and die.
Rishis and such as work austerities,
Such can at times from body come apart,
And arahans their task ended and canker free
From work of making to become lay down
This body by waning out of evil as of good.

Now the youth considering what he had to do said:

"Well spoken for my good hast thou, great seer.
Enough; do thou refuge for me become!

And the elder:

"Go not to me for refuge; turn to him,
Son of the Sakyans where I refuge found.

Tell me the country of your Teacher, sir.
I too will go this peerless conqueror to see."

And the elder:

"In eastern country of Okkāka folk
Was that great man, but he has passed away.
But if the Wake, the Teacher stay for thee,
A thousand leagues 'twill be to wait on him.
But since for thee, sir, he has passed away,
I go for refuge to him thus:—
To Wake, to Dhamma and to Church I go
To Dhamma infinite, to man divine,
To these for refuge do I go.
Keenly I keep from hurting life,
I shun to take what none has given,
No drink I take nor do I lie,
With my own wife content I live.
Go now to thy father and tell him thou hast not long to live,
and charge him to work merit.".

[1] Cf. *Jāt.* iv, 79 f.

The youth did so and after four months he died and was reborn in world of Thrice-Ten, with a marvellous chariot and attendants. In this he attended his own funeral and saluted the anchorite elder who also had come. And the elder asked him :

" As the lightgiver's thousand rays
The firmament irradiate,
So is the way of your great car.
As spread a many leagues in length.
Covered all o'er with golden plates,
Its pole of pearls and precious stones.
Carvings of gold and silver too,
Well traced and jewelled, make it fair.
The head with jewelled tracery
And yoke with rubies well designed,
Fitted with silver and with gold,
Are beauteous and as swift as thought.
In golden car you stand above,
Like deva-lord with many steeds.
I ask thy knowledge, splendid one,
How by thee was this glory won ?

The deva-son :

" I, sir, Sujāta named, was prince's son.
'Twas you in sympathy led me aright.
Life's brevity you knew and Master's body showed :—
Sujāta, worship this ; 'twill for thy good become.
I zestful with due offerings worship paid.
Leaving man's body did I come to Nandana.
In lovely grove with band of worthy folk,
'Mong dancing singing nymphs I find my joy.

So saluting the elder and taking leave of his father he mounted his chariot and returned to Thrice-Ten world.

14 (64)

GREAT CHARIOT MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. And Moggallāna making his tours in Thrice-Ten world saw a deva-son, Gopāla, leaving his mansion and mounting his chariot in state to visit the grove-sports. The deva seeing the elder got down and saluted him. The elder asked :

"With thousand horses yoked and fair,
Mounted in diverse painted car,
Where gardens lie, now here, now there,
Like bounteous giver Vāsava,
Golden are both your chariot fronts
With pointed shoulders fitted well,
With well-born troop of men elect,
As moon shines on the fifteenth day.
Bedraped with golden net the car,
With many and divers jewels gay,
Making sweet sounds and glittering
With many hand-borne whisks shines bright.
Those naves too of the chariot's feet,
And all their parts with divers stripes
Adorned like lightning-flashes shine.
A chariot diversely adorned is this,
And from its tyres with thousand spokes
A pleasant sounding noise is heard,
As 'twere by fivefold music made.
Its painted front a moon of gems
Ever ashine with cleanly light
And golden bars superbly joined,
Like rays of beryl brightly gleam.
And these your steeds with trappings fine,
Like Brahmadevas' very swift
With mighty limbs and very strong,
Move when they know what is your will.
All their four limbs in harmony
Move when they know what is your will,
Bearing you evenly along,
Joygiving, fleet and unsurpassed.
Heads tossing through the sky they leap
Rattling their fine caparison,
Their pleasant sounding noise is heard
As 'twere by fivefold music made.
Noise of the car and trappings fine
Thunder of hooves and neighing steeds,
From these a pleasing noise is heard
As were Gandharva music near.
In car she stands, eyes of gazelle
Thick lashed, smiling of gentle speech,
In jewelled muslins duly clad,
Gandharva maid in honour held.
She in alluring robes of red
And yellow, her large eyes so fair
And pleasant smile, well born, stands up
Within the car with outstretched hands.
She with her armlets fitting well,
Of lovely waist and thigh and breast,

Ringed fingers passing fair to see,
Stands in the car with outstretched hands.
And therewithal her locks entwined,
Smoothly divided shining hair,
She aye to thee a new found joy
Stands in the car with outstretched hands.
With many a lotus chain enwreathed,
Powdered with choicest sandalwood,
She aye to thee . . .
. . . outstretched hands.
She with her wreaths of lotuses
Powdered with . . .
. . . outstretched hands.
Adornments of the neck and hands
And feet and thereto of the head
Light up the quarters ten all round
Like falling leaves in autumn time.
Vibrating in the gentle breeze
Her garlands and her ornaments
Let loose a lovely pleasant sound
For all wise men the sweetest sound.
And in the park this side and that
Cars, elephants and things musical
That sound, sir deva, makes them glad.
As lute of many parts combined.
Yea, on such lutes in many tunes
Thrilling to heart and stirring joy,
Do many nymphs make melody,
While well-trained maidens whirl around.
And when what's sung and what is said
And what is danced seem all as one,
It is both here and there they dance,
Fair women shining here and there.
You by sweet music are awaked,
Honoured as were you lightning's god.
E'en on such lutes in many tunes
Thrilling to heart and stirring joy.

What deed didst thou thyself perform
In former birth when thou wast man?
Or what feast didst thou celebrate?
What righteous deed or pious rite?
Tell was it deed that's seldom done,
Or feast revived once duly kept,
Whence this abundant potency,
Wherein the devas you outshine?
Of gifts of thine or virtue is this fruit
Now asked by me, saluted, tell me this.

The deva-son answered Moggallāna :

"The self controlled, awakened, far advanced,
The man supreme and chiefest, Kassapa,
Him, opened gate of immortality,
Deva of devas, store of merit hundredfold :
Him saw I, crossed-flood elephant,
Like purest Jambunada gold,
And seeing swiftly, piously,
Him, banner of well spoken word,
With food and drink and gear supplied
Of pure and choicest quality,
And gave him dwelling flower-bestrewn,
Him settling with unhalting mind.
Him I with food and drink and gear
Both hard and soft, and lodgment too.
Serving this best-of-biped-things,
Hence have I joy in deva town.
Long life and beauty, bliss and strength
According to my wish, O seer.
Much food and drink can be well mixed,
Provided with unhalting mind.
Not in this world alone or yon
Is found as to the Wakened One
A man who's better or no less,
Of them we hold should worshipped be.
To supreme altar offering have I gone,
Of them who seek for merit's rich reward.

To him thus speaking the elder, seeing the desirable state of his mind, declared to him the four truths and established him in the first path.

VI

1 (65)

HOME MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. There was then at Rājagaha a wealthy virtuous family, a wellspring of benefits for monks and nuns. The parents, having all their lives worked merit in the name of the Three Jewels, deceased and were reborn among the Thrice-Ten, and enjoyed a ten-yojana mansion. Then did Moggallāna ask:

"E'en as the Motley Creeper[1] lights the grove,
Resort fine and unrivalled of Thrice-Ten,
So does this mansion that is yours make bright
Where in the air aloft it stands.
Of deva-power, great majesty are you:
What did you do of merit as a man?
How comes it that a-blaze in majesty
You do in beauty on all quarters shine?

That deva elated made reply:
"... deed whereof is this the fruit (*as in I*, 1).
"I and my wife in world of men
Dwelt in our home wellsprings of help;
Both food and drink with pious hearts
We ministered, abundant gift.
Hence is such beauty mine, hence ...
Do I in beauty on all quarters shine."

2 (66)

SECOND HOME MANSION

Is identical in all respects with the preceding.

[1] *C[h]itta-latā.* According to dictionaries, the plant *Rubia munjista*; giving its name to a garden in deva-world. Cf. Jāt. VI, 278.

3 (67)

FRUIT-GIVER'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At that time the king, Bimbisāra wanted to eat mangoes out of due season. The gardener spite of difficulties promised to do his best, and produced some by forced measures. Four ripening, he picked them for the king, but meeting Moggallāna on alms tour judged that, whatever the king might do to punish him, the merit that would be his, did he give them to the elder, being not of this world, was far greater than merit for this life only. So he gave them to the monk and then told the king. The king sent for his men and said, "Watch if he has told me rightly." Moggallāna gave the mangoes to the Blessed One, who shared them with Sāriputta, Kassapa and Moggallāna.

The king hearing this was pleased with the gardener's courage, gave him a village, raiment and ornaments, and asked him to impart his merit for the deed to him. The gardener replied: "I give, sire; choose the gain that's happiest. And when the latter came to die, he was reborn among the Thrice-Ten with a golden mansion of sixteen yojanas. Him Great-Moggallāna asked:

"Lofty . . ." (*as in V*, 5: *first six lines, with* 'sixteen' *for* 'twelve.') Then :—

"Eight times eight deva-nymphs, well trained and fair,
Eminent among the Thrice-Ten best,
Are dancing, singing and delighting you.
Yours is the deva-power and majesty . . ."

That deva elated answered . . . (*as in I*, 1)
. . . whereof the fruit is this.

"Fruit-giver wins abundant fruit. Giving
To upright wayfarers with pious heart,
Such man rejoices in this heavenly realm.
Abundant fruit of good doth he enjoy.
Thus I, great seer, my four fruits gave,
Whereof enough it is to give
Fruit for a man who seeks his weal.
For one who wishes joys divine,
Or fain is for success on earth.
Hence is my beauty such . . ." (*as in I*, 1).

4 (68)

ASYLUM MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At the time a certain monk, on his way, after the rains, to salute the Blessed One, reached a certain village and sought a suitable night's lodging. The lay follower whom he asked, after consulting with his wife, invited the monk to be his guest, and next morning as he set out again, gave the visitor a lump of molasses. Thereafter dying, the layman was reborn among the Thrice-Ten with a twelve-yojana mansion. Of him Moggallāna inquired:

"As moon in sky whence clouds are cleared
Goes shedding light in firmament,
E'en so this mansion that is yours
Goes shedding light in firmament.
Yours deva-power and majesty:
As man what merit did you do?
Whence is this shining glory yours
And beauty lighting up the world?"

The deva replied . . . (*as in I*, 1)
. . . whereof this is the fruit.
"I and my wife in world of men
To saintly one asylum gave,
Both food and drink with pious heart
Abundant gift we ministered.
Hence is this beauty mine . . ." (*as in I*, 1).

5 (69)

SECOND ASYLUM MANSION

This is identical with the foregoing, save that there are many monks, and Moggallāna likens their 'mansion' to the sun.

6 (70)

ALMSGIVER'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At the time a certain monk on tour entered a certain village for alms and halted at the door of a house. The

inmate who had just washed his feet and sat down to lunch handed all to the monk, who with thanks departed. The man in gladness thought, " I have given to a hungry monk and left myself fasting." He later dying was reborn among the Thrice-Ten with a twelve-yojana golden mansion. Him Moggallāna asked . . . (as above).

7 (71)

BARLEY-WATCHER'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. At that time a certain poor boy was watcher in a field of barley, and he had brought gruel for his lunch. As he sat down to eat it, a saintly elder passed by, and the boy asked, " Have you got food, sir ? " The elder was silent. The boy seeing this meant " No," said, " Sir, it's time for lunch and you have received no alms ; out of compassion for me eat this gruel." The elder took it out of compassion for him and, he looking on, ate it, thanked him and passed on. The boy felt peacefully he had done well to give to such an one, and, when he came to die, was reborn in Thrice-Ten world with a mansion, as just described. Him Moggallāna asked . . . as in the foregoing. And he elated replied :

" I when a man in world of men
Was keeper of a barley field.
I saw a sinless monk, serene and pure.
To him I gave my share with my own hands.
For gift of gruel I'm happy here in Nandana.
Hence is my beauty such . . ." (*as in preceding*).

8 (72)

EARRINGS MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. At that time, the chief pair of disciples with their followers were on tour among the Kāsis, and halting at a group of cells, a certain lay follower came and bathed and anointed their feet and invited them next day, sending them on that occasion with a goodly gift. He after his decease was reborn in Thrice-

Ten with a twelve-yojana golden mansion. Him Moggallāna asked:

" Adorned wreath-bearing well arrayed,
With earrings and the well trimmed beard,
With hands beringed, all glorious,
In deva-mansion like the moon,
And deva-lutes send forth sweet sound,
Eight times eight nymphs, comely and trained
Best 'mong the glorious Thrice-Ten
Are dancing, singing, making joy.
Yours deva-power and majesty . . . (*as in I*, 1)
Your beauty lights up all around."

The deva elated replied . . . (*as in I*, 1)
" I when I lived as man 'mong men,
Seeing recluses virtuous
In lore and conduct glorious,
Learnèd and of all craving void,
Both food and drink with pious heart
Abundantly I ministered.
Hence is my beauty . . ." (*as in I*, 1)

9 (73)

SECOND EARRINGS MANSION

This happened as in the foregoing. The verses are the same, save that for " virtuous " read " respectable," or " worthy.[1]

10 (74)

NORTHERN MANSION

When the Blessed One had finally died, and the Council was taking place, the venerable Kumāra-Kassapa with many monks had gone to the town of Setavya and was staying in Siṃsapa Grove. Now Prince Pāyāsi hearing of this visited and welcomed him, and then in discussion of his own views, the elder persuaded him of the reality of the world beyond as is told in the Pāyāsi Sutta.[2] On leaving Pāyāsi presented a gift, but inasmuch as it was scarcely adequate, he on his decease was reborn among the Four Kings. But the brahman youth

[1] *Sādhurūpa.*
[2] *Dialogues of the Buddha*, ii, No. XXIII.

Uttara, who, admonishing the prince as to what ought to have been done, himself gave liberally, was reborn among the Thrice-Ten with a twelve-yojana mansion. To show his gratitude he appeared with his mansion before Kumāra-Kassapa and saluted him. The elder asked him:

"Like hall Sudhamma of the deva-prince,
Where sits th' assembled deva-company,
E'en so this mansion that is yours,
Stands shedding light in firmament.
Yours deva-power and majesty . . ." (*as in preceding*).

That deva elated answered . . . (*as in I*, 1)
. . . whereof the fruit is this.

"I when on earth I lived as man
Was minister to Pāyāsi
The wealth I had I shared (with you),
For dear the virtuous were to me.
Both food and drink with pious heart
Abundant gift I ministered.
Hence is my beauty . . ."

VII

1 (75)

VARIED CREEPER MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. There was then a poor lay follower who lived by working for others. He was pious and supported his aged parents, for he thought: Women placed in a household rule the roost. It's hard to get in-laws who are pleasant. So he carried on, living a moral and religious life. Reborn after death among the Thrice-Ten, in a twelve-yojana mansion, Moggallāna coming as aforesaid asked him:

"As shines the Varied Creeper Grove,
Best park of glorious Thrice-Ten,
E'en so this mansion that is yours
Shining stands in the firmament.
Thine is the deva-power . . ." (*as in foregoing*).

The deva-son replied . . . (*as in I*, 1)
. . . this is the fruit.

"I among men, become a man,
Poor unprotected worker was.
My aged parents I maintained,
And dear to me virtuous persons were.
Both food and drink with pious heart,
Respectfully I gave, rich gift.
Hence is such beauty mine . . .
. . . on every side."

2 (76)

NANDANA MANSION

This is as in the foregoing. But this layman had taken a wife. (*Verses identical.*)

3 (77)

JEWEL-PILLAR MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. At that time many elders were leading the forest life. For

these going for alms to the village a lay follower made the paths smooth, cleared away scrub, drained and banked up water into deep pools, gave gifts and kept the precepts. Dying he was reborn among the Thrice-Ten with a twelve-yojana mansion. Him too Moggallāna questioned:

"Lofty the jewel-pillared mansion here,
A dozen leagues from end to end,
Fine its seven hundred pinnacles,
With beryl buttresses most fair.
There do you sit and drink and eat.
And deva-lutes send forth sweet sounds,
And deva-odours please your sense,
And women dance in gilded gear.
Whence comes to you such beauty . . .
. . . on every side?"

That deva-son elated made reply . . .
. . . whereof this is the fruit.

"I among men become a man
In forest paths made access good.
I planted trees meet for a park,
And dear to me the virtuous were.
Both food and drink with pious heart
Respectfully I made, rich gifts.
Hence is this beauty mine . . .
. . . on every side."

4 (78)

GOLDEN MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Andhakavinda. Then a certain wealthy lay follower built on a bare hillside a "fragrant hut" for him, made him stay there and ministered to him, being reborn after death in the Thrice-Ten abode, with a mansion of jewelled beauty and golden roof. Him too Moggallāna questioned:

"On golden hillside mansion brightly gleaming,
Gold-net-bedraped with tinkling bell-net fitted,
Eight-cornered well-wrought pillars all of beryl,
Their every corner marked with jewels seven,
Of beryl and of gold and crystal splendour,
Begemmed with catseyes and with pearls and rubies,
Bright spot and fair: there is no dust stirred up.
Stately the yellow rafters bear the roof.

And the four stairways to four quarters leading,
With shrines of many gems shine like the sun.
And there four cornices symmetric planned
Resplendent lighten all the quarters four.
This mansion fair self-radiant deva-son
Has by his beauty lit like rising sun.
Fruit this of what you gave, or how you lived,
Or act of reverence :—I ask you ; tell ! "

That deva-son elated answered thus . . .
. . . whereof this is the fruit.

" I was a man of Andhaka and I made
A dwelling for the Buddha, kin o' the sun,
The Teacher, piously with my own hands.
There scent and wreath, unguent and means of life
I furnished for him with a pious heart.
Hence is this gain to me ; in Nandana
I work my will[1] 'mid worthy folk twice-born,[2]
Happy with train of dancing singing nymphs."

5 (79)

MANGO MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. There was then a certain poor man hired by others to ward a mango-grove. He one summer day saw the venerable Sāriputta approaching worn with heat and fatigue, and he said : " Sir, you seem overdone with the heat. It were well if you came into the mango-grove and rested as a favour to me. Sāriputta consented, sat him down under a mango-tree, and the man brought him water to drink and bathe hands and feet, rejoicing afterwards over the merit won. He was reborn among the Thrice-Ten, and him too Moggallāna asked . . . as is told in Jewel-pillared Mansion (No. 3), the deva-son replying :

" At summer's end, day-maker scorching hot,
I guardian watered others' mango grove.
Then came by Sāriputta, monk renowned,
Fatigued in body and fatigued in mind.
I watering mangoes saw him and I said :
'Twere well I bathed you, sir ; 'twill bring me good.

[1] *Vasaṃ vaṭṭemi.*
[2] *-dija-gaṇa.* Not as often in Pali referring to a bird, but in the adopted Brahman meaning of (*a*) birth, (*b*) initiation.

He pitying me laid down his bowl and robe,
And single-geared sat down in shade of tree.
So, man of pious mind, I made him bathe
With water clear, thus clad beneath the shade.
Thus quenched in thirst and bathed was the recluse,
And for me no small merit was begot.
Thus he his whole frame joyfully suffused.
'Twas just so much of action did I in that birth
That, human body doffed, I hither came,
In lovely Nandana 'mid folk twice-born,
Happy with train of dancing, singing nymphs.

6 (80)

THE COWHERD'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Rājagaha in Bamboo Grove. Now a cowherd had left Rājagaha to graze his herds in the pasture, and saw Great-Moggallāna approaching. The latter, discerning the coming death of the man, drew near him. He hesitated whether to present the elder with the lunch of mixed gruel he had brought, or keep the kine off the bean-fields. Deciding he could not lose the chance, whatever the masters of those fields might do to him, he offered his lunch, and the elder in compassion accepted. Then the herd, hurrying to keep out the cows, heedlessly touched a snake and was bitten in the foot. Happy at seeing the elder eating, he was overrun by the poison and died, being reborn among the Thrice-Ten, in a twelve-yojana golden mansion. Him Moggallāna seeing there asked :

"The monk seeing the deva asked :
In lofty mansion, long abiding,
In vestments fine and glorious,
In deva-mansion like the moon,
Adorned wreath-bearing and well-clad,
Fine ear-rings, beard and hair well trimmed,
In vestments fine and glorious,
In deva-mansion like the moon,
From deva-lutes doth music come.
In bands of eight, well-trained and fair,
Maidens of the Thrice-Ten sublime,
Dancing, singing, making delight :
Come to great great glory, deva-power,
Tell me . . . (*as in VII, 2*).

And he answered:

That deva-son elated told . . .
. . . whereof the reward is this:
I among men born as a man,
Guarded the wealth by others stored.
Then a recluse drew near to me,
And kine went off to eat the beans.
Now thus I cast about in mind:
One of two things to do to-day.
And then said heedfully aware,
I give, sir, handing him my scraps.
Swiftly I sought the field of beans,
Ere kine could trample others' goods.
But then a black and mighty snake
Did bite my foot, I hurrying on.
Poor me, afflicted, racked with pain,
While he, the monk himself, undid
The bundle, ate and favoured me.
Thus come to mine end I am a deva now.
Just that good action which was wrought by me,
That happy deed I now do profit by.
'Twas you, sir, showed me great compassion;
'Tis you I here salute with gratitude.
Nor world of Māras nor in deva-world
Lives other seer compassionate as you.
'Twas you, sir, showed me great compassion;
'Tis you I here salute with gratitude.
Not in this world nor in the world beyond
Lives other seer compassionate as you.
'Twas you, sir, showed to me compassion great.
'Tis you I here salute with gratitude.

7 (81)

KANTHAKA'S MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Now Moggallāna being on his deva-touring, Kanthaka, a deva-son, coming out of his dwelling, was driving to the park with a great retinue and with great deva-potency. Seeing Moggallāna he hastily alighted and saluted him. And the elder asked him:

"As when the moon at full with stars surrounded
Proceeds around as constellations' lord,
So doth this palace in the devas' city
Outshine in beauty, rising like the sun.

Of beryl, gold and crystal-seeming show,
With catseyes, pearls and rubies all begemmed,
Delightful varied spot with beryls sown,
Fair pinnacles and terraces beneath,
And lovely lotus-pools with finny world,
Pure waters laving shores of golden sand,
Covered with waterlilies, lotuses,
Lovely, wind-blown their pleasant fragrance waft.
On its two sides are planted woodland growths
Of trees in blossom and fruit-bearing both.
On golden-footed divan softly draped
You, seated, nymphs attend like deva-prince.
Covered with every ornament, bewreathed
They give you joy as Vasavatti's self.
With drum, trumpet and lutes and cymbals too
You pleasure find in dance and song and speech.
Many the deva-sights and sounds and tastes
And odours, yea, and pleasant tangibles.
In this choice mansion, son of devas, bright
Your light surpasses like the rising sun.
Is this the fruit of giving or virtue,
Or act of reverence I ask? Come, tell."

That deva-son elated replied . . . (*as before*)
. . . whereof this is the fruit.

"I in Kapilavatthu, Sakyans' town,
Was Kanthaka, my day of birth the same
As his, the son of prince Suddhodana.
When he at midnight gat him forth to seek
Enlightenment with soft hands touched my chest
And said, 'Drive, friend! 'tis mine to make
The world cross to beyond when I have won
Enlightenment supreme.' When that I heard
That voice abundant joy arose in me,
Forthwith with heart uplifted I obeyed.
And as the glorious Sakyans' son bade me,
Uplifted, happy, drove the man supreme.
To other lands we went as sun came up,
And then Channa (his horse) he left with me
And with no wants went on his way alone.
I kissed the tawny feet of him and wept,
Watching the mighty hero as he went.
And in that I could see my Luck no more,
I fell sore sick, swiftly death came to me.
By just his greatness is this mansion mine,
All wants supplying here in deva-town.
But, that joy came to me when as I heard
(The word) enlightenment, by just that root
Of weal shall I waning of cankers touch.

Should you, sir, to the Teacher Buddha go,
Speak with my voice my homage at his feet.
I too will go to see the conqueror,
The peerless one, for hard it is to get
Sight of the world's protectors such as he.
He thanks confessing to the Teacher came
And by seer's voice the eye of Dhamma purged.
And purged of winds of heresy and doubt
At feet of Teacher, forthwith vanished thence."

8 (82)

THE MULTI-COLOURED MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Moggallāna was on a deva-tour in the abode of the Thrice-Ten and was saluted by a deva of many beauties who with reverence greeted him. The elder asked:

"Risen to a mansion of divers beauties,
Surrounded by company of nymphs,
You, clearly master, take your joy.
Your like cannot elsewhere be found
In glory, merit, or in power.
All devas of the Thrice-Ten met
Do homage as were you the moon.
And all around these many nymphs
Do dance and sing and merry make.
To deva-power and glory won,
As man what merit did you work?
Whereby does thus your glory shine
Your beauty blaze on every side?"

To show him:

The deva elated . . .
. . . the action whereof this was the reward.

"I, sir, was pupil in the past
Of Sumedha the conqueror.
A common simple man was I,
And I seven years had left the world.
I of the Teacher Sumedha
When he had passed and crossed the flood,
The shrine of jewels and gold shroud,
Worship there that brought peace to me.
Not mine was gift nor mine to give,
Others I there admonished.
Give honour to remains of honour worthy,
For thus 'tis said will ye go hence to heaven.

Just this good deed was done by me
And deva-bliss 'tis I enjoy.
Delight is mine in Thrice-Ten midst.
Not of that merit has waning come.

9 (83)

MATTHAKUNDALĪ MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. A very wealthy, but unbelieving brahman lived there who never gave anybody anything. And he had enjoined on his son Matthakuṇḍalī that he was not to go near the Blessed One or his disciples. He obeyed. When he fell ill his father would not even afford him medicine, till, the son growing worse, the healer, when sent for, said it was an incurable case. Now the Blessed One in a fit of great pity saw that he might save the son and the father, and he went to their home and stood beside the son's couch, sending forth his rays. The son thrilled and joyful saluted and fell back and died. He was born in twelve-yojana mansion among the Thrice-Ten. The father the day after the funeral went weeping to the cemetery calling his son by name. The son, seeing him and fearing for his fate who was void of piety, appeared to the father as Matthakuṇḍalī weeping with arms outstretched saying, "Ah, moon! Ah, sun!" Then the brahman said:

"Adorned O Maṭṭhakuṇḍalī,
Wreath-bearing, sandalwood on skin,
With arms outstretched you weeping go
Within the wood—what is your woe?"

To him the deva-son said:

"Of gold and bright of sheen
It was, my chariot-frame.
I cannot find its pair of wheels,
For grief I'll let life go."

Then the brahman:

"Dost tell me, my dear youth,
Of gold and gems are they,
Tell me of them, dear youth.
I'll get you made the wheels."

The son replied, "they must be large ones," thus:

"The youth thus answered him:
Moon, sun, both here are seen;
And just by this wheel-pair
Is my chariot so fair."

Then the brahman:

"Now fool, art thou, dear youth,
Wanting th' unwantable.
Methinks thou'lt die. Not thine
To gain the moon and sun."

And the son:

"Of both the going and the coming too are seen,
The beauty of them in their course.
He that is gone before's not seen:
Who is more foolish here than he who weeps?"

Hearing him the brahman reflected:

"Does he speak rightly?
Just I who weep so foolish am.
Like to a child crying for the moon,
Is yearning for the dead who's gone.
Me verily aflame as with water I have poured
Upon the fire, have I all sorrow made t' outwane.
Drawn out in sooth the dart that nestled in my heart,
Who griefladen have driven forth grief for my son.
Yea, dart-drawn I, cool am I, wanèd out.
Thee hearing grieve I not nor weep, my son.

Then the comforted brahman seeing his admonisher in deva-form standing by asked:

"Deva art thou or gandharva or Sakka the Giver,
Or who art thou, whose son, how may we know thee?"

He answered:

"Him whom thou didst weeping lament,
Thine own son in the cemetery burnt,
'Tis I who for my good deeds done
Have gained the company of the Thrice-Ten."

The brahman said:

"Little or much we've given naught,
In giving gifts in our own house,
Or kept feast-day or done the like.
By what act didst thou go to deva-world?"

The youth replied:

"Illness befel me, sore diseased
In my own home I lay,
And there the Awakened saw, the passionless, doubt-free,
The Well-come One, peerlessly wise.
With mind relieved and happy heart
Homage I paid the Man-thus-come.
And I by doing that good deed
Have gained the company of the Thrice-Ten."

Then was the brahman in body thrilled with joy and he said:

"O wonderful! O marvellous that this
The fruit should be of homage paid!
I too with mind relieved and glad
Even to-day take refuge in the Wake."

And the son linking refuge-taking with good conduct said:

"Even to-day take refuge in the Wake,
In Dhamma and the church with pious heart.
Thereto the five steps in the training,
Blossoms unbroken, take on thee.
Swiftly abstain from hurting life,
And everywhere th' ungiven eschew,
Drink nothing strong nor utter lies,
And in thine own wife seek content."

Then the father:

"My profit-willer thou, yakkha! well-wisher thou, deva!
I will fulfil thy word, teacher art thou to me."

And he professed:

"I take my refuge in the Wake, Dhamma, and Church
Supreme; to refuge of the deva-man I go."

10 (84)

SERĪSAKA'S MANSION

When the Blessed One died, the venerable Kumāra-Kassapa had got with his troop of monks to Setavya, where he dissuaded and confirmed prince Pāyāsi.[1] The latter, having become a patron of the Order, had died and been reborn in the abode of

[1] See above.

the Four Kings, in a mansion of serīsa wood. Now some traders of Anga-Magadha going to Sindhu-Sovīra, travelling by night for fear of the day's heat, lost their way. With them was a pious disciple on the way to saintship, who was his parents' support. To help him the deva Pāyāsi showed himself to the caravan and asked, how they were come into a shadeless waterless desert? They told him. This the compilers explain in two verses. Here are question and answer:

"In twisting wilderness where no man lives,
In jungle where is nought to eat or drink,
Where ill is faring in the midst of sand,
In fear of crows men well may lose their wits.
Not here may fruit or root be found,
Supplies are not: whence here should there be food?
Where all is dust and sand
And burning, scorching, cruel things?
Barren and like burnt iron pot,
And useless though of worth elsewhere,
Of brigands once the camp maybe,
But now a district seer-curs'd.
And you—what is the cause, you who
Belong not here, that you are come?
By force have ye together come,
From lust, or fear, or have ye lost your way?"

Now the traders replied thus:

"Leaders of caravan in Anga, Magadha,
We set out with a plenteousness of wares,
Going to Sindhu and Sovīra land.
Wealth seeking, out for gain were we.
By day much thirst unwilling to endure,
And out of pity for our beasts,
We judged it quicker did we fare by night.
But all of us did miss our way.
Gone wrong, the road we lost,
Blind muddled in the jungle lost,
And ill the faring in the midst of sand,
We know not where we are, our minds confused.
But now we see what was before unseen,
Fine mansion and yourself, O sprite,
More can our life not show than this.
And seeing glad are we and of good cheer."

Again the deva spoke:

"Beyond the sea and past this sandy waste
Ye go guiding yourselves with creeper-rope and stakes.

By rivers and the passes in the hills,
In many ways ye go because of bends,
Entering on lands of other kings,
And seeing aliens, men of foreign blood.
Whate'er ye hear and whatsoe'er ye see,
This in a moment, friends, we'll hear."

The traders responded:

"Than this more wonderful, my lord,
Hath nought been heard or seen by us.
The sight of all this, once of earthly race,
Doth in us great delight create.
The lotuses afloat up in the air
And all the lilies twined in wreaths,
Trees that bear fruit unceasingly,
Wafting their odours passing sweet,
The hundred beryl pillars up on high.
And of rock-crystal lengthy plinths,
And all the columns of the emerald
And ruby and the wishing-stone.
Yea, thousand columns in their glory bright,
Crowning this mansion excellent,
Its varied jewels golden cornices,
And covered well with golden plates.
Deva now art thou or a sprite,
Or ruler of the devas seen as man?
We ask, we traders of the caravan,
Declare to us who is't you are, O sprite."

Now he reveals himself:

"Serīsaka by name, a sprite am I,
Warder in jungle and in sandy wastes,
I fly about this quarter and then that,
The messenger of king Vessavana."

Now the traders ask him about his past acts:

"Was't sprung on thee unasked for change,
Or was it giv'n thee as thy merit by devas?
We traders of the caravan do ask,
How has this lovely task been won by thee?"

And the deva:

"Not sprung on me, nor was it sought by me,
Nor wrought by me nor by the devas given,
By mine own blameless actions merit bearing,
Thus has this lovely task by me been won."

And they:

"Was it by ritual or by the godly life,
Or by what thing well wrought is this the fruit?
We traders of the caravan do ask
How was this mansion by thyself achieved?"

Serīsaka:

"They called me Pāyāsi by name,
For I had kingdom in the Kosalese.
Man of the Is-not-view, mean, vile;
A nihilist: such was I then.
Recluse there was, Kumāra-Kassapa,
A learned man, and eloquent, sublime,
He to me uttered Dhamma-talk,
And cleansèd me from crooked views.
Then I in faith hearing his Dhamma-talk,
Confession of adherence made,
Became one who shunned taking life,
From stealing things I turned away,
No drinker I, and lies I uttered not,
In my own wife I found content.
That was my duty, that my godly life.
Of the well wrought, this now is the reward.
By those good meritorious deeds
This mansion hath by me been won,
O true spoke men the very wise!
Not otherwise the word of sages runs:
Whither the righteous doer goes,
There he rejoices in his heart's desire.
Whither the man of grief and wailing goes,
To death and bonds and misery,
'Tis for the evil he has done,
Not freed from doom at any time."

The deva standing at his mansion-door seemed saddened, and the traders said to him:

"The deva-person is as one oppressed
And for the moment fouled in thought.
If you, dear sir, with those now here
Are worried: whence comes this?"

Then the deva said:

"Those trees, sirīsas, my good men,
Their fragrant odours wafting round,
Make sweet this mansion in the breeze,
By day and night dispelling gloom.

Of these when hundred years are past,
The pericarps burst open one by one.
But when a man hath hither come
For hundred years to deva group,
And hath persisted yet four hundred years,
He knows by waning in his age
And in his merit, he may pass away.
And therefore 'tis grief hath befallen me."

Then the traders comforted him :

"How should one like you come to grieve
Who for so long a mansion hath possessed ?
They who have come to lesser things
'Tis sure their slender merit makes them grieve."

The deva consenting then addressed them :

"Fit is it how you me exhort,
In the dear words you've said to me.
You now good men, warded by me set out
As is desirable and safety win."

Then the traders thanking him said :

"We to Sindhu Sovīra gone
Seeking to profit by our trade
Will as is proper make great gifts.
And to Serīsa honour pay."

But the deva putting them off said :

"Serīsa will not have you honour pay,
All will befall as ye have said.
Keep well aloof from evil deeds,
In zeal for Dhamma stand ye firm."

"There is a follower of your company,
A learned and a righteous man,
Believer, generous and loveable,
Far-seeing, and content, intelligent.
He knowingly would tell no lies,
Nor would he contemplate another's harm,
Reasoned and gentle is his speech.
Reverent and deferential, trained,
Of evil void and very virtuous, pure,
Of noble life by Dhamma he maintains
His mother, father and his fellowmen.
Methinks for sake of parents he doth seek
Riches, not for himself alone,
And that, when parents are no more, he will
To world-forsaking turned lead holy life.

Straight and upright, and void of craftiness,
He'll nothing settle by a trick.
Now such a man, doer of deeds well done,
In Dhamma firm how should he come to ill?

'Tis for this reason I have shown myself,
Hence is it Dhamma, traders, ye should heed.
Apart from that to ashes had ye turned,
In wilderness astray and come to naught.
Swiftly and by a very different hap:
How happy 'tis to meet with worthy men."

The Traders:

"Who now is it who's done the deed,
How shall we name him and what is his clan?
We too are fain to see him, sprite,
For whose sake taking pity you are come.
Gainers through him for whom you have a mind."

The Deva-son:

"The barber who by name is Sambhava,
Who lives by skill with comb, a devotee,
Know ye this man as dear to you?
Let him not suffer, amiable man."

The Traders:

"Yes, we do know of whom thou speakest, sprite.
But knew him not as being such a man.
And we will now pay homage to him, sprite,
Who these high things of him have heard."

Then entering his own mansion, exhorting them:

"That was my rite, that sooth my godly life,
The which well practised led to this result.
By just such blameless deeds as these
Of merit have I to this mansion won."

Traders:

"'Tis true in sooth what men of wisdom say;
Not other is the saying of the wise:
Where'er it be the man of merit goes,
'Tis there he at his will finds bliss.
Where'er is sorrowing and grief,
Flogging and binding and a gloomy fate,
Thither the man of evil actions goes,
And none from evil destiny is freed.

The men about thee seemed distressed,
Just now and sore disturbed, O prince.
What is it that in them and thee
Has to dejection given rise ? "

Serīsaka :

" In these sirīsa woods, my friends,
Divinely fragrant airs do blow,
Pervading all this mansion, thus
All day and night dispelling gloom.
For now a hundred years these trees
Have burst their fragrant blossoms one by one
And now a hundred years are past
Since in this body I have hither come.
And I who know that for five hundred years
Shall in this mansion last, my friends,
When age and virtue wane I shall decease,
And therefore am I sad at heart."

The traders comfort him :

" How should a man like thee be sad,
Who mansion hath for such a long time won ?
They who have come to lesser things,
'Tis they of little merit who might grieve ? "

Serīsaka :

" Most fit and helpful the kind word
That ye have spoken unto me.
And ye, my friends, have warded been by me,
That ye may safely go whither ye will."

The traders :

" When we to land of Sindhu and Sovīra come,
In quest of wealth and search of gain,
And when we from our business are set free,
Thy fame, Serīsa, we shall surely spread abroad."

Serīsaka :

" Whatever beings that are men,
An be they small or great or 'twixt the two,
Let all into thy mansion climb ;
Let stingy folk the fruit of merit see."

Now at the end the editors spoke six verses :

" Then all saying 'I'm first !' did set
The barber to precede them there,
And all into the mansion climbed.

As 'twere the house of Vāsava.
Then all saying 'I'm first!' they there
Discipleship professed and vowed:
From harming life they would abstain,
From stealing things they turned away.
No drinkers they and lies they uttered not,
In their own wives they found content.

Then all saying 'I am first!' when they
Had their discipleship confessed,
Teacher approving hied him thence,
His yea-word said again, again.

To Sindhu and Sovīra gone,
In quest of wealth, and seeking gain,
And when from business they were free,
Safe they to Pāṭaliputta came.

Coming to their own homes unhurt,
Rejoined by children and by wives,
Joyous and happy, of good cheer,
Serīsa's fame they spread abroad,
And the Serīsaka pavilion planned.

11 (85)

SUNIKHITTA MANSION

The Blessed One was staying at Sāvatthī in Jeta Grove. Great-Moggallāna being then on his deva-tour among the Thrice-Ten, a deva-son at the door of his mansion approached the elder with great reverence. He in the past had erected a shrine over the relics of Kassapa Buddha, whereat people could at any time go with offerings. There a certain devotee having offered flowers, re-arranged also some that had got disarranged, offering them afresh. Taking them as idea for remembering the virtues of the Teacher, he placed this merit in his heart. Dying later he for this act came into a honey-coloured mansion of twelve yojanas and a great retinue. And Moggallāna said to him:

"High is the jewel-columned mansion,
Twelve yojanas doth it extend,
With gables seven hundred splendid,
Its beryl pillars lovely in their shape.
There do you sit, drink, eat,

And deva-lutes sweet music make,
And deva-essence fivefold pleasures give.
While nymphs in comely raiment dance.
Whence doth to thee such beauty . . .
. . . thy beauty every quarter lighteth up ?"

The deva explained and the editors worded it thus:

That deva-son elated, by Moggallāna asked,
Told of what deed this was the fruit.
"A badly placèd wreath well placed,
Set up in shrine of Well-come One—
Hence am I now of glorious potency.
By devā-pleasures girt about.
Hence is such beauty mine, hence such success,
And treasures come to me which men hold dear.
Hence am I in such glory bright,
My beauty shining all around."

Epilogue

The cause of luck in deva-mansions and the like,
They tell who bring the weal of all the world to men.

Great seers thus chanted Mansion tales.

End of Part I

PART II

STORIES OF THE DEPARTED

(*Peta-Vatthu*)

TOGETHER WITH EXCERPTS FROM THE FRAME STORIES FROM DHAMMAPĀLA'S COMMENTARY

Translated from Pāli into English
by

HENRY SNYDER GEHMAN, PH.D., S.T.D.
Professor of Old Testament Literature, Princeton Theological Seminary, and Lecturer in Semitic Languages, Princeton University

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OTHER WORKS BY HENRY S. GEHMAN

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

I HAVE here to make a similar comment to that on the preceding anthology: the fact that much elimination of Dr. Gehman's translation of the Commentarial text, together with many informative footnotes (mainly as to his choice between *vv. ll.*), has been for me a virtual, if to some extent a painful necessity. I say, to some extent, since it had been no gain for the thoughtful reader had I left in the chatter of the commenting monk in all its amplitude. I am not suggesting that herein we have the spontaneous embroidery of any individual chatterer. Somehow, somewhen a certain embroidery pattern was agreed upon, finding its way into the written version such as is stated to have come into being, not in India, but in Ceylon about 80 B.C.[1] But the Commentary is largely but a prose version (with frills) of what is adequately told in the verses, and is as such not needed. All that is needed is what the opening lines of prose tell about the *dramatis personæ*, for the most part not told in the verses. Here and there, it is true, a story is told which both lights up these, and is in itself of interest; here I have suffered much to be left in. I hoped I had made it clear to my two kind helpers to send me the sort of slices from the Commentary I made for my *Psalms of the Early Buddhists*. My fault not to have made myself clearer; my regrets they have been put to so much trouble.

With regard to what I said, in introducing the "Mansions," as to the apparent absence, in the deva-episodes, that the happy holiday did not seem to involve any awareness that it too was, like every other rebirth, a fresh chance for spiritual growth, we can, I think, note, that the grievous purgatorial period as 'petas' has this to its credit, that the need for such growth is shown as more patently felt. In the latter case, too, the reference to Yama, the old Indian name for those who 'controlled' our destiny hereafter according to the *dossier*

[1] This will have taken place also in India, but no scriptural record of it has survived.

received of our earth-life, does not show the obliviousness thereto characterizing the deva-outlook. Automatism in result (the modern Buddhist teaching) has not yet superseded the older and truer teaching.

The reader should apply guides to pronunciation in this part to the whole volume. Let him remember that *c* is invariably pronounced as *ch*, no matter what be the following vowel. Also that *a*, unaccented, is always pronounced short and like our *u* in 'tub.' How often do we not hear 'Gotama' mispronounced as 'Gotāma'! Rhythm too in names should be marked. Thus the three *a*'s in Kaccāyana have the rhythm of 'telegraphist,' 'capacity.'

Let him also note, that for the best rendering of the elastic word *vaṇṇa*. Dr. Gehman has selected 'appearance,' perhaps a better term than 'beauty,' which I took the liberty of inserting in the Mansion poems.

C. A. F. Rhys Davids.

PREFACE

WHILE the translator was a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania (1910-1913), he became interested in Sanskrit After having received his doctorate in Indo-European Philology and Classics, he continued his Indic studies under Professor Franklin Edgerton, who introduced him to Pali and Prakrit. It was during these early studies that he became acquainted with the Peta-Vatthu.

As it turned out, he finally dropped Indic languages in favour of Old Testament and Semitic studies. A part of this translation was published serially in the *Ceylon Antiquary and Literary Register*. That journal went out of existence and the complete translation never appeared.

While living in Philadelphia, the writer often discussed Buddhist problems with Mr. Albert J. Edmunds, who expressed a great interest in having this rendering of the Peta-Vatthu completed and published in the form of a book. At the request of Mrs. Rhys Davids, the translator was persuaded to revise his work and to submit it for publication in the Minor Anthologies of the Pali Canon. After many interruptions, this work has finally been completed.

As this English version of the Peta-Vatthu is now offered to the public, the translator is conscious of numerous unevennesses and imperfections, and he realizes the difficulty in returning to a field which he deserted years ago. He saw no purpose in rendering the crude poetry of the Peta-Vatthu into English verse, and so he reproduced all the stanzas in prose. Some Pali words have been retained in the translation. For example, it was judged better not to translate *Dhamma*, but to keep it as a technical term. Dharma, the Sanskrit equivalent, was preferred to the Pali word when it was better known to Western readers. Convenience rather than consistency governed the writer in those instances.

The writer is very grateful to Mrs. Rhys Davids, who

encouraged him to prepare this translation and kindly gave it a place in her series. The publication of this work has been unduly delayed, and the author is especially grateful to the editor for her great patience and unfailing courtesy.

HENRY S. GEHMAN.

PRINCETON, N.J.
June 1st, 1938.

INTRODUCTION

In the experience of most men, it appears that the impressions formed during childhood are ineffaceable, if perhaps dormant. The writer is speaking from personal contact with a rural generation that has now almost passed out of existence in a region of Eastern Pennsylvania. As a boy, he knew many old men who would tell ghost stories until his hair almost stood on end, and he was almost afraid to go home in the dark.

One story resembles some of the tales in the Peta-Vatthu. Farmers always asserted that it is a heinous sin for a man to remove a boundary stone, and many stories were narrated to show how the remover could not escape retribution. A man once maliciously pulled out a corner stone, and after death he had to walk on the boundary with the stone on his back. To everyone who met him at night, he would say: "Wo soll ich ihn hintun, wo soll ich ihn hintun?" Everyone would flee in terror, but one evening he put the question to a drunken straggler, who replied: "Tu' ihn hin, wo du ihn gekriegt hast, du Ochs." "Das habe ich schon lang' hören wollen,"[1] remarked the ghost, who was freed from his anguish and never seen again. Many a time, as a boy, the writer was told not to leave a similarly distressed spirit to his fate. It was considered a meritorious deed to release him by those few words: "Put it where you got it."

The study of Pali and the Peta vatthu brought these tales back once more vividly, especially in the *motif* of retribution and induced him to translate this work into English.

The frame-stories are not in the Canon, but are a part of the commentary. It is apparent that the language of the latter is sometimes later than that of the verses. This, however, does not imply that the contents of the frame-stories are late; the man who recited the verses might expound them

[1] "Put it back where you got it, you ox!" "That's what I've long wanted to hear!"

with language improvised at the moment, as he narrated an accepted tradition.

According to the Vimāna-Vatthu (VII, 10, 33 = Peta-Vatthu IV, 2, 33) in the story of Serīsaka, an incident is dated one hundred years after the death of Pāyāsi. Dr. Law (*History of Pāli Literature*, p. 36) says that the Pāyāsi Suttanta of the Dīgha Nikāya clearly shows, that the death of Pāyāsi could not have taken place until some years after the Buddha's demise. So he assumes that we are compelled to assign the date of its composition to a date which is removed by a century and a half from the death of the Buddha. Accordingly he maintains that the canonization of the book could not have taken place before the time of the Third Buddhist Council, in the reign of King Asoka (ca. 272-232 B.C.). In the Peta-Vatthu (IV, 3, 1) we have a reference to the Moriyas, whose King Piṅgalaka is identified by Dhammapāla in his commentary, with Asoka. If this identification is correct, the Peta-Vatthu in its present form is post-Asokan. Winternitz (*Hist. Ind. Lit.*, II, 77) maintains, that the Vimāna-Vatthu and the Peta-Vatthu certainly belong to the latest stratum of literature assembled in the Pāli-canon.

If we cannot give an exact date to the composition of the Peta-Vatthu; at any rate, it finally acquired such popularity that the oral commentary on it was written down in the fifth century A.D. by Dhammapāla, who lived in a South-Indian monastery not much later than Buddhaghosa.

The name Peta-Vatthu (Sanskrit: *preta-vastu*) means the story of the departed, or the spirits of the dead. The Pāli *peta* is equivalent to the Sanskrit *preta*, which is derived from the root *i* 'to go' with the prefix *pra*. The word signifies, therefore, 'having passed on,' or in other words, 'having passed from this world to the next'; hence 'the departed one' or 'a spirit of the dead.' Both in Sanskrit and Pāli the word is specialized to refer only to the spirits in torment or in a state of purgatory. A *vimāna* was a magical palace or estate which moved around in the atmosphere at the will of the occupant. The spirits of the Vimāna-Vatthu lived relatively in bliss. The petas live in *paraloka* or yonder-world. We must not, however, identify the punishment of the petas with the greater torment in a confined hell. It may not be

mal à propos to call the peta existence the Buddhist purgatory. Some of the stories of the Peta-Vatthu may be compared with incidents related by the Rev. F. X. Schouppe.[1]

In the Fifth Book of the Avadānaśataka, we have in Sanskrit a short collection of *preta* stories. In this work there is employed a general description that is more or less standard. The *preta* has a face like the peak of a mountain, a belly like a mountain or the ocean, and a mouth like the eye of a needle. He is nude, but entirely covered with his hair so that he forms, as it were, a single flame. In this condition, he utters cries of distress and awakens the sympathy of men. The Sanskrit work also differs from the Peta-Vatthu in the method of telling a story. In the Avadānaśataka when the elder asks a ghost why he has to suffer such a dreadful torment, the spirit replies: "When the sun is risen, one does not need a light. Ask the Blessed One, he will tell you why."

On the other hand, in the Peta-Vatthu, the ghost in simple fashion tells his case to a monk, who then informs the Buddha. We notice that the petas made their appearance both day and night in various places and are recognized by their kinsmen. They seek alleviation from their sufferings, but do not profit by direct gifts. It was very important that the giver transfer to the peta the credit of the gift. Thus a spirit could be released from the peta purgatory by the devotion of friends and the concomitant transfer of merit. Here is where the justice of the *saṃsāra* seems to break down. A peta may through supererogation be reborn in heaven. Existence in 'heaven,'[2] however, is not permanent and by no means implies the end of the successive rebirths. It is nevertheless a serious blemish in the working out of the law of cause and effect. Buddhism encourages the monastic life, which of course necessitates liberality on the part of the laymen. In the Peta-Vatthu, many a man and woman had to pay the penalty for niggardliness towards, or abuse of the monks. In fact, the book lays so much stress upon this phase of religious life that it becomes wearisome, and we gain the impression that there was a mercenary motive in compiling the tales.

The Avadānaśataka belongs to the Hīnayāna literature.

[1] *Purgatory*, London, 1920.
[2] Usually *sagga, svarga*: the bright.

It was translated into Chinese in the first half of the third century A.D. On account of the word *dīnāra* (*denarius*), Winternitz (op. cit., II, 216-217) maintains that we can with reasonable certainty ascribe it to the second century A.D. If the Avadānaśataka did not borrow from the Peta-Vatthu, it may have drawn from a common source. No doubt numerous stories were floating around orally in India and were known to many people in various parts of the country; thus the Sanskrit version would transmit a common heritage.

It is true, then, beyond a doubt that Peta-Vatthu literature is relatively late in composition, and only through popular use found entrance into the Pāli-canon. We are very apparently dealing with a low type of Buddhism; popular ghost stories in most cases were, in this work, given a Buddhist veneer.[1] The transfer of merit whereby a sympathetic man or woman could release a ghost from the torments of peta conditions made it easy to escape the retribution of the law of karma. The base type of Buddhism found in this work evidently directed the Siamese theologians in not admitting the book into printed edition of the Canon.

The Peta-Vatthu, however, reflects one phase of Indic and Buddhist thought, even though it be on the lower level. We have here a picture of what the masses thought of the transfer of merit and of one phase or stage in the transmigration of the soul or very man. These tales may furthermore have an appeal to the student of folklore and comparative religion.

H. S. GEHMAN.

[1] It is noteworthy that, in the tradition of the Mahinda mission to Ceylon, the Dīpa- and Mahā-vaṃsas make him "expound the fearsome Petavatthu" as the second of his doctrinal utterances, and that at the court. The Vimānavatthu is made to follow. (The teaching of the real keynote: the Way, is placed twelfth and last.)—ED.

CONTENTS

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BOOK I

1

THE STORY OF THE LIKENESS TO FIELDS

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Kalandaka-nivāpa[1] in Veluvana near Rājagaha, he told this story.

At Rājagaha there was an immensely wealthy banker known only by the name of Mahādhanaseṭṭhi.[2] He had an only son, who was amiable and charming. When he reached the years of discretion, his parents reflected thus: "If our son spends a thousand per day, even in a hundred years this accumulation of wealth will not come to an end." They did not teach him a craft, thinking: "Since the learning of a craft would be a fatiguing exertion, let him with sound body and mind comfortably enjoy his wealth." Instead, when he was come of age,[3] they procured him a charming bride, but totally lacking in a conception of Dhamma. With her he passed the time, given to enjoyment, delighting in and hankering after pleasure. At the death of his parents, he gave lavishly to dancers, singers, and others, and having wasted his wealth and become poor, he managed to live by borrowing money. But when he could no longer secure a loan and was presssed by his creditors, he gave them field and farm, house, and his other possessions, and became a beggar, and lived in the poor-house in that same city.

Now one day some robbers met him and thus addressed him: "Look here, man, what do you get out of this hard life? You are young and active. Come with us and make a comfortable living by stealing. We will train you.". . He agreed and went with them. The thieves gave him a large club; as they entered a house in which they had made a breach, they stationed him at the opening saying: "If anyone else

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[1] Usually translated as Squirrels' Feeding-ground.—Ed.

[2] *Seṭṭhi*, lit.: best; often translated as treasurer: a 'guild-leader.' *Dhana* = wealth.—Ed.

[3] Sixteen years old.

comes here, strike and kill him." He, mentally dull and not knowing friend from foe, stood there, and awaited only the approach of others.

Now the people of the house got up, and running very quickly and looking this way and that, saw the man standing at the breach. With the words, "Here they are, the rogues, the thieves," they seized him, and brought him before the king, saying: "Lord, this thief was caught house-breaking." The king commanded the town-watch: "Cut off his head." These took him into custody and led him to the place of execution, flogging him with whips as he went along after the execution-drum. At the same time the populace shouted "This plundering robber has been captured in this city."

Now at that moment in the same city, the town belle, Sulasā by name, was standing at a window. She saw him led along, and since she had been acquainted with him in the past, she felt sympathy for him, who had attained great prosperity in this very town, and sent out sweetmeats and water and had this message delivered to the town-watch: "May your honour wait until this man shall have eaten these sweetmeats and drunk the water."

Now while in this same city the venerable Mahāmoggallāna was contemplating clairvoyantly and noticed this man's predicament, his mind was moved with compassion, and he thought: "Since this man has not accomplished any merit, but done wickedness, he will be reborn in hell; now, if I go and he gives me the sweetmeats and the drink, he will be reborn among the terrestrial devas. Let me help this man." He accordingly appeared before the culprit as the drink and sweetmeats were being brought. When he saw the elder, his mind was at ease, and he thought: "What benefit shall *I* derive from eating these sweetmeats if I am put to death? Now these will become provisions for my journey to the other world." So he had the sweetmeats and the water given to the elder. When Moggallāna saw that his misery had grown into joy, he sat down, ate and drank and arose and went his way.

The man, however, was led by the headsmen to the place of execution and beheaded. On account of the pious act done to the elder Moggallāna, unsurpassed field of merit, he was worthy of rebirth in the sublime deva-world. But his affection

went forth to Sulasā as he thought: "I attained this gift thanks to her," and so at the moment of death his heart became impure, and he was reborn in a lower state and became a dryad in a large banyan tree of dense shade in the jungle.

Now it came to pass that he seeing Sulasā in her garden bore her to his abode. Her mother lamenting, she bade him after a week take her back. And she told the people, who asked her, what had happened, and they were full of wonder and said: "The Arhans verily are the world's incomparable field of merit: even a small act of mercy done unto them gives men rebirth among devas." Monks narrated the affair to the Blessed One, who then spoke these stanzas in explanation of this:

1. "Like unto fields are the Arhans; the givers are like unto farmers; resembling seed is the gift; from this is produced fruit."

2. "This seed and cultivated field are for the petas and the giver. This the petas enjoy; the giver increases through the pious act."

3. "For doing a meritorious act here on earth and honouring the petas, to heaven[1] indeed he goes as his station, since he has done a good deed."

At the end of the discourse eighty-four thousand persons were converted to Dhamma.

2

THE STORY OF THE BOAR

While the Teacher was dwelling near Rājagaha at Kalandakanivāpa in Veluvana, he told this story.

Once upon a time, they say, when the blessed Kassapa[2] preached his doctrine, a monk, subdued in his body, but lacking restraint in speech, abused monks. After death, he was reborn in hell. After he had roasted there for one Buddha-interval, he left and was reborn in this Buddha-period near Rājagaha, at the foot of Vulture's Peak. As a result of that very offence, he was afflicted with hunger and thirst. His

[1] *Sagga, svarga,* lit.: the bright (world).
[2] The previous 'Buddha.'

body was gold-coloured, but his mouth was like that of a boar.

At that time, the venerable Nārada was living at Vulture's Peak. With bowl and robe, he set out very early in the morning for alms. On his way to Rājagaha he saw the peta on the road. In asking him about the deed he had done, he spoke the following stanza:

1. " Your body, golden all over, illuminates all the regions; but your mouth is simply that of a boar. What deed have you done in your previous existence ? "

In reply the peta said:

2. " In my body I was subdued; in my speech I was not restrained. Therefore, I have such an appearance as you see, Nārada."

The peta also gave the elder this advice:

3. " So, Nārada, I myself tell you this which you see for yourself. Do not commit evil with your mouth, lest, indeed, you become boar-mouthed."

Then the venerable Nārada, having made his round for charity in Rājagaha, returned after dinner from collecting alms and told this incident to the Teacher, who used it in teaching Dhamma.

3

THE STORY OF THE PETA WITH A PUTRID MOUTH

While the Teacher was sojourning at Kalandakanivāpa in Veluvana, he told this story.

Once upon a time in the days of the Blessed Kassapa, two men of good family, under his instruction, left the worldly life. Abounding in the practice of morality and living with austere penance, they dwelt harmoniously in a certain settlement in a village.

Then a certain monk of evil disposition, who found delight in slander, came to their abode. The elders received him kindly and on the second day went with him to collect alms. The people were rendering the elders the highest possible obedience and serving them with rice-gruel, boiled rice, and other foods. And he thought: " Nice is this village as a resort for alms, and the people, endowed with faith, give

savoury food. Here is shade too and water. One can live happily here; but not as long as these monks are dwelling in this same place. Well then! I shall so act as to do for them so that they come not again to stay here. And he slandered them the one to the other. They both became gradually suspicious and thought, "It may, after all, be so," and lost trust, avoided each other, and soon, without telling each other, each went to a pleasanter place.

The people asked the slanderous monk, "Reverend sir, where are the elders gone?" He replied: "All night they were quarrelling with each other; they set out without heeding my words, as I said: 'Do not quarrel, be harmonious'; and among other things I added: 'Those who are so disposed are gladdened by a big fight.'" Then the people entreated: "Just let the elders go; for our sake, however, you stay here and have no regrets." He assented saying, "All right." While dwelling there he considered after a few days: "Through covetousness for a dwelling, I estranged these monks. Alas! I have been intent upon much wickedness." Overcome by deep remorse and having fallen sick from agitation, in a very short time he died and was reborn in the Avīchī hell. Later he was reborn in this Buddha-period not far from Rājagaha as a peta with a putrid mouth. His body was gold-coloured, but worms coming out here and there from his mouth, were devouring it, as it emitted a disagreeable odour. Then the venerable Nārada, coming down from Vulture's Peak, saw him and asked him in this stanza about his deeds:

1. "You have a beautiful, heavenly complexion; floating you are standing in the air. Yet worms are devouring your mouth which has a putrid odour; what act did you commit of yore?"

The peta replied:

2. "A monk I was, wicked and of ill speech; though fitted for austerity, I was unrestrained with my mouth; I obtained my complexion with austerity and a putrid mouth on account of my slander."

3. "Now this has been seen by yourself, Nārada. They who are compassionate and virtuous would say: 'Do not backbite nor speak falsely. Then you will become a Yakkha enjoying as you will.'"

4

THE STORY OF THE BISCUIT-DOLL

While the Teacher was dwelling at Sāvatthī in Jetavana he told this story.

The nurse had given Anāthapiṇḍika's grand-daughter a biscuit-doll as plaything. The child let it fall one day and it broke. She cried out, "My daughter is dead," and wept, and none of the servants could pacify her.

Now at that time, the Teacher was in the home of the householder Anāthapiṇḍika, who was seated near him. The nurse took the child and went to her master, who said: "Why is the girl crying?" took her on his lap, and having appeased her by saying, "I will give you a daughter as a gift," said to the Teacher: "Reverend Sir, for the sake of my great granddaughter, on account of a pastry-doll, I am anxious to bestow a gift. Therefore consent to come to-morrow to my house with five hundred monks."[1] The Blessed One agreed.

Accordingly the Blessed One came, and after the meal, he gave thanks and spoke these stanzas:

1. "With whatever concern the liberal one should give a gift to the forefathers and the departed or also to the deities of the homestead";

2. "And to the four great kings, the celebrated guardians of the world, Kuvera, Dhataraṭṭha, Virūpakkha, and Virūlhaka; with this forsooth they all are honoured, and the bestowers are not without reward."

3. "For mere weeping or grief or any other lamentation is of no avail; all this is of no help to the departed person. Such a practice have the kinsmen.

4. "But indeed this gift which is given and well established in the Church, with immediate effect serves a long time for the benefit of the departed."

Thus the Blessed One expounded Dhamma and departed. The guild leader's wife and relatives followed his example. Thus they bestowed great gifts for a month. Then King Pasenadi of Kosala hearing of this also presented bounteous gifts to the assembly. When the citizens saw this, they in turn did as the king and for a whole month practised great

giving, a great generosity which had its origin in the biscuit-doll.[1]

5

THE STORY OF THE PETAS OUTSIDE THE WALL

While the Teacher was living at Rājagaha, he told this story.

Ninety-two cycles ago there was a city called Kāsipuri. In that place, king Jayasena was reigning; his queen was called Sīrimā. Their son Phussa attained supreme enlightenment. Now King Jayasena displayed pride, thinking: "Since my son, who is born as a Buddha, has made the great renunciation, I alone have the Buddha, I alone have Dhamma, I alone have the Church." All the time he alone was in attendance upon him and gave no opportunity to others.

The three younger brothers of the Blessed One, born of a different mother, thought: "The Buddhas indeed are born for the benefit of the whole world, not for the sake of just one person. Now our father gives no opportunity to others. How now can we serve the Blessed One and the Church? Come along, let us perform some stratagem." So they caused a disturbance, as it were, on the borderland. Then the king, when he heard about this disturbance, sent forth these three sons to pacify the border. They did so and, upon their return, the king in his pleasure granted them a boon, saying: "Take whatever you wish." They said: "We wish to wait upon the Blessed One." The king, denying this, said: "Take something else." They replied: "We do not care for anything else." The king said: "Well, you can take[2] your choice."

They approached the Blessed One and said: "Reverend Sir, we wish to serve the Blessed One three months. Let the Blessed One consent to spend with us for three months the retreat of the rainy season." The Blessed One assented. The three sons personally sent a written message to the man appointed over the province, saying: "During these three months we must serve the Blessed One; beginning with a

[1] The absence of all peta-reference (save just the word *pete* in verse 1) is curious.—Ed.

[2] Another interesting case of evasion in Pali in use of the verb *vunoti*, to

monastery; provide all his needs." Then they served with due honour the Blessed One and the Order of the monks. When they, as rulers of the province, had dedicated the monastery, they observed the retreat of the rainy season. One of them, a royal treasurer, the son of a householder, a believer, together with his wife, found faith. He duly gave a donation to the Order of monks at whose head was the Buddha. The man who was set over the province followed his example and with eleven thousand people dispatched gifts with all due honour. On that occasion some people were offended in heart; having hindered contributions, they themselves ate the gifts and burned with fire the refectory. After the king's sons with their retinue had honoured the Blessed One and bidden him farewell, they went directly to their father.

Upon his return, the Blessed One attained Nirvāṇa; the king's sons, and the man set over the province, and the royal treasurer, in the course of time, died and with the multitude were reborn in heaven, but the people who were offended in heart were reborn in hell. Thus ninety-two cycles passed by, as these two states of persons were reborn respectively from heaven to heaven and from hell to hell. Then in that auspicious cycle, at the time of the blessed Kassapa, the people who were offended in heart were reborn among the petas.

At that time, men themselves would give a gift for the benefit of their peta kinsmen and indicate: "Let this be for our relatives." Thereupon the petas received happiness. Then these petas too noticed this, and having approached Kassapa asked him: "How now, reverend sir, can we too attain such bliss?" The Blessed One said: "At this time, you cannot attain it, but in time to come, there will be a universal Buddha named Gotama; in the time of that Blessed One, there will be a king named Bimbisāra, who ninety-two cycles from now will be a kinsman unto you. He will give a gift to the Buddha and ascribe the credit to you; then you will attain (blessedness)." Now when this was spoken, it was as though one had said to those petas: "To-morrow you shall receive."

Then[1] after this Buddha-interval had passed, the Blessed

[1] From here the Commentary is more or less a duplicate of that on the 'Wall' verses in the Khuddakapātha (VII). Cf. *Minor Anthologies* I, S.B.B. —ED.

One was born unto us in the world; the three princes too with a thousand men passed from the world of the devas and were reborn in the kingdom of Magadha in brāhman families. In course of time, having given up the worldly life, the three became ascetics with matted hair, sojourning at Mount Gayā; the man set over the province became King Bimbisāra; the royal treasurer, the son of a householder, became guild-leader by the name of Visākha; his wife became the daughter of a guild-leader and was known as Dhammadinnā; but the rest of the multitude were reborn as attendants of the king. Now our Blessed One, reborn in the world, at the end of seven weeks came to Benares, where he set rolling the wheel of Dhamma. He instructed the three ascetics, after he had begun with a group of five, and obtained as many as a thousand followers. Then he proceeded to Rājagaha and established King Bimbisāra in the fruits of the first way together with eleven myriads of brāhmans and laymen dwelling in Aṅga and Magadha.[1]

The petas, however, surrounded the house thinking: "Now the king will ascribe a gift to our credit." As the king gave a donation, he thought only, "Where now, I wonder, may the Blessed One be dwelling?" Accordingly he did not ascribe the credit of the gift to anyone. Thus, since the petas, who had not received a donation, were without hope, they uttered during the night dreadful outcry at the king's residence. The agitated king told the Blessed One at daybreak of what had occured and asked: "Did you hear a noise like that? Reverend sir, I wonder now what may happen to me." The Blessed One replied: "Do not fear, great king; no evil will befall you, but prosperity will come your way. Now verily, these are your kinsmen who have been reborn among the petas. For one Buddha-interval they have been wandering about, yearning just for this: 'He will bestow upon the Buddha a gift and ascribe to us its merit.' Yesterday when you presented a gift, you made no transfer of credit. Consequently they have lost hope and uttered outcry." The king said: "How now, reverend sir, could they obtain what is given as a gift?" The Buddha said: "Indeed they can, great king." The king said: "Then, reverend sir, let the Blessed One

[1] There follows, briefly, the Sakka tribute from the Nidānakathā of the Jātaka.—ED.

accept my invitation for to-morrow; I shall transfer to them the virtue of the gift." The Blessed One agreed.

Then the king had a generous bounty prepared and had the time announced to the Blessed One, who came to the royal palace. The petas came, thinking: "To-day we shall get something," and stood outside the walls and fences. The Blessed One then brought it about that everyone of them became visible to the king. As the ruler gave water to wash in, he ascribed to them the merit with the words: "Let this be for my kinsmen." Instantly there came into existence for the petas lotus-ponds full of lotuses and water-lilies. They bathed and drank there, and alleviated of their sufferings from distress, fatigue, and thirst, they became gold-coloured. The king handed out rice gruel and solid and soft food and made over the merit of the gift. In a moment there came into being for them other, even deva-foods, of which they joyfully partook. The king made a donation of clothes and dwellings and made over the merit of the gift. There came into existence for them deva-clothes, deva-mansions, and couches, covers, and ornaments. The Blessed One so resolved that all this bliss of theirs should be manifest to the king, who, seeing this, was very much pleased. Then the Blessed One, having eaten and being invited, in order to thank King Bimbisāra, told the story of the petas outside the wall.

1. "They stand outside the walls and at the open spaces and at the cross-roads; they are standing at the doorposts, having gone to their own house.

2. "Although abundant food and drink, hard and soft, are served, no one needs these beings because of (their) acts.

3. "They who are compassionate give their kinsmen at the proper time pure, excellent, suitable food and drink (with the words): 'Let this be for our kinsmen; let the relatives be blessed!'

4. "And these coming together there, the departed spirits of the kinsmen who have assembled greatly rejoice at the abundant food and drink, saying:

5. "'Long live our kinsmen through whom we receive. Piety has been shown us, and the givers are not without reward.'

6. "'For there is no ploughing there, nor is cowherding

found there ; nor is there trading there as here, nor commerce with gold.'

7. " ' With gifts from here, the petas, the dead in the other world, maintain themselves. As water rained on a height flows down to the low ground, even so the gift hence given supports the petas.'

8. " ' Just as full streams of water fill the ocean, even so the gift hence given supports the petas.'

9. " ' My kinsfolk and companions, each one gave to me, worked for me. May each one give gifts to the petas, remembering what was done in their past.'

10. " ' For[1] mere weeping or grief or any other lamentation is of no avail ; all this is of no help to the departed person. Such a practice have the kinsmen.'

11. " ' But indeed this gift which is given and well established in the Church with immediate effect serves a long time for the benefit of the departed.'

12. " Now this is the duty defined for kinsmen ; to the petas, moreover, high piety has been paid, and strength has been bestowed upon the monks. No little good has been pursued by you."

At the end of the discourse, insight into Dhamma was received by eighty-four thousand people whose understanding began, as it were, from the incident of rebirth in the realm of the petas. Their hearts were stirred with praise, and they made earnest efforts. On the following day, the Blessed One taught to devas and men this same discourse of " Outside the wall." Thus for as long as seven days there was such a conversion as this to Dhamma.

6

THE STORY OF THE DEVOURER OF FIVE CHILDREN

While the Teacher was living at Sāvatthī, he told this story.

In a village not far from Sāvatthī a certain land-owner's wife was barren. His relatives said : " Let us procure you another girl." He was unwilling out of affection for his wife.

[1] See I, 4, 3.

Then, when his wife heard of this, she urged her husband to marry again and not cut off his lineage. But when the new wife was with child, the barren wife, who was overcome by envy, satisfied with food and drink a certain Wanderer,[1] and employed him to bring about abortion. The second wife told her mother, who summoned her kinsfolk and they spoke thus to the barren wife: "You have caused the death of her unborn child." She replied: "I am not guilty." The kinsmen said: "If you are not, take an oath." She took the oath, inviting, were she guilty, the date told below.

Not long afterwards she died, and was reborn, not far from that same town, as an ill-favoured petī. At that time, eight elders who were spending the rainy season in the province and were going to Sāvatthī to see the Teacher, came to a place in the forest supplied with shade and water, not far from this same village. Then the petī appeared unto the elders, of whom one asked her:

1. "You are naked and ugly in form; an ill-smelling and putrid odour you breathe forth; you are all covered with flies. Now who are you that are standing here?"

The petī:

2. "I, venerable Sir, am a petī, a wretched denizen of Yama's world. Since I had done a wicked deed, I went hence to peta-world.

3. "At daybreak I give birth to five sons, in the evening again to five others, all of whom I devour; even these are not enough for me.

4. "My heart is scorched and smokes with hunger; I get no water to drink. Behold the misfortune come to me."

When the elder had heard this, he asked her:

5. "Now what wicked deed was done by body, speech, and mind?[2] In retribution of what offence do you devour the flesh of your sons?"

Then the petī told the elder what she had done:

6. "The other wife of my husband was with child, and I

[1] *Paribbājaka*, a roaming student.

[2] Note that in the two Suttas (*A.* i, 138; *M.* iii, 179) of the post mortem tribunal great stress is laid on ill deeds as having been done "by you, yea, by you . . ." Here, in the worsened values, it is the man's instruments only that are doers. But it may be mere metrical play.—ED.

devised evil against her; I myself with a corrupt spirit caused the fall of her unborn child.

7. "When it was two months old just blood flowed forth. Then her mother in anger brought her kinsfolk to me. And she both administered an oath to me and had me reviled.

8. "I, even I, took the terrible oath falsely: 'May I eat the flesh of children if it was done by me.'

9. "In consequence of both the deed and the perjury, I devour the flesh of children, stained with the blood of the past."

The elders, moved with compassion for her, went to the house of that landlord, and had him transfer to the petī the virtue of the alms-gift he made them. All at once the petī, freed from her misery, obtained great blessedness and showed herself (in a vision) during the night to her husband. Then the elders in due time came to Sāvatthi and told the matter to the Blessed One.

7

THE PETA STORY OF THE DEVOURER OF SEVEN CHILDREN

While the Teacher was living at Sāvatthī, he told this story.

In a certain village not far from Sāvatthī, a lay disciple had two sons, handsome and gifted and good. Because of them their mother despised her husband. In disgust at being slighted by his wife, he brought home another one, a young maiden, who became with child. The elder wife, moved by jealousy, persuaded a certain physician, in return for a fee, to cause miscarriage in her rival. Questioned by both the kinsfolk and her husband, she swore falsely, inviting the doom that actually befell her.

At that time many elders, who had kept the Retreat of the rainy season in an abode in the village, were going to Sāvatthī to see the Blessed One; on that occasion they spent the night near that village. Then this petī appeared unto these elders. The chief among them asked her in a stanza:

1. "You are naked and ugly in form; an ill-smelling and putrid odour you breathe forth. You are all covered with flies. Now who are you that are standing here?"

The petī:

2. " I, reverend sir, am a petī, a wretched denizen of Yama's world. Since I had done an evil deed, I went from here to the world of the petas.

3. " At daybreak I give birth to seven children, in the evening again to seven others, all of whom I devour; even these are not enough for me.

4. " My heart is scorched and smokes with hunger; I do not attain serenity of mind. As though burnt with fire, I suffer torture."

Then the chief elder asked her:

5. " Now what wicked deed was done by body, speech, and mind? Through what offence do you devour the flesh of children?"

The petī:

6. " I had two sons; both had attained adolescence. But I, having witnessed the strength of the sons, despised my husband.

7. " Then my husband was angry and married another wife. And when she became with child, I meditated evil against her.

8. " And I with mind corrupted caused the fall of her unborn child. This fell in the third month, foul and bloody.

9. " Then[1] her mother in anger brought her relatives to me. And she administered an oath to me and had me reviled. I, even I, took the terrible oath falsely: ' May I eat the flesh of children if it was done by me.'

10. " In consequence of both the deed and the perjury, I devour the flesh of children, since I am stained with the blood of my past."

8

THE STORY OF THE OX

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī the father of a certain householder died. The son was tormented with grief and was lamenting. As he was going around like a mad man, he would ask whomever he saw: " Do you then not see my father?" No one was able to dispel his grief. But, in his heart as a lamp in a jar, there was burning the immediate condition of the First Way. As the

[1] See I, 7-9.

Teacher was surveying the world in the morning, he saw this assurance and thought: "It is meet to give this man the fruit of the First Way after he has told his past experience and suppressed his grief"; so on the following day, he returned after the alms-round, he went with a junior monk to the man's house-door. Upon hearing that the Teacher was come, he went out to welcome him. When the Teacher was seated the host said: "Reverend sir, you know whither my father has gone." Then the Teacher addressed him: "Lay disciple, do you ask about your father in this state or the past one?" Upon hearing these words and having his grief allayed:—"I had a good many fathers," he recovered a little composure. Then the Teacher uttering a brief address departed to his abode. Then his monks started a conversation hereon.

Upon his arrival, the Teacher asked: "Well, monks, for what discussion are you now seated in conclave?" They told him the matter. Saying, "It was not only at this moment that I dispelled the man's grief, but in a previous life it had already been removed," the Teacher, upon their request, told what had happened.

Once[1] upon a time in Benares, the father of a certain householder died. Overcome by grief and lamentation he beat upon his breast and reverentially walked around the funeral pile. His son, Sujāta by name, an intelligent and clever lad, endowed with the highest wisdom, who was considering a means of dispelling his father's grief, saw outside the city a dead ox, before which he set some grass and water that he had brought. He offered it a morsel, and commanding like a living one, he stood there, saying: "Eat, eat, drink, drink." When the passers-by saw him, they said: "Hallo, Sujāta, are you mad that you offer grass and water to a dead ox?" But he replied never a word. So the people went to his father and told him: "Your son has become mad and offers grass and water to a dead ox." When the householder heard this, his grief for his father left him. Agitated, he quickly went and reproved the lad: "Are you not Sujāta, intelligent, clever, and wise? Why do you offer grass and water to a dead ox?" In that connexion he spoke two stanzas:

1. "Why now appearing like a mad man, do you cut the

[1] *Jāt.*, No. 362.

green grass and mutter to an old ox whose life is gone, 'Eat, Eat'.

2. "For not by food and drink would a dead ox arise. you are childish and simple-minded, just like anyone else.

In reply Sujāta spoke the following:

3. "These feet, this head, this body with the tail, the eyes likewise are here. Let this ox get up.

4. "But the hands and feet, body and head of grandfather are not seen. Weeping upon the mound of earth is it not you who are foolish?"

The father:

5. "Verily I was glowing, being like a fire over which ghee had been poured. Now sprinkled as with water, I make an end of all my pain.

6. "Verily, you drew from me the sting, the grief that was rooted in my heart,[1] you who dispelled from me, overcome with sorrow, the mourning for my father.

7. "Verily I have laid aside my grief herein and am calm and have made an end. I do not mourn, I do not weep, having heard you, my boy.

8. "So do the wise who are compassionate. They divert us from grief just as Sujāta his father."

And the father washed his head, partook of food, and attended to his business. At death, he was a yon-farer to heaven.

Thus Sujāta became a Protector of the world.[2]

9

THE STORY OF THE MASTER WEAVER

While the Teacher was living at Sāvatthī, he told this story.

Just a dozen monks, having acquired matter for practice from the Teacher, were investigating a place in which to live. As the Retreat of the rainy season was near, they saw a delightful forest-abode with shade and water, and at a convenient distance from it a village for getting food. They passed the night there, and next day, entered the village to

[1] = *Therīgāthā*, 131.
[2] He was listed as the 12th Buddha.

collect alms. The people welcomed the monks and begged them to enter upon residence for the Retreat of the rainy season. Then the head of the weavers' guild respectfully served two monks with their four necessaries of life, while the rest of the guild-members cared for a monk apiece.

Now the wife of the chief weaver was unbelieving, without faith, unorthodox, and greedy, and did not minister to the monks. Thereupon master weaver married her younger sister and made her mistress in his house. She had faith and zealously cared for the monks. All these weavers too, gave one cloak to each of the monks who were observing the Retreat of the rainy season. Then the selfish wife of the head of the weavers' guild, in a wicked spirit, abused her husband, saying: "Whatever food and drink you give as a gift to the ascetics who are the true followers of the Buddha, may that in the next world be turned into muck and may the cloaks become burning plates of iron."

At his death the master weaver was reborn in the Vindhya forest as a dryad endowed with splendour. His stingy wife was reborn as a petī not far from his abode. She was nude, ugly, and overcome with hunger and thirst, and as she approached the earth-deva, she said: "My lord, I am naked and walk around exceedingly tormented with hunger and thirst; give me clothes and food and drink." He gave her some of his excellent deva-food and drink; this, immediately upon her taking it, was turned into muck, and the cloak with which she was clad became a burning iron plate. Vomiting and wailing, she went about in great misery.

At that time, a certain monk, who was going to pay his respects to the Teacher, with a large caravan entered the Vindhya forest. The caravan, after having been travelling at night, saw by day a place abounding in shade and water, where they unharnessed the oxen and stopped to rest. Then the monk, who with a desire to be alone had strolled away a short distance, spread his cloak on the thick grass at the foot of a tree and lay down. Weary in body from the journey by night, he fell asleep. When the men of the caravan had rested, they went on their way, but that monk did not awake. Then having got up at eventide and missing his companions, he followed a side path and finally came to the

abode of the above-mentioned deva. When that deva saw him, he came up in human form and welcomed him; he took him into his mansion, and after he had given him ointment for his feet and other presents, he paid him homage and sat down. At this time, the petī also came and said: "Give me, my lord, food, drink, and a cloak." He gave her these things, which, the moment they were grasped by her, invariably they turned into muck and burning plates of iron. When the man saw this, he became greatly agitated and asked the deva in these two stanzas:

1. "Dung and urine, blood and pus accrue to her; of what is this the result? Now what deed has this woman done, who is always feeding blood and pus?

2. "New and lustrous, forsooth, soft, white, and downy are the clothes given her, but they become divers metal plates. Now what deed has this woman done?"

The deva:

3. "This was my wife, venerable one; she was not disposed to give, niggardly and stingy was she. When I gave to recluses and brahmans, she abused and censured me, saying:

4. "'Dung and urine, blood and pus, even filth may you feed upon for all time. Let that be your lot in the other world, and may your clothes be like metal plates.' Since she has committed such a wicked deed, she shall, for a long time after arrival here, eat that filth.

"Now is there any means of freeing her from the world of the petas?" He said: "If one presents a gift to the Blessed One and to the Community of Ariyans, or even to one monk and transfers to her the credit, and she appreciates it, in that way she will have release from suffering." When the deva heard this, he gave that monk food and drink and transferred the virtue of the gift to that petī. Instantly she had sufficient; she was of joyful heart, and satisfied with the deva-food. Then he gave into the hand of the same monk a pair of deva-cloaks for the Blessed One and ascribed the credit of the gift to the petī. Immediately thereupon, she was clad in deva-garments, well-provided with everything that is to be desired, the counterpart of a divine-nymph.

Furthermore that monk through the potency of that deva on that very day reached Sāvatthī.

10

THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED WOMAN

While the Teacher was living at Sāvatthī, he told this story.

Once upon a time there was at Benares, a certain woman living on her beauty; Now her long black hair, fine, soft, and glossy had a most beautiful curl; her tresses made two handfuls, and when loose, hung down to her girdle. Then a few envious women took counsel together, and having bribed the handmaiden sent her a drug which would destroy her hair. Now the maid prepared that drug with the bathing powder and gave it to her mistress at the time that she bathed in the Ganges. She moistened her hair well to the roots with that concoction and plunged into the water. Just as she was immersed in the river, her hair fell out, roots and all, and her head resembled a bitter gourd. Then, ugly as a pigeon whose feathers[1] have been plucked out, being unable out of shame, to enter the city, wrapped her head in a shawl and made her abode outside the city. Her bashfulness gone, and having pressed sesame seeds, she made her living by trading in oil and spirituous liquor.

One day, as two or three drunken men had fallen into a deep sleep, she stole all their clothes, which were hanging loose. Then one day, she saw on his round for alms a saintly elder and, having invited him to come in, she gave him a cake made of kernels and mixed with sesame oil. Out of pity for her, he accepted it and ate it. She stood there with a happy heart, holding over him a sunshade. The elder with a stirred mind, thanked her and took leave. Now she then made a wish: "May I have long hair which is fine, glossy, and soft with a most beautiful curl." At a subsequent time she died, and as a result of her meritorious deed, she was reborn out in mid-ocean all alone in a golden mansion; her hair was restored just as she had desired it, but because she had stolen the garments of the men, she was nude. She was reborn again and again in that golden mansion and without any clothes spent one Buddha-interval there.

Then our Blessed One was reborn in the world, and while

[1] *Luñcitapamaṭṭā.* The translation follows the suggested emendation *luñcita-pakkhikā*, Pali-English Dictionary, s.v. *pamaṭṭa*.

he was sojourning in Sāvatthī a hundred merchants, whose home was there, embarked in a ship for Savaṇṇabhūmi. The ship storm-tossed arrived at that shore. Then this petī with the mansion appeared to them. When the eldest merchant saw her, he asked:

1. "Who, pray, are you, staying in a mansion? Not coming out. Come out, lady; let us see you and your potency."

The petī:

2. "I am distressed; I am ashamed to come out naked; clothed with my hair. By me little good was done."

Merchant:

3. "Come. I give you a cloak; put it on; don the wrap and come out, beautiful one. Come out, lady. Let us see you and your potency."

As he said this, he held out to her his own mantle.

The petī:

4. "What is given by your hand into mine does not help me. But this disciple, here is a faithful pupil of the truly enlightened one.

5. "Having dressed this man, transfer to me the merit; then I shall be blest, flourishing in all pleasure."

After having heard her, the traders bathed and anointed that lay disciple and clothed him with a pair of garments. In making known the matter, the Redactors uttered three stanzas:

6. After the traders had bathed and anointed him, they clothed him with the garments and ascribed to her the virtue of the gift.

7. From the gift came the result: food, clothes, and drink.

8. Thereupon pure, having clean clothes, wearing the best Benares cloth, smiling, she came out of the mansion, saying: "This is the fruit of your gift."

The traders:

9. "The mansion, of varied style, pleasant shines bright O devī,[1] tell us of what deed this is the result."

The devī:

10. "To a travelling monk mendicant, an upright one, I with pious mind gave a cake of seeds with sesame oil.

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[1] *Devate.*

11. "For this good deed I enjoy as a reward a long time in the mansion; now but little while remains.

12. "After four months will be my death; down to the exceeding severe and terrible hell I shall fall.

13. "It is four-cornered and has four doors; it is divided into parts by measure; it is surrounded by an iron fence, and is covered on the top with iron.

14. "Its iron floor is glowing with heat. Flashing on all sides for a hundred yojanas, it ever stands.

15. "There for a long time I shall experience grievous pain and the fruit of evil deeds. Therefore I bewail this that is true."

That disciple's mind was aroused by pity, and he said: "O devī, through the power of one gift you bestowed upon me, you have been rich in the fulfilment of all desires. But now, by bestowing a gift upon these lay disciples and bearing in mind the virtues of the Teacher, you will be released from rebirth in hell." The petī very happy, satisfied them with deva-food and drink, garments and jewels, and gave into their hands a suit of garments for the Blessed One. She sent her respects, saying: "Go to Sāvatthī and salute the Teacher with my words: 'Reverend Sir, a certain petī greets with her head the feet of the Blessed One'." Then by her potency she brought the ship that same day to their haven. The merchants in due course delivered the gift to the Teacher, and told the whole matter.

11

THE STORY OF THE ELEPHANT

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

The venerable Saṃkicca, at the age of seven attained Arhanship[1] even in the tonsure hall, and while still a novice, was dwelling in a forest haunt with thirty monks, from whom he warded off death at the hand of five hundred robbers. After he had converted the marauders and induced them to take up the ascetic life, he went to the Teacher at Benares with these monks, and dwelt there at Isipatana.

[1] Theragāthā, No. 240; Dhammapada Commy. ii, 240 ff.

At that time there dwelt at Benares a heretical brahman having two sons and a daughter. These three joined the laity in honouring and entertaining recluses and brahmans, though their parents showed no such respect. Now it came to pass that in a storm all five were crushed and killed by the falling of their weak old house. Thereupon the brahman and his wife were reborn as petas, and the two sons and daughter became terrestrial devas. Now a nephew of that brahman, a pupil of Saṃkicca, went to meet him at his bidding and, as he stood, saw by his Teacher's potency, the two devas and their sister riding to attend a meeting of Yakkhas, saw also the two petas following them, and spoke to these :

1. " Leading the way, forsooth, one goes on a white elephant, but in the middle, one is in a car drawn by she-mules ; and at the very end a young woman who entirely illuminates the ten regions, is carried in a litter.

2. " But you people with hammers in your hands, having sad faces and split and broken bodies, you human beings,[1] what evil have you done ? On account of what do you drink each other's blood ? "

The petas :

3. " He who goes at the very head on the white elephant, the four-footed beast, was our son ; he was the eldest child. Because he gave gifts, he now rejoices happily.

4. " He who is in the middle on the chariot drawn by the she-mules, in the swift-going car which is yoked to four, was our second child. As an unselfish and noble giver he shines.

5. " She who is carried behind in a litter, a lady, wise, having the gentle eyes of the doe, was our daughter ; she was the youngest child. Happy with half a portion of her share, she rejoices.

6. " And these with tranquil minds in their previous existence gave gifts to recluses and the brāhmans. But we were niggardly and abused recluses and the brāhmans. Since they gave gifts, they roam about, and we are dried up like a reed cut down."

[1] *Manussabhūtā.* I know of no other context where beings, for the time being, not of earth-life, are in Pali, called " Who have become (or, are) humans."—Ed.

In declaring their wickedness, thus they explained: "We are you mother's brother and his wife." Upon hearing this, the nephew was grieved and asked:

7. "What kind of food do you have? What kind of a bed? How do you maintain yourselves, you great offenders, who, while food is abundant and plenty, have lost happiness and to-day have obtained sorrow?"

The petas:

8. "We strike each other and drink pus and blood. Although we have drunk much, we are not nourished, we are not satisfied.

9. "Just as do unbestowing mortals lament who after death are in the abode of Yama; having discerned and attained food, they neither enjoy it nor do good with it.

10. "Suffering hunger and thirst in another world, the petas for a long time lament, since they are in torment. Because they have done deeds of grievous consequence, they receive suffering as their bitter fruits;

11. "For momentary are wealth and property; fleeting is the life here on earth; knowing transience from the transient, let the wise man prepare a refuge.

12. "All men who are acquainted with Dhamma and have this knowledge do not neglect gifts after they have heard the words of the Arhans."

12

THE SNAKE STORY

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī, it is said, the son of a certain lay disciple died. The father was plunged into lamentation and grief and did not go out; he was unable to do anything and just stayed in the house. Then the Teacher, rising at dawn from attainment of the great pity was surveying the world with his Buddha-eye; having seen the lay disciple, he took bowl and robe, and stood at the door of his house. The lay disciple quickly went out to meet him, took his bowl, and welcomed him in. The Blessed One said to him: "Why, lay disciple, do you appear

overcome by grief, as it were?" He replied: "Verily, Blessed One, my beloved son has died; therefore I am overcome with grief." Then the Blessed One, who dispels grief, told him the Serpent-Jātaka (birth-story).[1]

Once upon a time, in the Kāsi country at Benares there was a brahman family by the name of Dhammapāla, in which, the brahman, his wife, their son, daughter, daughter-in-law and maid-servant, all of them, found delight in meditation on death.[2] Whoever among them went forth from the house would tell the rest of the household and take leave totally unconcerned. Then one day the brahman with his son went to a field and ploughed, while the son set fire to dry grass and sticks. Thereupon a black snake scared came out from a hole in the tree and bit the brahman's son. The latter died and was reborn as Sakka, king of devas. Then the brahman, having bathed, purified, and anointed himself, and surrounded by his attendants, put the body on the funeral pyre and applied the fire just as though he was burning a heap of wood. He was standing there, free from grief, without self-mortification, and having his mind fixed upon the idea of impermanence.

Now the brahman's son, having become Sakka, became our Bodhisatta. Having considered the good deed done in his previous birth and feeling compassion for his father and kinsfolk, he went to their place, disguised as a brahman. When he saw that they were not in mourning, he said: "Hey! You are roasting an animal; give me meat; I am hungry." The father replied: "It is not an animal; brahman, it is a human being." The Bodhisatta asked: "Was that one an enemy of yours?" The father replied: "He was no enemy, but one nurtured in our own bosom, our own tender son of excellent qualities." The Bodhisatta asked: "Why do you not mourn for him?" Then the brahman said:

1. "Just as the serpent casts aside its old skin and attains a body that is its own, so also is it when the (human) body is deprived of enjoyment and when the deceased has fulfilled his time.

[1] No. 354.

[2] Meditation (*sati*, for *sarati*) is rather mindfulness of, attention to, musing in the Shakespearian idiom.—Ed.

2. " He who is being burnt does not know that his kinsmen mourn; therefore I do not bewail him; he has gone to his bourn."

Then Sakka addressed the brahman's wife: " Good woman, what was that dead man to you?" She replied: " For ten months I bore him in me, I suckled him, I placed his hands and feet; he grew up, my son, sir." He asked: " Even if the father as man does not weep, surely a mother's heart is tender. Why do you not weep?" Upon hearing him, she said:

3. " Uncalled[1] he came thence, unbidden he has gone hence. As he came, so he went. Why here bewail?

4. " He who is being burnt does not know that his kinsmen mourn; therefore I do not bewail him; he has gone to his bourn."

Then he asked the sister: " Good woman, what was that one to you?" " Sir, he was my brother." " Good woman, sisters verily have affection for their brothers. Why do you not weep?" She explained:

5. " If I should weep, I should become thin. What reward would there be for me? There would be more discomforts for our kinsmen, companions, and friends.

6. " He who is being burnt does not know that his kinsmen mourn; therefore I do not bewail him; he has gone to his bourn."

Then he asked the widow: " What was that one to you?" " Sir, he was my husband." " My lady, wives verily have affection for their husbands. Wherefore do you not weep?" She explained:

7. " Just as an infant cries for the moon departing, so that very same thing does he who mourns for the departed.

8. " He who is being burnt does not know that his kinsmen mourn; therefore I do not bewail him; he has gone to his bourn."

Then he asked the maid-servant: " Woman, what was that man to you?" " Sir, he was my master." " If so, he probably beat you, and you will have been housekeeper; therefore you do not weep, thinking: ' Methinks I am happily

[1] *Therīgāthā*, 129.

released of this man who is dead '." She replied: "My lord, do not speak so to me. It is not fit. The gentleman was to me very full of patience, amity, and kindness, acting properly, like a grown up son nourished." "Then why do you not weep?" She said:

9. "Just as in the case of a brahman a broken water-pot is not restored, so that same vain effort makes he who bewails the departed.

10. "He who is being burnt does not know that his kinsmen mourn; therefore I do not bewail him; he has gone to his bourn."

When Sakka had heard their religious talk he was pleased and said: "You have rightly developed attention to death. Henceforth you must not do ploughing and other labour." He filled their house with seven royal treasures and advised them with the words: "Diligently bestow gifts, observe the moral precepts, and keep the feast-day." Thereupon he revealed himself unto them and went to his own abode. And the brahman and his family bestowed gifts and performed other meritorious deeds, and having lived to a good old age, were reborn in the world of the devas.

END OF BOOK I

BOOK II

1

THE STORY OF THE FINDING RELEASE IN TRANSMIGRATION

While the Teacher was sojourning at Veluvana, he told this story.

In a village called Iṭṭhakāvatī in Magadha and in Dīgharājī village dwelt many who, finding release in transmigration, held wrong opinions. And long ago a certain woman was reborn in one such family. Killing many beetles and grasshoppers she on dying was reborn a petī, enduring for five hundred years the pangs of hunger and thirst. Now our Blessed One was then at Rājagaha, when she was once more born into the same family at Iṭṭhakāvatī. And one day when she was playing with other girls in the high road near the village gate, the venerable Sāriputta with twelve monks passed by and the girls hastened to salute him. But she stood there disrespectful. Then the elder, discerning her past and future, and moved with sympathy commented on her attitude to the girls. They took her hands and dragged her to pay homage. Dying subsequently in childbirth she was again born among the Petas. And she appeared by night to Sāriputta, who seeing her said:

1. "Naked and of hideous appearance are you, emaciated and with prominent veins. You thin one, with your ribs standing out, now who are you, you who are here?"

The petī:

2. "I, venerable sir, am a petī, a wretched denizen of Yama's world; since I had done a wicked deed, I went from here to the world of petas.

Sāriputta:

3. "Now what evil deed was done with your body, speech, or mind?[1] Because of what act have you gone hence to the world of petas?"

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[1] Cf. above I, 6, 5[1].

The petī:

4. "Reverend sir, I did not have compassionate relatives, father and mother, or even other kinsmen who would urge me, saying, 'Give, with devotion in your heart, a gift to recluses and brahmans.'

5. "From that time for five hundred years in this form I have been wandering, nude, consumed by hunger and thirst; this is the fruit of my wicked deeds.

6. "With a believing heart, I worship you, sir. O wise, powerful one, pity me! Go, give some gift in my name; free me from my misery, O venerable one."

The redactors continue the narrative:

7. Consenting with the words, "Very well," the compassionate Sāriputta gave to the monks a morsel of food, a handful of cloth, and a bowl of water and ascribed to her the donation.

8. Immediately thereupon, when this was transferred to her, the result came to pass. This was the fruit of the gift: food, clothing, and drink.

9. Then pure, having clean garments, wearing the best Benares cloth, dressed in various clothes and ornaments, she approached Sāriputta.

Sāriputta:

10. "O devi,[1] you are of excellent appearance, you who are illuminating all the regions like the morning star.[2]

11. "As a result of what is such an appearance? As a result of what is this your portion here, and why fall to your lot whatever pleasures are dear to the mind?

12. "This I ask of you, devī,[3] very powerful one, you who have become human, what good deed have you done? Whence have you such radiant majesty, and why does your splendour illuminate all the regions?"

The petī:

13. "Me, with all my bones exposed,[4] emaciated, famished,

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[1] = *devate*

[2] *Osadhī tārakā*, literally, 'star of healing.'

[3] = *devī in text also.*

[4] *Upakaṇḍakiṃ.* Variant readings: M, D, and B, *uppaṇḍukiṃ,* 'showing jaundice,' 'having a jaundice colour'; C, *upakaṇḍukiṃ,* 'suffering from itch.'

naked, and with wrinkled skin, you, merciful seer, have seen here in my misery.

14. "When you gave to the monks a morsel of food, a handful of cloth and a bowl of water, you transferred to me the virtue of the gift.

15. "Behold the fruit of the morsel: desiring pleasure, I enjoy for ten hundred years food with many flavours.

16. "Behold what sort of result there is from the handful of cloth: as many clothes as there are in the kingdom of Nandarāja.

17. "Venerable sir, I have more than that number of garments and coverings, silken and woollen, linen and cotton.

18. "Many and precious are they; moreover they are hanging in the sky; and I wear whichever one, I assure you, strikes my fancy.

19. "Behold what sort of result there is from the bowl of water: four deep, well-laid-out lotus-ponds.

20. "They have clear waters and beautiful banks; they are cool and have pleasing fragrance; they are covered with the pink lotus and the blue lotus and full of the filaments of the water-lily.

21. "I for my part enjoy myself, play and rejoice, having no fear from any quarter. Reverend sir, I have come hither to the world to worship the compassionate seer."

2

THE STORY OF THE MOTHER OF THE ELDER SĀRIPUTTA

While the Teacher was dwelling at Veluvana, he told this story.

One day the venerables Sariputta, Mahāmoggallāna, Anuruddha, and Kappina were sojourning in a certain spot in the forest not far from Rājagaha. Now at that time in Benares a certain brahman of great wealth and resources was a well unto recluses and brahmans, indigents, tramps, wayfarers and beggars, gave away food, drink, clothes, lodging and other benefits. He ordered his life and gave, according to opportunity and as was fitting, to those coming and going,

everything necessary for the road.[1] He said to his wife: "Madam, do not neglect this business of giving, but carefully look after it, as has been appointed." She assented but when he was gone away, she cut short the rule of charity for the monks. Furthermore, to wayfarers who had come for shelter she pointed out an abandoned tumble-down shed behind the house, saying: "Stay there." When the wanderers came there for food, drink, and other things, she would utter a curse, enumerating to each one whatever was impure and loathsome, saying: "Eat dung! drink urine! drink blood! eat the brain of your mother!" Taken up at her death by the power of *karma*, she was reborn as a petī who endured misery in conformity with her misbehaviour. Remembering their kinship in her former existence and desiring to approach Sāriputta, she came to his abode. There the devas of his home refused her admittance. Wherefore she spoke as follows: "In the fifth previous life I was mother of the honourable elder Sāriputta; permit me to enter the door to see him." Upon hearing this, they granted her admittance. When she was inside, she stood at the far end of the cloister and saw him. As he noticed her, he was moved in his mind by compassion, and so he asked her:

1. "Naked and of hideous appearance are you, emaciated and with prominent veins. You thin one, with your ribs standing out, who are you now, you who are here?"

The petī:

2. "I was your own mother formerly in other lives.[2] I have been reborn in the peta-world, afflicted with hunger and thirst.

3. "The discarded, the cast-out, saliva, nose-mucus, phlegm, the fat of burning bodies, and the blood of delivered women;

4. "And the blood both of the wounded and of those whose noses and heads are cut off, in short whatever (disgusting) is connected with men and women, I, half dead with hunger, eat.

5. "Pus and blood I eat of animals and of men; I am without refuge and without a home, lying upon the black bed.[3]

[1] *sabbābhideyyam.* Read with B, *sabbapāteyyam* (*sic* Hardy).
[2] Lit.: births (*jātīsu*)
[3] Commentary: The funeral pyre

6. "Give, dear son, a gift for me, and when you have given it, assign to me the credit; thus indeed I may be freed from eating pus and blood."

The following day Sāriputta with the other three, seeking alms in Rājagaha arrived at the residence of King Bimbisāra. When the king asked: "Reverend sirs, why have you come hither?" the venerable Mahāmoggallāna told the king what had happened. Saying, "Reverend sirs, it is permitted," the king dismissed them summoned his minister, and bade him: "Build in the grove the city four cabins provided with shade and water."

When the huts were finished, he gave them with all life-necessities to the elder Sāriputta. Then the latter presented it to the universal congregation of monks at whose head was the Buddha and assigned the credit to the petī. She deriving its benefits was reborn in the deva-world. Rich in all she wanted, she one day approached the venerable Mahāmoggallāna, and told him in detail both her peta and deva rebirth.

Wherefore it is said:

7. After he had heard his mother's speech, the compassionate Upatissa[1] summoned Moggallāna, Anuruddha, and Kappina.

8. Having made four huts,[2] he gave them to the Church of the four regions; he designated the huts, the food and the drink as a gift of his mother.

9. Immediately afterwards, when the credit for this was transferred to her, the result was produced; of the gift, this was the fruit: food, drink, and clothes.

10. Thereupon, pure, having clean garments, dressed in the best Benares cloth and ornaments, arrayed in various kinds of clothes and ornaments, she approached Kolita.[3]

Mahā-Moggallāna:

11. "Devī, you are of excellent appearance, you who are illuminating all the regions like the morning star.

12. "As a result of what do you have such an appearance? On account of what is happiness your portion here, and why fall to your lot whatever pleasures are dear to the heart?

[1] Upatissa, the personal name of Sāriputta (Sāri's son).
[2] *Kuṭiyo katvā*: a curious misstatement in the text.
[3] Kolita, the proper name of Moggallāna. This stanza is only in the Burmese MS., Phayre Collection.

13. "This I ask of you, devī, very powerful one, you who have become human, what good deed have you done? Whence have you such radiant majesty, and why does your splendour illuminate all the regions?"

The petī:

14. "Through the gift of Sāriputta I am happy, having no fear from any quarter. Reverend sir, it is you, the merciful seer here in the world, that I have come hither to worship."

3

THE STORY OF MATTĀ

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī there was a certain landowner, believing and pious. His wife, however named Mattā, was unbelieving, without faith, of an angry disposition and barren. Then this man, out of fear lest his lineage be cut off, married a young woman by the name of Tissā. She was believing, pious and pleasant to her husband. She bore a son, who was named Bhūta. As the mistress of the house, she respectfully served four monks. Unable to endure her rival, Mattā when she had swept the house, poured the rubbish upon the head of Tissā. At a subsequent time Mattā died, and being reborn as a petī, she endured five-fold misery through the power of her own *karma*. Her suffering is clear from the text.[1] Then one day that petī with memory of the past appeared unto Tissā, who was making her ablutions behind the house. When Tissā saw her, she asked her:

1. "Naked and of hideous appearance are you, emaciated and with prominent veins. You thin one, with your ribs standing out, now who are you, you who are here?"

Mattā:

2. "I am Mattā, you are Tissā; formerly I was your fellow-wife. In consequence of having done an evil deed, I went from here to the world of the petas."

Tissā:

3. "Now what evil deed was done with your body, speech,

[1] *Pālito.*

or mind? As a result of what act have you gone from here to the world of the petas?"

Mattā:

4. "Both wrathful and unkind was I, envious, niggardly, and deceitful. Since I used abusive language to you, I have gone from here to the world of the petas."

In the following stanzas the conversation is continued:

Tissā:

5. "I too, know it all, how violent you were; but there is something else now which I shall ask you. Why are you covered with dirt?"

Mattā:

6. "You had washed your head and were dressed in clean clothes; and I, forsooth, was still more so; I was more adorned than you.

7. "While I was thus bedight and was looking on, you were talking with our husband. On account of that, great jealousy and wrath arose in me.

8. "Then I took some dust, and you, forsooth, I bestrewed with dust. In consequence of that deed, I am covered with dust."

Tissā:

9. "I verily know it all; you sprinkled me with dust. But there is something else now which I shall ask you. Why are you eaten up with the itch?"

Mattā:

10. "Both of us fetching simples, we went into the forest. You took the remedies, and I the fruits of the *kapikacchu*.

11. "Then without your knowledge, I scattered them over your bed. In consequence of this deed I am devoured with the itch."

Tissā:

12. "Verily I know it all; you bestrewed my bed. But there is something else now which I shall ask you. Why are you nude?"

Mattā:

13. "There was an assembly of friends; a gathering of kinsmen took place; and you were invited with our husband, while I was not.

14. "Then without your knowledge, I took away your garment. In consequence of this deed, I am naked."

Tissā :

15. "Verily, I know it all. You took away my clothes. But now something else I shall ask you. Why do you have an odour of ordure ?"

Mattā :

16. "Your perfume and garland and new ointment I threw into the cesspool. This evil deed was committed by me. In consequence of this conduct, I give out a smell of ordure."

Tissā :

17. "Verily I know it all; that evil was done by you. But now something else I shall ask you. Why are you in distress ?"

Mattā :

18. "Whatever property was in our house belonged to both of us equally. Though deeds of charity are a duty, I did not provide for myself a refuge. As a result of that sin, I am in misery.

19. "These very words you told me: 'You are practising wicked deeds; for not with evil works will you easily obtain bliss.'"

Tissā :

20. "With a hostile attitude you approached me; and you also envied me. Behold of what nature is the punishment of evil deeds !

21. "You had maid-servants in the house; verily also those various ornaments of yours; these are now enjoyed by others. Pleasures are not eternal.

22. "Now the father of Bhūta will come home from market. Perhaps he will give you something. Go not hence till then."

Mattā :

23. "Naked and of ugly appearance am I, lean and with my veins standing out on the surface. Here is my loincloth; let not the father of Bhūta see me."

Tissā :

24. "Come, what shall I give you, or what shall I do for you that you may be happy and blest with all you desire ?"

Mattā :

25. "Here are four monks from the congregation and four

other men. Feed these eight and transfer to me the credit of the gift. Then I shall be happy, blest in the fulfilment of all I desire."

Narrative:

26. She assented, saying, "Very well," and fed the eight monks. She clothed them with garments and ascribed to her the virtue of the donation.

27. Immediately thereupon, when the credit for this was transferred to her, the result came to pass. This was the fruit of the gift: food, clothes, and drink.

28. Then pure, having clean clothes, wearing the best Benares cloth, dressed in various kinds of garments and ornaments, she approached her co-wife.

Tissā:

29. "O devī, you are of excellent appearance, you who are illuminating all the regions like the morning star.

30. "As a result of what do you have such a form? On account of what is happiness your portion here, and why fall to your lot whatever pleasures are dear to the heart?

31. "This I ask of you, devī, you very powerful one, who have become human[1]: What good have you done? Whence have you such radiant majesty, and why does your splendour illuminate all the regions?"

Mattā:

32. "I am Mattā, you are Tissā. Formerly I was your fellow-wife. In consequence of having done an evil deed, I went from here to the world of the petas. Through the gift presented by you I rejoice, having nothing to fear from any quarter.

33. "May you live long, sister, with all your kinsfolk! May you attain the abode free from sorrow and passion, the dwelling of those who have will-power.[2]

34. "Here living a religious life and giving gifts, beautiful one, remove the stain of selfishness together with its roots and enter heaven blameless."

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[1] Cf. I, 11, 2.

[2] *Vasavattinaṃ*. Commy.: *dibbina adhipateyyena attano vasaṃ vattentānam*: "(of those who) by deva-function carry out their own will." Is this a reference to the fifth group of the next world: *para-* and *nimmita-vasivattentā*? (The word *vasa* comes nearest in Pali terms to our 'will,' but is rarely used.)—Ed.

4

THE STORY OF NANDĀ

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

In a certain village not far from Sāvatthī there was a lay disciple believing and pious. His wife, however, who was called Nandā, was unbelieving, irreligious, avaricious, quick-tempered, rough in her speech, and disrespectful and disobedient to her husband; she would rail like a drum and indulge in abuse. Dying and reborn as a petī, she sojourned near that same village. Then one day she appeared before the lay disciple Nandasena, as he was coming out of the village. When he saw her, he addressed her with this stanza:

1. "Dark and of ugly appearance you are; your body is rough and you are horrible to behold. You are red-eyed; you have yellow teeth. I deem that you are not human."

The petī:

2. "I am Nandā Nandasena; formerly I was your wife. For having been abusive, I went hence to the peta-world."

Nandasena:

3. "Now what wicked deed was committed by body, speech, or mind? In consequence of what act have you gone from here to the peta-world?"

The petī:

4. "I was wrathful and rough in speech, and I also showed no reverence to you. Therefore, for using abusive language, I went from here to peta-world."

Nandasena:

5. "Come, I give you a cloak; put on this garment. When you have put it on, come, I will lead you home.

6. "Clothes and food and drink you shall obtain, if you come home. You will behold your sons, and you shall see your daughter a villain.

7. "What is given by your hand into mine does not profit me. But as regards the monks, who are abounding in the moral precepts, free from passion, and learned.

8. "Regale them with food and drink and transfer to me the benefit of the gift. Then I shall be happy, blest in the fulfilment of all desires."

By the redactors were spoken the next three stanzas:

9. Then promising with the words, "Very well," he made abundant gifts: food, drink, solid food, clothes, dwellings, umbrellas, perfumes, wreaths, and various kinds of sandals. After he had refreshed with food and drink the monks who were abounding in the moral precepts, free from passion, and learned, he transferred to her the virtue of the gift.

10. Immediately thereafter, when the credit for this was transferred to her, the result came to pass. Of the gift, this was the fruit: food, clothes, and drink.

11. Then pure, having clean clothes, wearing the finest Benares cloth, bedecked with various garments and ornaments, she approached her husband.

Nandasena:

12. "O devī, you are of excellent appearance, you who are illuminating all the regions like the morning star.

13. "Because of what do you have such an appearance? On account of what is happiness your portion here, and why fall to your lot whatever pleasures are dear to the heart?

14. "I ask you, devī, very powerful one, you who have become human, what good deed have you done? Why have you such radiant majesty, and why does your splendour illuminate all the regions?"

The petī:

15. "I am Nandā, Nandasena; formerly I was your wife. For having committed an evil deed, I went from here to the peta-world. Through the gift given by you, I rejoice, being free from fear from any quarter.

16. "May you live long, householder, with all your kinsfolk; may you attain the abode free from sorrow and passion, the dwelling of those who have will-power.[1]

17. "Here living a religious life and giving gifts, householder, may you remove the stain of selfishness[2] together with its roots and enter heaven blameless."

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[1] See II, 3, 16.
[2] *Macchera-malaṃ.*

5

THE STORY OF MATTAKUṆḌALĪ

This has been already told in the Vimāna vatthu (vii, 9), hence it is to be understood by that.[1]

6

THE STORY OF KAṆHA[2]

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī, the son of a certain lay disciple died. The afflicted father could neither bathe nor eat nor mind his business, nor serve the Buddha. Talking confusedly, he would say: "Where is my dear boy, who left me behind? Whither is he gone before us?" As the Teacher was surveying the world at dawn, he saw that that man was destined for the fruits of conversion; on the following day, surrounded by a group of monks, he walked around in Sāvatthī to beg for alms. After his meal, he went with Ānanda, his attendant, to the door of that man's house. Thereupon his household told the lay disciple and brought him into the presence of the Teacher. When the latter saw him sitting at one side, he said, "What, lay disciple, are you grieving?" He replied, "Yes, reverend sir." "Lay disciple, the wise men of old did not bewail a dead son, after they had heard a story of the sages"; then being entreated by the head of the house, he told this story.

Once upon a time in the city of Dvāravatī there were ten royal brothers, Vāsudeva, Baladeva, Candadeva, Suriyadeva, Aggideva, Varuṇadeva, Ajjuna, Pajjuna, Ghaṭapaṇḍita, and Aṅkura. Of these, a dear son of the great king Vāsudeva died. The monarch, overcome with grief, neglected all his obligations, and making an *añjali* salutation to the bed, he lay down, talking nonsense. At that time Ghaṭapaṇḍita thought: "No one else besides me is able to dispel my

[1] The text merely gives the title. The Commentary refers us to the Vimānavatthu.
[2] For this story, cf. *Jātaka*, Fausböll, IV, 79 *sqq.*

brother's grief. With a ruse I shall remove his sorrow." So he assumed the appearance of a madman, and looking at the sky, he roamed through the entire city, saying: "Give me a hare, give me a hare!" Then the whole city thought, "Ghaṭapaṇḍita has gone mad." At that time, the privy councillor, Rohiṇeyya by name, went to King Vāsudeva, and opened conversation with him by this stanza:

1. "Arise, Kaṇha.[1] Why are you lying down? What good does sleep do you? He who is your own brother, your heart and right eye, is overpowered by the winds. Ghaṭa is raving, Kesava![2]"

The Teacher continued the narrative with this stanza:

2. "When he heard this statement of Rohiṇeyya, Kesava with a flurried look arose, oppressed with grief for his brother."

Then the king came down from the terrace, and went to meet Ghaṭapaṇḍita. He held him fast with both hands, and in the conversation with him, said:

3. "Why now like a mad one do you roam through the whole city of Dvāravatī and mutter, 'A hare, a hare'? What kind of hare do you want?

4. "I will have a hare made for you of gold, of jewels, of copper, of silver also, of precious stones, and coral.

5. "There are also other little rabbits running in the woods and forest; these also I will send to you. What kind of hare do you want?"

Ghaṭapaṇḍita:

6. "I do not want these hares, the rabbits that inhabit the earth; the hare of the moon I wish; that one bring down to me, Kesava!"

When the king heard him, he was distressed at the thought: "Beyond a doubt, my brother has gone mad," and said:

7. "Now[3] my kinsman, you will surely throw away your sweet life. You yearn for something that is not to be desired in that you wish for the hare of the moon."

When Ghaṭapaṇḍita had heard the words of the king, he stood still, saying: "Brother, you have come to ruin your

[1] Kaṇha, the family name of the king.
[2] Kesava, another name for Vāsudeva.
[3] *Nanda.* M, C, and D read *nuna*, which has been followed in the translation. Cf. P.T.S. *Dictionary*.

life without attaining that hare of the moon which you desire," and spoke this stanza :

8. "If, Kaṇha, you are so wise as you teach another, why do you still to-day mourn for your son that died in the past ?"

As he stood in the middle of the road, he spoke as follows : "I indeed desire that which is intelligible, but you mourn for that which is not intelligible."

Then in expounding to him Dhamma, he said :

9. "This is not possible for man or even for a spirit, but whence can the unattainable be acquired that the son born unto me should not die ?

10. "It is not possible with incantations, nor with drugs from roots, nor with herbs, nor with wealth, Kaṇha, to bring hither the departed one whom you mourn.

11. "The very wealthy, those owning many goods, also those possessing kingdoms, and the warriors, they who are opulent with abounding riches, these also are not free from old age and death.

12. "The Kshatriyas, the Brahmans, the Vāiśyas, the Śūdras, the Caṇḍālas, the Pukkusas, both these and others with their lineage, they too are not free from old age and death.

13. "They who recite a charm, the six parts which were thought out by brahmans, both these and others with their knowledge, these also are not free from old age and death.

14. "Verily the rishis also who are righteous men, ascetics who have subdued themselves, these also, the ascetics, leave the body at the proper time.

15. "They who in their sojourn have developed their spirit,[1] they whose duties are fulfilled, and they who are free from human passion cast aside this body at the end of their good and evil deeds."

Thus Ghaṭapiṇḍita expounds to him Dhamma. When the king had heard him, the pangs of his grief were gone and his mind was serene. In praising Ghaṭapiṇḍita, he said :

16. "Verily, me, glowing, being like a fire over which ghee had been poured, you sprinkled with water, as it were ; now I put an end to all my pain.

17. "Verily, you drew[2] from me the sting, the grief that

[1] *Bhāvit'attā.*

[2] *Abbūlhaṃ*, emend to *abbūlha*, P. V., I, 8, 6, or to *abbulhi*, V. V., VII, 9, 9.

was rooted in my heart, you who dispelled from me, overcome with sorrow, the mourning for my son.

18. "Now have I laid aside my grief; calm am I and serene. I neither mourn nor weep since I heard your words.

19. "So do the wise who are compassionate; they turn us away[1] from grief, just as Ghaṭa did his eldest brother.

20. "Whoever has such companions and attendants, they follow with encouraging words, as did Ghaṭa his eldest brother.

The Teacher repeated this sermon and said: "Thus, lay disciple, the wise men of old removed grief for a son, after having heard a story of the sages." Then in explaining the truths, he applied the Jātaka to the incident. At the end of the discourse, the lay disciple was established in the fruits of conversion.

7

THE STORY OF DHANAPĀLA

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana, he told this story.

Before the Buddha was born, there was in the kingdom of Dasaṇṇa, in the city of Erakaccha, a treasurer named Dhanapālaka, who was unbelieving, irreligious, mean and heretical. His works can be understood from the Pali. At his death he was reborn as a peta in a desert wilderness. Tormented by hunger and thirst, he wandered hither and thither.

At that time some merchants who lived at Sāvatthī filled five hundred waggons with goods, and having gone to Uttarāpatha, sold their merchandise. Thereupon they loaded on their carts goods for the return journey. They set out on the homeward road, and at evening arrived at the foot of a certain tree. There they unharnessed their oxen and made their abode for the night. Then that peta, who was tormented by thirst, came to that place to get something to drink, and not obtaining even a drop, he uttered a cry. When the merchants saw him, they asked him:

1. "Naked and of hideous appearance are you, thin and with your veins visible. Your ribs stand out, and you are emaciated. Now who are you, sir?"

[1] *Vinivattayi*; read *nivattayanti*, M. C, D, and B.

The peta:

2. "I, venerable sirs, am a peta, an unfortunate denizen of Yama's world. Since I had done evil I went from this world to the region of the petas."

The merchants:

3. "Now what evil was done with your body, speech, or mind? Because of what act have you gone from here to the world of the petas?"

The peta:

4. "There is a city of the Dasaṇṇas, famous, known by the name of Erakaccha. There I formerly was a treasurer; by the name of Dhanapāla they knew me.

5. "Eighty cartloads of gold belonged to me; I had abundant gold and many pearls and cat's-eye gems.

6. "To such an extent was I the owner of great wealth, but I did not like to give. When I took my meals, I locked my door so that the beggars should not see me.

7. "Unbelieving and miserly was I, avaricious and abusive; I used to restrain many of those who were charitable and were active,

8. "Saying: 'There is no reward for giving. Whence is the fruit of self-restraint?'

"The lotus-ponds, the wells, and the planted pleasure gardens, the wayside watering places, and the passages at the place hard to cross I have destroyed.

9. "So I, not virtuous in my deeds, left the world as an evildoer. I was reborn in the peta-region and am afflicted with hunger and thirst. It is fifty-five years since I died.

10. "I do not recognise either food or drinking water. As the withholding, so the loss; as the loss, so the withholding. For the petas, they say, know it: 'As the withholding, so the loss.'

11. "I, in the past, withheld; I did not give away many treasures. Although deeds of charity are a duty, I did not provide a refuge for myself.

12. "Now I feel bitter remorse, and I am burdened with the fruit of my own deeds. After four months will come my death.[1]

13. "Down to the exceedingly severe and terrible hell I

[1] Cf. I, 12 ff.

shall fall; it is four-cornered and has four doors; it is divided into parts by measure; it is surrounded by an iron fence and is covered on the top with iron.

14. "Its iron floor is glowing with heat. Flashing on all sides for a hundred *yojanas*, it stands for all time.

15. "There for a long time I shall experience grievous pain and the fruit of my evil deeds. Therefore, I bewail this reality.

16. "For this reason I tell you something excellent, all of you who are assembled here: do not commit a sinful act either openly or in secret.

17. "If this evil deed you do or will perform, grief will not leave you, even though you fly[1] up in the air to escape it.

18. "Be respectful to mother and father; in the family honour the elders; reverence recluses and brahmans. Thus you will come to heaven.

19. "[2]Not in the sky nor in the middle of the ocean, not even though one enter the cleft of the mountains, is found that region of the earth where one could stand and free himself from his evil deeds."

The merchants felt sorry for him and sprinkled water in his mouth. But, on account of the wicked deeds of that peta, he could not swallow.[3] They asked him: "Now can't you get just a little relief?" He replied: "Yes, when this evil deed is destroyed. If a present be given either to Tathāgata or to disciples of Tathāgata and the virtue of the gift be transferred to me, then I shall be released from this peta-existence." When the merchants had heard him, they went to Sāvatthī, told the Blessed One, gave for seven days a great donation to the Chapter of monks, at whose head was the Buddha, and ascribed the gift to the peta.[4]

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[1] *Upacchāpi*; read *upaccāpi*, C, D, and B.

[2] In Minayeff's text, but omitted by B, C, and D; quoted by the Commentary to explain stanza 18; cf. Dhammapada, 127.

[3] *Udhogalam*. *P.T.S. Dictionary*, *s. v. Uddham*: Correct *udhogalaṃ* at PvA. 104 to *adho°*.

[4] No cure is mentioned in the Comy.—Ed.

8

THE STORY OF CŪLASEṬṬHI[1]

While the Teacher was sojourning at Veluvana, he told this story.

At Benares, Cūlaseṭṭhi was a householder, unbelieving, irreligious, niggardly, mean and disrespectful toward meritorious action. At death he was reborn among the petas. His daughter Anulā was dwelling in the house of her husband at Andhakavinda. Anxious to entertain brahmans in the name of her father, she prepared rice and other food as a gift. When the peta knew this, he set out hopefully through the air for that place and arrived at Rājagaha. At that time, king Ajātasattu at the instigation of Devadatta had murdered his father. On account of remorse and a bad dream, he could not sleep. As he was walking about on the upper terrace, he saw that peta coming through the air, whom he asked:

1. "A naked, emaciated ascetic you are, sir. Whither are you going by night and for what reason? Tell me this at least; we may be able to give you wealth with everything else."

The peta:

2. "There is a city, Benares, far-famed; at that place I was a householder, rich, but mean. I did not give and was greedy-minded for enjoyment. By my bad morals I came to the region of Yama.

3. "As if pricked by needles I am exhausted with the pangs of hunger because of those sins; for that very reason I go to the kinsmen for food. But those of a sordid nature do not believe that the fruit of generosity comes to pass in the other world.

4. "My daughter talked to me oft: 'I will give a gift to the fathers and the grandfathers.' The brahmans offer to others the prepared meal by saying, 'I am going to Andhakavinda to dine'."

The narrative continues:

5. To him the king said: "After you have received it, then you should again come hither quickly. I too will do you

[1] 'Junior guild-leader.' Pron.: Chūla.

honour. If you have any motive, tell it to me; in a statement of your cause, we shall hear what is worthy of belief."

6. Saying, "So be it," he went (to Andhakavinda) There they partook of food, but they were not worthy of the gift. Afterwards he came to Rājagaha a second time and appeared in the presence of the king.

7. When the king saw the peta coming to him, even for the second time, he said: "Now what shall I give? Tell me this, whether there is any means by which you may be satisfied for quite a while."

The peta:

8. "Serve Buddha and the Church, O king, with food, drink, and the robes of monks. Ascribe this gift to my benefit. In this way I shall be content for quite a while."

9. Thereupon the king descended and straightway gave boundless gifts with his own hand to the Church; he told the affair to Tathāgata, and to this peta he ascribed the virtue of the donation.

10. Honoured, exceedingly radiant, the peta appeared before the king, saying: "I now am a being,[1] possessed of the highest potency; men are not like unto me in potency.

11. "Behold this incomparable splendour of mine, which was brought about by you when you gave beyond measure to the Church. Satisfied continually and for all time with the many gifts, I go about happy, O lord of men."

9

THE STORY OF ANKURA

While the Teacher was living at Sāvatthī, he told this story.

In this case, Aṅkura is no peta, but because of his connexion with the peta, the tale is called the *Ankurapeta*-story. In the town of Asitañjana, the region of Kaṃsabhoga, the province of Uttarāpatha,[2] there were born to Upasāgara, son of king Mahāsāgara, lord of Uttaramadhura, and to Devagabbhā, daughter of Mahākaṃsaka, these children: Añjanadevī, Vāsudeva, Baladeva, Candadeva, Suriyadeva,

[1] *Yakkho.*
[2] In northernmost India.

Aggideva, Varuṇadeva, Ajjuna, Pajjuna, Ghaṭapaṇḍita, and Aṅkura. Vāsudeva and his brothers, beginning at the city of Asitañjana, and having in due course brought to their death all the kings in sixty-three thousand cities in the whole country of the rose-apples (India), stopped at Dvāravatī, where they made their abode. Then they divided the kingdom into ten parts, but they had forgotten their sister Añjanadevī. When they remembered her, one remarked, "Let us make eleven divisions." Thereupon the youngest of them all, Aṅkura, said: "Give my share to her; I shall make my living in business. You remit my taxes, each in his respective realm." They agreed and after they had given his allotment to their sister, the nine kings lived in Dvāravatī.

Aṅkura however engaged in trade and constantly gave large donations. Now he had a slave, a keeper of his stores, who was interested in his welfare. Aṅkura gave him to wife a lady of good family, and the slave dying young, Aṅkura gave his son the wages which used to be given to his father. When this boy was come of age, there arose an opinion in the king's court that the slave was not a slave. When Añjanadevī heard about it, she used the example of a milch cow and freed him from his serfdom, saying: "A freed mother has nothing less than a freed son." But shame drove the youth away and he went to the city of Bheruva, where he married the daughter of a certain tailor and made his livelihood at the tailor's trade.

At that time there was in the city of Bheruva a great guild leader, Asayha, who gave large donations to recluses, brahmans, tramps, wayfarers, beggars and mendicants. That tailor, with joy and satisfaction thereat, pointed out to those who did not know the place, the residence of the Asayha, with the words: "Let them go there and receive what is to be obtained." His deed is referred to in the Pali. When he died he was reborn as an earth-deva in a desert region in a certain banyan tree, where his right hand was bestowing objects of pleasure and delight.

Now in that same Bheruva there was a certain man who was occupied with the largesse of Asayha, but since he was unbelieving, irreligious, heretical and disrespectful toward meritorious action, at death he was reborn as a peta near

the place of abode of the above deva. What had been done by him is found in the Pali.

Now Asayha also died and attained companionship with Sakka, king of devas, in the Thrice-Ten region. Then at a subsequent time Aṅkura placed his wares upon five hundred waggons, while a certain brahman did likewise. The two men with the thousand carts entered upon a difficult desert road and lost their way. As they were wandering around in that same place, grass, water and food became exhausted. Aṅkura sent his messengers to look for water. Then that yakkha, whose hand was bestowing objects of pleasure and delight, saw their predicament, and remembering the favour done him in his former life by Aṅkura, showed him the banyan tree in which he lived, thinking: "Here now, I must provide this man with help." Now this banyan tree was full of branches with thick foliage, gave dense shade and had many thousands of shoots. It was a *yojana* in length, breadth and height. Upon seeing it Aṅkura, pleased and delighted, had the camp set up under it. The yakkha stretched out his right hand and at once supplied the whole company with water; then he gave each one of them whatever they wished. After these many folk had been provided with necessities according to their desire, and had rested from the journey, the brahman-merchant unwisely conceived this idea: "Having gone from here to Kamboja in search of wealth, what shall we accomplish? Let us in some way seize this same yakkha and place him upon a waggon. Then we shall go with him directly to our city." With this idea in mind, he told his project to Aṅkura:

1. "The object for which we are going to Kamboja with our goods is accomplished in our meeting this yakkha who gives us all we want; let us take this yakkha along.

2. "This yakkha taking with his consent or by force, let us lift him upon the waggon and quickly go to Dvāraka.[1]"

When the brahman had thus spoken, Aṅkura, referring to the practice of good men, objected and said:

3. "Of the tree in whose shade one happens to sit or lie down, not a branch of it should he break; for he would be a betrayer of his friend, yea, an evildoer."

[1] Same as Dvāravatī.

In reply, the brahman maintained as a matter of common sense that the root of the matter is the removal of humbug:

4. "Of the tree in whose shade one happens to sit or lie down, even its trunk he may cut, if such should be to his advantage."

Aṅkura:

5. "Of the tree in whose shade one happens to sit or lie down, not a leaf of it should he injure; for he would be a betrayer of his friend, yea, an evildoer."

The brahman:

6. "Of the tree in whose shade one happens to sit or lie down, that even together with its roots he may pull out, if such should be to his advantage."

Aṅkura:

7. "In whose house one happens to abide even though for a single night, with whom one obtains food and drink, against him one should not even meditate evil with the mind. Gratitude is applauded by good men.

8. "In whose house one happens to tarry even though for a single night and be ministered unto with food and drink, against him one should not even meditate wickedness with the mind. He whose hand commits no injury makes an end of treachery to friends.

9. "Whoever in time past was good in his deeds and later on sinfully commits an injury, that man, destitute of clean hands, will not behold good fortune."[1]

Then that brahman became silent. The yakkha, however, had heard the two, and being angry with the brahman, said:

"Let this wicked brahman receive his due; afterwards I shall understand." Then in showing that he could not at all be overcome by any one, he said:

10. "I would not be easily subdued by a deva or by a human being or by a sovereign. A yakkha am I, endowed with the highest potency; I go a great distance (in a flash) and am blest with beauty and strength."

Aṅkura:

11. "Your hand is entirely golden, dripping with honey,

[1] Minayeff's text here inserts the following stanza from Dhammapada 125: Whoever offends the faultless man, the person pure and free from blemish, upon this same fool evil returns just as fine dust thrown against the wind.

and streams of gifts are issuing from its five fingers; various sweet juices are trickling from it. I believe that you are Purindada."

Yakkha:

12. "I am not a god nor a gandharva nor even Sakka Purindada. Aṅkura, recognize me as a peta, who have come hither from Bheruva."

Aṅkura:

13. "What was your character, how was your conduct in your previous existence in Bheruva? On account of what holy life of yours are good works being accomplished by your hands?"

Yakkha:

14 "Formerly I was a tailor in Bheruva, eking out a very miserable existence. I did not have the means to give.

15. "Now my workshop was in the neighbourhood of Asayha, who was a believer, a master in the practices of charity, doing good deeds, and unassuming.

16. "Thither went the beggars, the paupers of various lineage; and these asked me there for the dwelling of Asayha, saying: 'Whither shall we go? Good luck to you! Where are the gifts dispensed?'"

17. "When I was asked by these, I made known to them the house of Asayha as I stretched out my right arm and said: 'Go thither and good luck betide you; there in the abode of Asayha presents are dealt out'."

18. "Therefore my hand gives you what you wish; for that reason, my hand is dripping with honey; on account of that holy life[1] of mine, good deeds are accomplished with my hands."

Aṅkura:

19. "Thus we see you did not give a gift to any one with your own hands, but rejoicing in the alms of another and stretching out your hand, you made known.

20. "Therefore your hand gives what is wanted; for that reason your hand is dripping with honey; on account of that holy life of yours good works are accomplished with your hands.

21. "Lord, that pious man, who with his own hands

[1] *Brahmacariyena.*

presented the gratuities, after he had laid aside his mortal body, pray now, to what region went he ?"

Yakkha :

22. "I do not know the death and rebirth of Aṅgīrasa,[1] the achiever of the impossible, but I heard in the presence of Vessavana[2] that Asayha had gone to companionship with Sakka."

Aṅkura :

23. "It is sufficient forsooth to do good and to give gifts as is fitting. When he has seen one who with his hand dispenses what is desired, who will not perform meritorious works ?

24. "Verily now, when I shall have gone from here and arrived at Dvāraka, I shall give out presents which are to bring me happiness.

25. "I shall give food and drink, clothes and lodging places, a wayside watering place and a well, and passages at the place hard to cross."

Then appeared a peta, whom Aṅkura asked :

26. "Why are your fingers crooked, and your mouth distorted, and your eyes dripping ? What evil deed has been done by you ?"

The peta :

27. "For the pious householder Aṅgīrasa (Asayha), who stayed at home, I was connected with his charity ; I was the overseer of his bounty.

28. "There, when I saw that the beggars, those desiring food, had arrived, I stepped to one side and made a face.

29. "Wherefore my fingers are deformed, and my mouth out of shape, and my eyes dripping. Such a wicked deed was done by me."

Aṅkura :

30. "Justly, wretch, is your mouth misshapen since you made a grimace over the gifts of another."

31. "For how could one, in dispensing gifts consisting of food and drink, solid food, clothes and lodging places, but depend upon the services of another ?

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[1] *Asayhasāhino Aṅgīrasassa*, applied to Asayha with word play upon Asayha.

[2] Same as Kuvera ; cf. I, 4, 2.

32. "Verily now upon my going from here and arriving at Dvāraka, I shall give out presents which are to bring me happiness.

33. "I shall give both food and drink, clothes and lodging places, wayside watering place and a well, and passages at the place hard to cross."

The redactors continue the narrative in these stanzas:

34. Thereon he turned back and arrived at Dvāraka. Aṅkura established such almsgiving as would bring him happiness.

35. With a serene mind he gave food and drink, clothes and lodging places, a wayside watering place and a well.

36. "Who is hungry? Who is thirsty? Who wants to put[1] on a cloak? Whose draught-animals are weary? From this place they shall hitch them to the waggon. Who wants a parasol and perfume? Who, a wreath? Who, sandals?"

37. Thus shouted the barbers, the cooks, and the scent-sellers continually both evening and morning, there in the abode of Aṅkura.

Then follows a conversation between Aṅkura and Sindhaka, a young man, who was appointed over his charity.

Aṅkura:

38. "The people think of me, 'Aṅkura sleeps well.' Sindhaka, I sleep badly, since I do not see any beggars."

39. "The people think of me, 'Aṅkura sleeps well.' Sindhaka, I sleep badly, since the wayfarers are so few in number."

Sindhaka:

40. "If Sakka, lord of the Thrice-ten, should grant you a wish, in making your choice, for what in the whole world would you express a desire?"

Aṅkura:

41. "If Sakka, lord of the Thrice-Ten, should grant me a wish, I would that in the morning when I have arisen, at sunrise, there should be present deva-meats and pious beggars;

42. "That, when I give, the virtue of my gift may not waste away, and after I have given, I may not feel regret. As I give, may I cause my heart to rejoice. Thus would I choose a wish from Sakka."

[1] *Parivassati*; D. reads *paridhassati*. Cf. P.T.S. *Dict.*, *s. v. parivassati*.

Thus Aṅkura made his desire known. In that place there was sitting a man by the name of Sonaka of good behaviour. He wished to dissuade him from over-much giving and said :

43. "Do not give all your goods to others; but ward gifts and wealth. For this reason wealth is assuredly better than giving. With over-much giving, families become no more.

44. "Wise men do not approve of non-giving nor of over-giving. Therefore, look you, wealth is better than almsgiving. He who has resolute righteousness should steer a middle course."

Aṅkura :

45. "Ah well, for all you say, I for my part, will give, and may the good, the pious men, resort to me. As a cloud filling a nullah, I want to refresh all the beggars.

46. "If one has a tranquil countenance at sight of mendicants and is joyful upon bestowing a gift, that is happiness for him who dwells in a house.

47. "If one has a tranquil countenance at the sight of mendicants and is joyful upon bestowing a gift, that is the attainment of merit.

48. "Just before bestowing the gift, one should be happy; while giving it, he should make his heart rejoice; after giving he becomes joyful. That is the attainment of merit."

The redactors of the Pāli continue the narrative :

49. Sixty thousand cartloads of food daily are distributed to the people in the house of Aṅkura, who has a desire to do good.

50. There live with Aṅkura three thousand cooks adorned with jewels and earrings, zealously devoted to the giving of alms.

51. Sixty thousand youths, wearing jewels and earrings, split the firewood at Aṅkura's extensive presentation of gifts.

52. Sixteen thousand women bedecked with every ornament knead dough into various forms at the great almsgiving of Aṅkura.

53. Sixteen thousand women arrayed in all finery, spoon in hand, are attending at Aṅkura's great donation.

54. Much he gave to many; long time, this nobleman

continued to give assiduously and with his own hand, again and again showing his care.

55. Many months and fortnights, and seasons and years, yea, for a long time, Aṅkura continued his great giving.

56. So Aṅkura gave and offered alms for a long time; then when he left his mortal body, he entered the thrice-ten heaven.

When he had thus been reborn there and was enjoying deva-bliss, in the time of our Blessed One, a young man by the name of Indaka with devotion in his mind sent a measure of food to the venerable elder Anuruddha, as the latter was going on his round for alms. When Indaka died, and through the power of the good work becoming a field of merit, he was reborn among the Thrice-Ten. Wherefore it is said:

57. "To Anuruddha Indaka gave ladles full of food. When he laid aside his body, he became admitted among the thrice-ten.

58. "In ten points Indaka outshines Aṅkura, viz. in appearance, in voice, in taste, in smell, and in delightful touch;

59. "In length of life, and in fame forsooth, in complexion in good fortune, and in lordship, Indaka outshines Aṅkura."

The redactors show the matter in the following stanzas:

60. When in the Thrice-Ten heaven upon the stone *paṇḍukambălá*[1] at the foot of the Coral Tree, Buddha, the best of men, was sojourning,

61. While devas had assembled in the ten worlds, they paid homage to the thoroughly enlightened one, who was tarrying on the top of the Mount.

62. No deva outshines the thoroughly Enlightened One in appearance; excelling all devas, He alone is brilliant.

63. At the same time Aṅkura was there, twelve *yojanas* from him; not far from the Buddha, Indaka surpassed Aṅkura.

64. As the Buddha beheld Aṅkura and Indaka and making them become gift-worthy, he spoke these words:

65. "Great giving for a long while, Aṅkura, you gave; you are sitting too far away; come hither near to me."

[1] A kind of ornamental stone of which Sakka's throne was made.

66. Urged by him of the developed spirit,[1] Aṅkura spoke as follows: "What avails me that gift of mine? It was destitute of a person worthy of reward."

67. "Although Indaka here, this yakkha, gave but a trifling gift, he outshines us as the moon does the multitudes of stars."

Then spoke the Buddha:

68. "Just as in a sterile[2] field, seed, though much be sown, does not yield abundant fruit nor please the husbandman,

69. "Even so, bountiful giving bestowed upon the wicked does not yield abundant fruit, nor delight the donor.

70. "And just as when scanty seed is sown in good ground the harvest gladdens the farmer when there is plenty of rain,

71. "Even so when paid to the righteous, the virtuous, a deed, though it be slight, becomes merit fraught with great return."

The redactors continue the narrative:

72. With discrimination, the gift should be given, when that which is bestowed leads to great reward. If they give alms with due consideration, the benefactors go to heaven.

73. One should seek an auspicious and very excellent gift for those who are worthy of favour here in the world of the living.[3] Gifts to these are abundantly fruitful, as are seeds sown in a fertile field.

10

THE STORY OF UTTARA'S MOTHER

After the passing away of the Teacher, when the first great council was going on, the venerable Mahā-Kaccāyana[4] with twelve monks was in a certain forest lodge near by Kosambi. To him came Uttara, son of and successor to King Udena's privy councillor, seeking, with woodwrights, timber for repairs, and by the elder was taught Dhamma. Him

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[1] *Bhāvitattena.* Comy. gives two synonyms, *pāramiparibhāvitāya* and *ariyamaggabhāvanāya.* Note the absence of that in the Majjh. Comy.: *pesitatta.*—ED.

[2] *Ujjhangale.* Cf. Vim. V., 84,4.

[3] *Jīvaloke,* a rare compound.—ED.

[4] In Suttas called -Kaccāna.

thereafter Uttara often entertained and built him a cell-settlement (*vihāra*).

But Uttara's mother grudged his gifts. She said: "Whatever food and drink you give in this manner, without my consent, to recluses, may that become blood in your other world." Nevertheless, on the day of dedication of the monastery, she permitted a bunch of peacock tail-feathers to be given. At her death, she was reborn as a petī, and in return for her donation of a bunch of peacock tail-feathers, her hair was black, glossy, curly, fine, and long. Whenever she went down, thinking: "I shall drink water of the Ganges river," then the river became full of blood. After she had wandered about for fifty-five years, overcome by hunger and thirst, she saw one day the elder Kaṅkhārevata[1] sitting for his midday rest on the bank of the Ganges. And this dialogue ensued after the redactor's two verses (1, 2):

1. As a monk had gone to his noonday rest and was seated upon the bank of the Ganges, he was approached by a petī of horrid appearance and of timid look.

2. Her hair was very long and hung down to the ground; clothed with her tresses, she thus addressed the ascetic:

The petī:

3. "It is fifty-five years since I died. I know neither food nor drinking-water. Give me some water, reverend sir; I am thirsty for a drink."

Monk:

4. "Here is the Ganges with its cool waters; it flows from the Himâlaya. Take some from it and drink. Why do you ask me for water?"

The petī:

5. "Reverend sir, if I myself take water from the Ganges, it turns into blood. Therefore I beseech you for water."

Monk:

6. "Now what offence was committed with body, speech, and mind? In consequence of what deed does the Ganges at your touch become blood?"

The petī:

7. "Reverend sir, my son Uttara was a believing layman,

[1] See *Theragāthā*, ver. 3; *Anguttara*, i, 24.

and he, against my will, gave to recluses clothing, bowl-food, medicine and dwelling.

8. " Moved by avarice I reviled him, saying: 'Whatsoever against my will you give to recluses, clothing, bowl-food, medicine and a dwelling,'

9. " 'May that, O Uttara, become blood for you in the other world.' As a result of that deed, the Ganges becomes blood at my touch."

Then the venerable Revata gave water to the Order of monks in the name of the petī; he went on his round for alms, and having taken food, he gave it to the monks. Then he took some rags from a rubbish heap, and having cleansed and sprinkled them and having made bark-clothes, he gave it to the monks. Because of this, the petī attained deva-bliss and told this to the elder and showed him the deva-happiness she had obtained.

11

THE STORY OF THE THREAD

In a certain village near Sāvatthī, seven hundred years before our Teacher arose, a certain youth in the service of a Lone Buddha[1] died on his wedding day from snake-bite. In his attendance he had not done many deeds of merit, yet because of his affection for his bride he was reborn as a mansion-peta, in potency and splendour. Wishing to have his maiden in his mansion, and seeing a Lone Buddha sewing robes, he approached him in human form and said: " Venerable sir, are you in need of thread?" The answer was: " Lay disciple we are busy making robes." Pointing to the bereaved bride's house, the deva, said: " You can ask for thread in that house." He did so and was given a ball of thread by the maiden. The deva, still as earth-man, got the girl's mother to let him stay a few days and filled all the vessels in the house with money. Then with the girl he departed to his mansion. The mother gave much of the money to kin and poor wayfarers. Dying she said: " If

[1] *Pacceka*:—one who sought only his own salvation.

my daughter comes back, show her this money." After 700 years our Blessed One was born in the world and came to Sāvatthī. Then that woman still living with the deva begged him to take her back saying:

1. "I, in the past, gave to a monk who had renounced the world at his approach and entreaty some thread. As a result, abundant blessings fall to my lot, and myriads of garments are produced for me.

2. "The mansion is covered over with flowers and is a delight; it is variously adorned, and manservants and handmaidens are in attendance. So I enjoy it, and I clothe myself, nor does the abundant wealth at any time come to an end.

3. "As a reward for just one deed, joy and happiness are here obtained. And I, when I have gone once more to the world of men, will perform good deeds. Lead me thither, my lord."

When the spirit heard her, out of pity for her whom he loved, he was unwilling to go; so he said:

4. "It is seven hundred years ago that you came hither. You will become both decrepit and old there, and all your relatives, by my troth, are dead. What will you do, if you have gone from here to that place?"

She not believing him, spoke again:

5. "Just seven[1] years ago I came hither and have enjoyed heavenly bliss. And I when I have gone once more to the world of men, will perform good deeds. Lead me thither, my lord."

6. Then, without more ado, he took her by the arm, and leading her back as a very tottering and aged woman, he said: "Tell also the other people who have come thither, 'Do good works, then happiness will be secured'."

When that woman came to the abode of her kinsmen, she made herself known unto them. She took the money which they gave back to her, and bestowing gifts upon recluses and brahmans, she advised those who were coming and going to her:

7. "It has been seen by me that petas, through not performing a good deed, come to grief: likewise do human

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[1] *Sic.*

beings. By doing an act yielding happiness, both devas and men (are) a race persisting in happiness.

12

THE STORY OF THE KAṆṆAMUṆḌA PETĪ

While the Teacher was living at Sāvatthī, he told this story. Once upon a time, it is said, in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, there lived in Kimbilā a certain lay disciple, a convert, who was of the same faith with five hundred lay disciples and given to the pursuit of meritorious deeds such as planting of pleasure-groves, building bridges, making paths,[1] and other useful works. He had a monastery built for the church and used to go thither with them from time to time. Their wives, who too were in mutual concord, would go to the monastery with garlands, perfumes, ointments, resting on the way in parks and hostels. Then one day, some rogues who were sitting down together in the hostel of a certain lady, while those women were resting there, saw their great beauty and became enamoured. Knowing them to be good, they started a conversation: "Who is able to perform a breach of morality with even one of them?" Thereupon one said, "I am." Saying, "Let us make with him a wager for a thousand (coins)," they made the bet, adding: "If you succeed, we must give you the thousand; if not, you must give them to us." With the desire to win and in fear of losing, he was reciting with many tricks while the women were at the hostel, playing a seven-stringed, sweet-toned lute, and singing love-songs, and he brought a certain woman among them to break the moral law, making those rogues lose the thousand. Beaten by him, they told the affair to her husband, who did not believe it, but asked her: "Are you of such a sort as those men have said?" She denied, saying: "I do not know such a thing." Since he did not trust her, she pointed to a dog which was standing near by, and took an oath: "If such a wicked deed was done by me, may this crop-eared black dog devour me, when I am reborn here or there!" Moreover, when the other women,

[1] *Sankamana.*

who knew she had transgressed, were questioned: "Did this woman do such a wicked act, or did she not do it?" they falsely swore: "If we know, may we become her slaves in this or that rebirth."

Then that adulteress, consumed by remorse for her sin, wasted away and died. She was reborn as a mansion petī on the shore of Lake Kaṇṇamuṇḍa, one of the seven great lakes in the Himâlaya, king of mountains. Furthermore, there came into being on all sides of the mansion a lotus-pond suitable for enjoyment. When the other women died, in consequence of the oath they had taken, they became her slaves. In that place, on account of the good deeds performed in her previous existence, she enjoyed heavenly bliss during the daytime, but at midnight, urged on by the force of her evil deeds, she arose from her bed and went to the bank of the lotus-pond, being there devoured by a great dog. Thereafter she immediately reappeared with her former beauty, and having mounted to her mansion, lay down upon her couch. The other women, however, endured with difficulty their continual serfdom to her. Thus five hundred and fifty years passed by, and since they were enjoying deva-bliss without their husbands, they began to long for them.

Now there was at that place a river which issued from Lake Kaṇṇamuṇḍa and through a cleft in the mountain flowed into the Ganges. Near it was a park with mango trees that bore deva fruit, with bread-fruit trees, and others. Thus they thought: "Come now! we will throw these mangoes into the river; thus, indeed, having seen the fruit floating down, some man or other may come hither to get the mangoes. Then we shall enjoy ourselves with them." They did so. Now as regards the mangoes cast adrift, ascetics got some; foresters, others; and others stuck to the bank. One, however, reached the stream of the Ganges and in the course of time got as far as Benares.

At that time, the king of Benares was bathing in the Ganges in water surrounded by a copper net. Then that mango which had been carried down came that way and was caught in the copper net. When the king's bodyguard found the large deva-mango excellent in colour, smell, and taste, they

brought it to him. As an experiment, the king took a piece of it and gave it to a notorious robber who had been placed in jail. When he had eaten it, he said: "Your majesty, I have never before eaten such a mango; methinks this is a deva-mango." The king gave him another slice. After he had eaten that, his wrinkled skin and grey hair left him; he became very handsome and, as it were, restored to youth. When the king saw that, he was full of wonder, ate of the mango and also received splendour in his body, He asked: "Where are such mangoes found?" His men replied: "It is said, your majesty, in the Himâlaya, king of mountains." "Is it possible to procure them?" "Your majesty, the foresters know that." The king sent for the foresters, gave to a poor forester a thousand coins, and sent him away, saying: "Go, quickly bring me the mango fruit." That one then went up the Ganges to Lake Kaṇṇamuṇḍa. When he had gone beyond the road of men, he saw in succession three ascetics who directed him. The third advised him: "Leave this great Ganges; follow that small river, going up stream until you see a fissure in the mountain. Then you must enter there at night with a firebrand. Since this river does not flow by night, you can travel that way." He did so, and at sunrise he reached a region, where was a very delightful mango grove. Then, when those women, who were without husbands, saw him coming even from afar, they ran up to him, saying: "That man belongs to me, that man belongs to me." Now he had not done the good works which were suitable for enjoying deva-bliss with them in that place. So at the mere sight of them, he was frightened and fled with a shout. Upon reaching Benares, he told the king what had happened.

When the king heard that, there was aroused in him a desire to see those women and to enjoy the mangoes. So he entrusted the kingdom to his privy councillors, and on the pretext of going hunting, he took his bow and quiver and sword, and with a few men, he set out as the forester told him. After a few *yojanas* distant, he left those men and went on with just the forester. Him too, after a while, he sent back; at sunrise he reached the mango grove.

Then, when those women saw him as a young reborn son

of a deva, and went out to meet him they knew that he was a king, and took him up into the mansion. They gave him deva-food and waited on him according to his wishes.

Then, after one hundred and fifty years had passed by, the king rose at midnight, and saw the transgressing petī going to the shore of the lotus-pond. Curious, he followed her. Then he saw that she was devoured by a dog upon her arrival there. For three days he considered, not knowing what to make of it, then he shot the dog with a sharp arrow; having thus deprived it of life and having immersed the woman in the lotus-pond, he thereupon saw her with her former beauty restored.

He then asked her what had happened to her:

1. "Here are staircase landings of gold, resting upon the golden sands; there are beautiful sweet-smelling lilies, a delight to the heart.

2. "Various trees form a canopy over the waters, breezes fragrant with different scents blow over them; the ponds are covered with many pink lotuses and bedecked with the white lotus.

3. "Stirred by the wind, the delightful pools emit a pleasant odour; they resound with the noise of swans and herons; they are resonant with the sound of ruddy geese.

4. "Filled with divers swarms of birds and resounding with a multitude of various songs, the trees yield divers kinds of fruit, the forests produce manifold flowers.

5. "Such a city as this is not found among men. You have many palaces built of gold and silver.

6. "Brightly gleaming, the four regions all are radiant. You have these five hundred maidservants that wait upon you.

7. "They are wearing armlets of shells and are adorned with golden garments. You have many beds made of gold and silver.

8. "They are overspread with the skins of Kadalī antelopes; they are all ready and are covered with woollen blankets. When you lie down upon them, you are richly endowed with all pleasure.

9. "Yet when midnight has arrived, you get up and go out; when you have come to the pleasure garden on all sides of the lotus-pond,

10. "Upon its bank you stand, fair one, upon the green turf; Then a dog, with cropped ears,[1] devours you, limb after limb.

11. "When you are devoured and made a chain of bones, you plunge into the lotus-pool, where your body becomes just as before.

12. "Then with a complete body, very handsome, beautiful to behold, arrayed in your clothes, you come into my presence.

13. "Now what wicked deed was committed by body, speech, and mind? As a punishment of what sin does the crop-eared dog devour your body, one part after the other?"

When she was thus asked by the king, the petī told him her story:

14. "In Kimbilā was a householder, a pious layman; his wife was I, a wicked adulteress.

15. "Since I was unchaste, my husband thus addressed me: 'It is not fitting or proper that you are unfaithful to me.'

16. "Then I falsely uttered a terrible oath: 'I do not deceive you with my body or in thought.

17. "But if I trespass with my person or my mind, then may that crop-eared dog devour me, limb after limb.'

18. "The penalty for both that deed and the falsehood I have been enduring for seven hundred years; ever since that time the crop-eared dog has been devouring me, limb after limb."

Thus she spoke; then in two stanzas she praised the favour he had done her:

19. "Lord, you are very powerful; for my sake you have come hither. Released from the crop-eared one, I am free from sorrow and without fear from any source.

20. "Lord, I honour you and beseech you saluting; take advantage of non-human pleasures; lord, with me enjoy yourself."

Thereupon the king, tired of living there, made known his intention of leaving and spoke the final stanza:

21. "I have partaken of deva-delights and had my joy with you. Now, fair one, I pray you, quickly take me back."

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[1] *Kaṇṇamuṇḍo*, "with cropped or clipped ears," a word play upon *Kaṇṇamuṇḍa*, the lake. In the prose frame-story, *chinnakaṇṇo* is used in this sense.

Then that mansion-petī, having heard the words of the king, was unable to endure a separation. She was perplexed in her heart with grief and sorrow, and her body was trembling. Even though she appealed to him with various means, she was not able to induce him to remain there. She brought the king with many costly gems to his city and took him up to his palace. Then with weeping and lamentation, she returned straightway to her own abode. Now, when the king saw that, he was greatly moved, and having performed meritorious works in gifts and other ways, he became destined for heaven.

Then, when our Blessed One had been born in the world, and came in the course of time to dwell in Sāvatthī, the venerable Mahāmogallāna one day on his wanderings in the mountains saw that lady with her retinue and asked her what deed she had committed. She told him all and he told the incident to the Blessed One.

13

THE STORY OF UBBARĪ

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī the husband of a lay-disciple died. She went in her grief to the cemetery and wept. When the Blessed One saw that she had attained the conditions for the fruit of conversion, moved by pity, he went to her house and asked why she was grieving? "Indeed, Blessed One, I mourn because of separation from one dear to me." Then the Blessed One told a story.

Once upon a time, in the Pañcāla country, in the city of Kapila, there was a king whose name was Cūlani[1] Brahmadatta, given to deeds beneficial to his people, without disturbing the ten norms of kingship. Once upon a time wishing to hear what they were saying in his domain, he assumed the disguise of a tailor, and without any attendant, left the city. As he travelled from village to village and from district to district, he found the whole land without thieves and without oppression, the people on friendly terms and dwelling, methinks, with their houses open. With fresh joy he set out on his

[1] Pron. Chū'lani (also, above, Pañchāla).

return, and in a certain town entered the house of a poor widow. When she saw him, she said: "Now, who are you, sir? Whence are you come hither?" He replied: "My good woman, I am a tailor; I am going around, doing needle-work for a wage. If you have any sewing, give me both clothes and headtire, and I will make for you." She then said: "We have no work to be done in either clothes or headtire. Do it for others, sir." While he was abiding there for a few days, he saw her daughter, who was endowed with the mark of future good fortune and merit, and he said to the mother: "If she is not married to any one, give her to me. I am able to make a living for you with comfort." She gave him the girl. Having remained with her for a few days, he gave her a thousand *kahāpaṇas* and said: "I shall return within just a few days. My dear, do not fret."[1] Thereupon he went to his own city. Having had constructed and adorned a level road between the city and that village, he went there with great pomp. After he had settled a large sum of money upon the girl and had her bathed in vessels of gold and silver, he had her named *Ubbarī* and made her queen-consort. He gave the village to her relatives and then took her to the city with great pomp. Living happily with her, he enjoyed a successful reign and passed away.

Ubbarī's grief thereupon is thus told by the redactors[2]:

1. There was a king, Brahmadatta, lord of the charioteers of the Pañcālas; then after the lapse of some days and nights, the sovereign fulfilled his time.

2. Ubbarī, his wife, went to his funeral pyre and lamented. Although she did not see Brahmadatta, she lamented, "O Brahmadatta!"

3. A Rishi arrived there, a holy man accomplished in righteous conduct, and on that occasion he asked those who had duly assembled there:

4. "Whose funeral pyre is this over which are wafted various aromas? Whose wife is this that mourns for her husband who is gone far away from here? Although she does not see Brahmadatta, she wails, 'O Brahmadatta!'"

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[1] Read *mā ukkaṇṭhi*, see *P.-E. Dictionary*, *s. v.*, *ukkaṇṭhati* and *s. v. khuṇḍali*.

[2] Cf. *Ubbirī*, in Therīgāthā, No. 33. It is possible that we have here the same story, the name slightly altered.—ED.

5. And they who were there thereon explained: "Venerable sir, she is the wife of Brahmadatta; good fortune to you and to Brahmadatta!

6. "This is his funeral pyre over which are wafted various aromas; this is his wife who is mourning for her spouse gone far from here. Although she does not see Brahmadatta, she laments, 'O Brahmadatta.'"

The ascetic to Ubbarī:

7. "Eighty-six thousand men bearing the name Brahmadatta have been burnt in this cemetery; for which one of these are you in sorrow?"

Ubbarī:

8. "Reverend sir, I mourn for him who was the king, the son of Cūlani, the lord of the charioteers of the Pañcālas, my husband who granted me every wish."

The ascetic:

9. "Verily all who bore the name of Brahmadatta were kings; all forsooth were the sons of Cūlani, the chiefs of the charioteers of the Pañcālas.

10. "For all in successive order you were the queen-consort. Why do you neglect your former husbands and bewail only the last one?"

Ubbarī:

11. "Myself so long being woman, sir, is it of my womanhood in the course of things that you say so much?"[1]

The ascetic:

12. "You were a woman, you have been a man, as a beast also you were born. Thus this does not appear as limit to what has been."

Ubbarī:

13. "Verily me, glowing, being like a fire over which ghee had been poured, you sprinkled, as it were, with water. Now I put an end to all my suffering.

14. "Verily you drew[2] from me the dart that grief rooted

[1] Read *abbūllha*. Cf. P. V. I, 8, 6; also cf. Vimāna-Vatthu, VII, 9, 9, where we find *abbullhi*.

[2] MSS. give here an alternative rendering: *ātume*, loc. of the unusual form where the *m* of the Vedic *ātmā* is retained, in place of the usual *attani*. "Or," so Comy., "*āhu me* (you have told me) is the Pāli." But with *bhāsasi* in the text, the *āhu* is superfluous. Explanation in Comy. is that she asks, "is woman always woman, or is she also reborn as man?" P.T.S. *Dictionary* errs in calling *ātumo* only a poetic form. See Anguttara i, 184, etc.—Ed.

in my heart, you who dispelled from me, overcome with sorrow, the mourning for my husband.

15. "'Tis I now am dart-drawn, am become cool. I do not mourn, I do not weep, having heard you, great seer."

In portraying Ubbarī's attainment, the Teacher spoke four stanzas:

16. "When she had heard these words of his, the admirable utterance of the recluse, she taking bowl and robe, went forth into the homeless state.

17. "And she, leaving house and home and going forth into the houseless state, cultivated a mind of amity in order to be reborn in Brahmā's world.

18. "She wandered from village to village, to towns and royal cities; Uruvelā is the name of the village where she ended her days.

19. "After she had cultivated heart of amity for the sake of being reborn in Brahmā's world and had put away the thoughts of a woman, she became a denizen of the world of the Brahmās."

BOOK III

1

THE STORY OF NOT SINKING (IN THE WATER)

While the Teacher was dwelling at Veluvana, he told this story.

West of Benares, beyond the Ganges as you pass Vāsabhagāma, in a village called Cundaṭṭhilā,[1] there lived a hunter. He killed deer in the forest, cooked the best meat on the embers, ate of it and what was left he bound in a basket of leaves which he carried on a pole to the village. When the children saw him at the town-gate, they stretched out their hands and ran up to him, crying, "Give me meat, give me meat!" So he would give to each one of them a little piece of meat. One day he took only flowers and gave each child a cluster. Dying, he was reborn a peta. Hungry, thirsty, he walked unsinking up the Ganges seeking his native village and kin. King Bimbisāra's chief minister, after subduing a rebellion, was going back by boat down the river, and he saw the peta going along and asked him:

1. "Without sinking in the water, you walk here upon the Ganges; you are naked; yet, as though free from your former lot, you bearing garlands are adorned. Whither will you be going, peta? Where will be your dwelling?"

Now what was then spoken by the peta and Koliya is narrated in the following stanzas by the redactors:

2. The peta said: "I will go to Cundaṭṭhilā twixt here and Vāsabhagāma, near Benares."

3. And when the minister renowned under the name of Koliya had seen him, he gave the peta barley meal and boiled rice and a suit.

4. Then he stopped his boat and caused a fee to be given to a barber; the barber feed, the result in the peta was seen.

5. Thereupon clad in fine garments bearing garlands and adorned, the peta stood there, gifts wrought upon him at

[1] Pron. Choondat'tilā.

once; for this reason one should again and again bestow gifts out of sympathy for the petas.

So Koliya, the minister felt sorry for the peta and gave him a gift in this prescribed fashion. He continued downstream and arrived at Benares at sunrise. The Blessed One, who had come through the air to welcome them, stood on the bank. Koliya, pleased and delighted, invited the Blessed One to dine with him. The Blessed One in silence accepted the invitation. With a serene mind Koliya entertained the Buddha and the monks. Then, a crowd being assembled, the Blessed One out of compassion made certain petas appear to them and tell how they came to be thus. This the redactors set forth:

6. Some dressed in ragged strips of cloth, others covered with their hair, the petas go in quest of food and roam from region to region.

7. Some set out for a far country and having naught received, return hungry, fainting, staggering, and sinking to the earth.

8. Some fell down there prone on the earth. They had not done meritorious deeds of yore; they were as though consumed by fire in summer, saying:

9. "Of yore we were wicked wives and mothers of households. We did not provide a refuge for ourselves in the bestowal of given things.

10. "Yea, much food and drink were even thrown away, and we gave naught to the assembled world-forsakers.

11. "While we, willing wicked deeds, lazy, wilful, and eating much, bestowed bits and morsels, we abused the takers.

12. "Those houses and those hand-maidens, even those ornaments of ours are now at the service of others; our portion is trouble.

13. "The basket-makers are a reproach, and the carriage-makers are perfidious; the *chaṇḍāla* women become beggars and the bathers too again and again.

14. "Among such base and wretched families are they born. Such is the destiny of the niggardly.

15. "They who of yore wrought good deeds, were givers, open-handed, shall fill the bright world and light up Nandana Grove.

16. "Rejoicing and delighting in pleasures, they shall possess[1] palaces; passing thence they are born in high and wealthy families.

17. "In a building with pinnacles, even in a palace, upon a couch overlaid with a woollen coverlet,[2] they who had subdued their bodies are born in a good family with all the comforts of life; each one has in his hand a peacock-fan.

18. "From place to place they go, bearing garlands and adorned; attendants stand by seeking (for them) pleasure both evening and morning.

19. "This sorrowless and charming Nandana Grove, this great forest of the Thrice-Ten belongs not to those who wrought not merit; only to those who wrought merit.

20. "For those who have not wrought merit, there is happiness neither here nor beyond; but for those who have so wrought comes happiness both here and beyond.

21. "Much good must be accomplished by those desiring companionship; for they who have wrought merit rejoice in heaven, blest with wealth.

2

THE STORY OF SĀNUVĀSIN

While the Teacher was living in Bamboo Wood, he told this story.

Once upon a time at Benares the son of king Kitava, while returning from his enjoyment in the park, saw a lone Buddha, Sunetta by name, who was coming forth on his alms-round, and insulted him with rude words. Hardly had he passed on when he felt an intense burning of his body like the heat of hell fire. Of this he died and was reborn in the great hell Avīchi. Thereafter he died and was reborn as peta, and thereafter was, in this Buddha-period, reborn in a fishermen's village near Kuṇḍi-town. Mindful of former lives he would not go with others a-fishing and threw back the fish they brought in. His kin expelled him from home, but one brother

[1] *Vejayante*; read *vedayanti*, S_1, S_2.
[2] *Goṇasaṇṭhite*; read *goṇākātthate*, M, C, D, B; cf. *Goṇasaṇṭhata*, P.T.S. *Dictionary*, *s. v. Goṇa*[2].

held him in affection. The elder Ānanda induced him to become a monk; later as arahan he dwelt with twelve monks on Mount Sānuvāsin. But his kinsmen were reborn as petas. Now his father and mother feeling ashamed at the idea, "In a previous life we cast him out of the house," did not approach him, but sent his brother who had cherished an affection for him. When this man had entered the village of the elder for alms, he knelt on the earth with his right knee, made himself manifest with a respectful salutation, and spoke the stanzas, "Reverend sir, your mother and father, etc." But the five first stanzas were so placed by the redactors to make clear the connexion.

1. There was an elder of Kuṇḍinagara, dwelling on Sānuvāsin; a recluse with developed faculties, Poṭṭhapāda by name.

2. His mother, father, and brother became miserable denizens of Yama's world. Doing evil deeds, they went hence to peta-world.

3. They in evil bourn, their bones like needles, weary, naked, and emaciated, alarmed and in great fear—they did not appear ruthless.

4. His brother came hastily, nude, alone on a solitary way, on all fours like a waterpot he showed himself to the elder.

5. Now the venerable man, unheeding silently departed; but the other made him know, addressed the elder: "I am your brother gone to the petas."

6. "Reverend sir, your mother and father are miserable denizens of Yama's world. Doing wicked deeds, they went hence to peta-world.

7. "They are in evil bourn . . . (*as in* 3).

8. "Be merciful and compassionate; give a gift and ascribe to us the credit. By your gift which is bestowed the ruthless ones will maintain themselves."

9. When the elder and twelve other monks had gone their rounds for alms, they assembled at the same place for the sake of serving a meal.

10. The elder addressed them all: "Give me whatever you have received. I will make a dinner for the Order out of compassion for my kinsmen."

11. They committed it to his care: the elder invited the company; as the elder served the meal, he ascribed the virtue of the gift to his mother, father and brother, saying: "Let this be for my kinsmen; let my relatives be blessed."

12. Immediately after this transfer of merit was made, food was produced, clean, savoury, well prepared, richly supplied with flavours and condiments. Then declared his brother who had become handsome, strong, and happy:

13. "There is abundant food, reverend sir, but look, we are nude. Sir, exert desire that we may obtain raiment."

14. After the elder had picked up some shreds of cloth from a rubbish heap, he converted the rags into garments and gave them to the church of the four regions.

15. As he gave his offering, the venerable monk transferred the virtue of the gift to his mother, father, and brother, saying: "Let this be for my kinsmen; let my relatives be blessed."

16. Immediately after this transfer of merit, raiment was produced; then, dressed in fine raiment, he showed himself to the elder with the words:

17. "As many coverings as there are in the kingdom of Nandarāja, reverend sir, we have more than that number of garments and cloaks.

18. "They are of silk and of wool, of flax and of cotton; many and precious are they; and they are hanging in the sky.

19. "Now we wear whichever to our mind is dear. Lord, exert desire that we may obtain a house."

20. The elder built a hut of leaves and presented it to the church of the four regions. As he made his gifts . . . (*as in* 14, 15).

21. No sooner was made this transfer of merit, than houses were produced. There were buildings with upper storeys and homes which were portioned off and well laid out.

Peta:

22. "Among men there are no such dwellings as we have here. Whatever dwellings are found even among devas such have we here.

23. "Blazing brightly, on all sides the four regions are shining; lord, exert desire that we may obtain a drink of water."

24. Then the sage filled a waterpot and gave it to the church of the four regions. As he made his gift . . . (*as in* 20)

25. Immediately after this transfer of merit was made, drinking water was produced; there were four deep well-laid-out [1] lotus-ponds.

26. They had clear waters well banked; cold and little scented; they were covered with the red and the blue lotus and full of the filaments of the water-lily.

27. Then after they had bathed and drunk, they reappeared to the elder, saying: "Reverend sir, we have abundant water, but our feet are painfully chapped.

28. "As we roam about, we limp upon the gravel, on thorny herbs. Lord, exert desire that we may obtain a vehicle."

29. The elder took a shoe and presented it to the church of the four regions. As he gave it . . . (*as in* 24).

30. No sooner was made this transfer of merit, than the petas approached in a chariot, saying: "Your reverence, out of compassion we were furnished with food and clothes.

31. "With a house and with both drinking water and a vehicle as gifts. Lord, we come to pay homage to you, the compassionate one among the seers in the world."

The elder told this incident to the Blessed One, who in teaching made this story his theme.

3

THE STORY OF RATHAKĀRA

While the Teacher was dwelling at Sāvatthī, he told this story concerning a certain petī.

Long ago in the time of the blessed Kassapa, a certain woman, abounding in the practice of righteous deeds, and giving a beautiful dwelling over into the possession of the company of monks died, and on account of another act which was wicked, was reborn as a mansion-petī on Himavant, the king of mountains, near lake Rathakāra. By virtue of her good deed there was produced for her a superb mansion, consisting entirely of jewels, on all sides very pleasing, charm-

[1] Read *sunimmitā* with B; cf. II, 1, 19.

ing, and delightful, having a lotus-pond, resembling the Nandana grove, and adorned, she herself being gold-coloured, handsome, attractive and amiable. There, without men, she dwelt, but there arose in her desire for men's company. And she cast some mangoes into the river, thinking. "This is a stratagem." All is to be understood as in the story of Kaṇṇamuṇḍa (II, 12). In this case, a certain young man who lived in Benares saw on the banks[1] of the Ganges a fruit of the mango and wished to know its origin. So going in due course he came in the pursuit of his object to her dwelling place. She welcomed him to her abode, and when he had seen the magnificence of it, he asked her questions:

1. "You have ascended into a brilliant and shining mansion that has pillars of cat's-eye gems and is variegated in manifold ways. There you remain, very powerful devī, like the full moon in its course.

2. "Like unto gold is your complexion; you have a splendid appearance and are a wondrous sight. Seated on matchless couch, you are alone not for you is there husband.

3. "You have on all sides also these lotus-ponds with their abundant flowers and many white blossoms, at bottom and on bank covered with golden sands, where is found no mud nor marsh.

4. "Beautiful swans also, a delight to my heart, move ever around on the water. When flocking they utter pleasing notes; they have full voices like the sound of drums.

5. "Refulgent and splendid in comeliness, reclining in a boat, brightly in your curved eyelashes, in your laughter, your agreeable speech, and elegance of every limb you shine.

6. "This mansion, free from dust, having pleasure gardens, and embodying increase of happiness and joy, is standing upon level ground. O lady of unexcelled excellence, with you I would enjoy myself here in gladness."[2]

She in reply spoke this stanza:

7. "Perform a deed which will bear fruit here, and let your mind be centred on this place. By achieving works whose results are to be felt here, in that way you shall obtain me who love pleasure."

[1] Read *Gangāyattresu*, B for *Gangāyaṃ tesu*.
[2] *Nandane*, play on Nandana, name of a garden in Indra's heaven.

When the young man had heard the words of the petī, he returned to the haunts of men. There he reflected, and as a result of that, performed meritorious works. Ere long he died and was reborn there (near her).

In narrating his companionship with the petī, the redactors wrote the final stanza:

8. Saying, "So be it!" he wrought acts the result of which was to be felt over there. After he had done the acts which were to bear fruit in that place. the youth was reborn into companionship with her.

4

THE STORY OF THE CHAFF

While the Teacher was dwelling at Sāvatthī, he told this story concerning four petas.

In a certain village not very far from Sāvatthī, a fraudulent merchant made his living with false measures and other dishonest methods, adulterating rice. His son and son's wife and his own wife were also evil as the verses tell. Reborn as petas in the Vindhya forest, their sufferings are here told.

Now the venerable Mahāmoggallāna, on a journey through the mountains, one day reached that place saw them, and asked what deed had been committed by them:

1. "One partakes of chaff, another of rice, and this woman of the blood of her own flesh, while you eat filthy disgusting dung. Of what is this the result?"

In answer to the Elder's question, the wife of the fraudulent merchant thus explained the deeds that were committed by them all:

2. "This one in the past injured his mother, but that man was a dishonest trader. This woman ate meat and deceived with a lying word.

3. "I, when in human form among men, was a housewife, mistress of a whole family. From the righteous men I hid (my belongings) nor ever gave aught thereof. With a lie I made concealment, saying, 'There's none of this in my house; if I hide what's there, may dung be my food.'

4. "In consequence both of this act and of my lying word, my meal of sweet-smelling rice turns into dung.

5. "Deeds are not barren; for an action perishes not. I both eat and drink excrement putrid with worms."

When the elder had heard the speech of this petī, he narrated the news to the Blessed One, who made this matter his theme.

5

THE STORY OF THE BOY

At Sāvatthī many lay-followers becoming Dhamma-clubmen[1] built in the town a great pavilion, and there entertained the Teacher, and monks. One man protested at all that was given to "shavelings." His mother apologized to the Blessed One and for a week supplied rice-gruel. Her son died shortly afterwards and was reborn as the offspring of a courtesan. When she knew it was a boy she had him exposed in a graveyard. There he, guarded only by the strength of his own merit and unmolested, slept happily as upon his mother's lap. They say that deva-beings took care of him. Then when the Blessed One, filled with great pity, rose at dawn and with his Buddha-eye surveyed the world, he saw the boy and went to the graveyard. Many gathered together, saying: "The Teacher has come hither; it must be for some reason in such a place." And they asked him: "Reverend sir, what deed was committed by this child in a former life?" The Buddha told them.

Then a householder of great wealth adopted the boy saying, "In the very presence of the Blessed One this is my son!" The Blessed One went to the monastery with the words: "This boy has been taken in charge by such a rich man and is made a help to many people."

After this man's death the boy, inheriting his wealth took pleasure in pious charities and other good deeds.

This matter the redactors show in the six following stanzas:

1. Of a wonderful nature is the Buddha's knowledge, as we note how the Teacher made prediction about a person;

[1] *Dhamma-gaṇā.*

though some have wide merit, others verily have limited merit.

2. This boy, abandoned in a burial place, passed the night in sucking his thumb; neither spirits nor reptiles would injure the boy of past merit; dogs licked his feet; crows and jackals made their rounds about him.

3. Flocks of birds removed childbirth impurities, but the crows cleansed his eyes. No one provided ward for him or gave him medicine or mustard fumes.

4. They did not learn even the moon's conjunction with the lunar mansion; nor (to bring luck) did they scatter all the grains over one who had fallen into utter misery, brought at night and cast into the charnel-field.

5. He who is worshipped by devas and by men saw him quaking like a lump of fresh butter, in a precarious state, with some life remaining. And when the One of great wisdom had seen him, he declared: "This boy because of wealth will become of a foremost family in this city."

Pious laymen:

6. Whose is the vow? Now what is the religious life? Why does this good deed have this result, that since such disaster has befallen him, he should come to enjoy such potency?

Now the way in which the Blessed One declared when asked by those lay disciples, is made clear by the redactors:

7. The people did great honour to the company of the monks with the Buddha at their head. On that occasion this one had a different opinion; he uttered a harsh and discourteous expression.

8. Since he had dispelled this thought and afterwards obtained joy and peace of mind, for a week he supported with rice-gruel Tathāgatha who was dwelling at Jetavana.

9. His was the vow; his, moreover, is this religious life. That good deed has this result, that when such disaster has befallen him, he should come to enjoy such potency.

10. He, abiding here in this world for a century and provided with all pleasures, at the dissolution of his body, reborn goes to companionship with Vāsavā.[1]

[1] Sakka governor of devas.

6

THE STORY OF SERINĪ

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

It is said that in the Kuru country, in Hatthinipura there was a harlot called Serinī. She, when the townsfolk welcomed the monks coming on mission, and urged her, "Come, thank them with a gift," refused, saying: "Why should I give this gift to the shaveling recluses? Why should I give up something for him who is of no account?"

When she died she was reborn as a petī behind the moat of a frontier fortress. Then a certain lay disciple of Hatthinipura, went to this fortified town in order to trade, and at dawn crossed the moat to transact his business, saw her and asked her in a stanza:

1. "Naked . . . (*as in* II, 1, 1)."

She in turn said:

2. "I, venerable sir, . . . (*as in* II, 1, 2)."

Then he in a stanza asked:

3. "Now what evil deed . . . (*as in* II, 1, 3) . . . to the petas?"

She replied in six stanzas:

4. "I was hanging about the public bathing places for half a month. Although giving is a duty, I did not provide for myself a refuge.

5. "In my thirst I approach the river; it becomes empty. During the hot hours I go into the shade; it becomes hot.

6. "And a consuming wind, fiery-hot, blows over me. Reverend sir, I deserve further affliction than this.

7. "Go to Hatthinipura and tell my mother: 'I saw your daughter, an unfortunate denizen of Yama's world. Since she committed an evil deed, she went from here to the peta-world.' . .

8. "Now I have possessions to the amount of four hundred thousand which, without telling anyone, I deposited under my couch.

9. "Then let her give a gift in my name and may she have long life; and when my mother presents a donation for

me, may she ascribe the present to me. Then I shall be happy, blessed in all my desires."

While the petī told this story, he paid attention to her speech, and thereafter when he had finished his business, went and told the affair to her mother. The redactors record this in these verses:

10. He assented with the words, "So be it," and went to Hatthinipura, saying: "I have seen your daughter, a wretched denizen of Yama's world. Since she committed a wicked deed, she went from here to the peta-world.

11. "On that occasion she advised me—'Kindly tell my mother: I have seen your daughter, a wretched denizen of Yama's world. Since she committed an evil deed, she went from here to the world of the petas.

12. "'Now I have possessions . . . (*as in* 8).

13. "'Then let her give . . .'" (*as in* 9)

14. Acccordingly she then presented the gift and ascribed to her the donation; and the petī was happy and of beautiful bodily appearance.

When her mother heard this, she gave a gift to the company of monks as desired, ascribing it to her.

7

THE STORY OF THE DEERHUNTER

While the Blessed One was living at the Bamboo Grove he told this story.

At Rājagaha a certain hunter made his livelihood by shooting and killing deer night and day. He had, however, a lay disciple as his friend, whose counsels he followed in part, hence being reborn as mansion-peta. The venerable elder Nārada saw him and asked him in this stanza:

1. "You are a young attended by men and women; at night you shine with sensuous pleasures; by day for some cause you suffer. What did you do in former life?"

The peta explained what he had done:

2. "Of yore in beautiful Rājagaha, in delightful Giribbaja, I was a deer hunter, a ruthless man of bloody hands.

3. "Among harmless creatures I with a wicked mind

walked about, very ruthless, ever finding delight in slaying others unrestrained.

4. "I, though of such a nature, had a friendly companion, a pious layman of the faith; and he, having compassion on me, restrained me again and again, saying:

5. "'Do no evil deed lest, my friend, you come to woeful plight. If you desire happiness after death, delight no more in uncontrolled taking of life.'

6. "Although I heard the advice of this man who desired happiness and had compassion on my weal, I did not obey his teaching wholly, since for a long time I had found delight in wickedness and had no insight.

7. "Again this very wise man out of compassion set me up in self-restraint with the words: 'If you slay animals during the day, then at night let restraint arise in you!'

8. "So I killed the animals by daytime and with self-control abstained at nights. Now I walk around by night; but during the day I am consumed in misery.

9. "For that good action I enjoy a non-human night during the daytime the dogs that had just been driven back, run up on all sides to devour me.

10. "Those who are ever devoted to, always attached to, the teaching of the Well-Farer, they, methinks, will attain even unto complete deathlessness, the state transcendent"

8

A SECOND STORY OF A HUNTSMAN

While the Blessed One was living at Veluvana, he told also this other story.

At Rājagaha, they say, a certain youthful huntsman, though rich, renounced the pleasures of wealth and went about night and day killing deer. He also, following the advice of an elder, at the entreaty of a lay friend, gave up night-hunting with similar result in the hereafter.

In the following stanzas the elder, Nārada, asked him:

1. "In a terraced building, a mansion, upon a couch overlaid with a woollen coverlet, with five kinds of musical instruments, you find delight in that which gives good music.

2. "Then at daybreak toward sunrise, expelled to a graveyard you undergo much pain.

3. "Now what evil act was committed by body, speech, or mind? For what deed do you undergo this suffering?"

Then the peta told him the following story:

4. "In beautiful Rājagaha, in delightful Giribbaja, formerly I was a huntsman; a sportsman was I, unrestrained.

5. "I, though of such a nature, had a friendly companion, a pious layman of the faith; frequenting his family was a monk, a disciple of Gotama. And he, having compassion on me, restrained me again and again, saying:

6. "'Do not perform an evil deed . . . *verses* 6-11 *as in the previous story* 5-10)'."

9

THE STORY OF THE FRAUDULENT DECISIONS

While the Teacher was living at Veluvana, he told this peta story of the fraudulent decisions.

At that time king Bimbisāra kept the feast on six days of the month. Many people imitated him and commemorated the feast. The king asked the men who came from time to time into his presence, "Well now, is the feast day observed or not observed by you?" Then a certain man who had been appointed to a magistracy, a slanderous and dishonest individual, who received bribes and was brutal, but who was afraid to state, "I am not a feast-keeper," said, "Sire, I am a feast-keeper." Then a companion addressed him, when he had gone from the royal presence; "Friend, what was kept by you to-day?" He replied: "Friend, out of fear I said that when face to face with the king; I am no feast-keeper." Then his comrade said to him: "If it be merely a half-feast, let that be so to you to-day; take the feast-vows." He assented, went homeward, washed his face and devoted himself to the feast. During the night when he reached his dwelling, his span of life was cut short by a stake blown down from his poor abode through a high wind.

Forthwith after death he was reborn in the hollow of a mountain as a mansion-peta. For he, although he observed a half-feast during one night only, obtained his reward, re-

ceiving a suite of ten thousand maidens and enjoying deva-attainment; but as a result of fraudulent decisions and in consequence of his lie, with his own hands he himself cut off and devoured the flesh of his own back.

The venerable Nārada, on his descent from Vulture's Peak, saw him and addressed him with these four stanzas:

1. "You wear garlands, a tiara, and bangles, and your limbs are rubbed with sandal ointment. You have a serene countenance, and you are radiant, lustrous as the sun.

2. "This non-human retinue appears to me as your attendants; these ten thousand maidens are your servants.

3. "They wear bracelets of shells and are adorned with golden fillets; you are powerful, and your appearance is thrilling.

4. "With your own hand you cut off the flesh of your own back and eat it. Now what wicked act was committed by body, speech, or mind? For what deed do you devour the flesh of your back?"

The peta told his story in these four stanzas:

5. "To my own harm I acted in the world of the living, with slander and lying, with fraud and deception.

6. "There I went into the assembly and when the time came to speak the truth, I repudiated the good, the right and turned to unrighteousness.

7. "So does he who becomes backbiter devour himself, as I to-day feed upon flesh from my own back.

8. "Nārada, you yourself have seen this fact: Compassionate are they who speak appropriate words. Do not slander, do not speak falsely lest you be backbiter indeed."[1]

10

THE STORY OF CONTEMPT FOR RELICS

When the Blessed One passed away at Kusinārā, in the Upavattana grove, in the Sāl wood of the Mallas, between two sāl trees, and after the distribution of the relics had been made, king Ajātasattu took his portion of them, and

[1] Lit.: backflesher. The peta had not slandered before the king, hence the word scarcely fits our 'backbiter.'—Ed.

for seven years, seven months, and seven days rendered him worship. But eighty-six thousand people who, on account of a long-standing unbelief and heresy, had been in error and had perverted their thoughts, even in a wholesome environment, were reborn among the petas. In this same Rājagaha, the wife, daughter and daughter-in-law of a certain opulent householder, with devotion in their hearts, took perfumes, flowers, and other offerings and started to go to the place of the relics, saying, "We will worship the relics." The father of the family disparaged the adoration with words of blame: "What sense is there in the worship of bones?" But they did not mind his talk and went. On their death they were reborn in the deva-world but he was reborn among the petas.

Then one day the venerable Mahākassapa out of compassion stood in the court of the shrine, and questioned with three stanzas the peta who had contemned the relics:

1. "As you stand in the air, you breathe forth a stinking, putrid odour, and worms are devouring your putrid face.

2. "What deed have you committed in the past for which they take their sword and carve you again and again? Do they on that account sprinkle you with lye and cut you up again and again?

3. "Now what wicked deed . . . (*as in* III, 8, 3)."

The peta replied to him as follows:

4. "In beautiful Rājagaha, in delightful Giribbaja, sir, I was lord of very abundant wealth and grain.

5. "Of me the wife, daughter and daughter-in-law were taking blossoms of the *tamāla* tree and of the blue lotus and new ointment to the relic shrine; I hindered them. That wicked deed was committed by me.

6. "There are eighty-six thousand of us; we have each our sufferings. Since I made light of the worship at the shrine, I am grievously tormented in hell.

7. "Verily those who, while the festival of a worthy one is being held for shrine-worship, manifest wickedness, do you dissuade therefrom.

8. "And behold these women approaching, adorned and wearing garlands. They enjoy the reward of their floral offerings. Fortunate and beautiful are they.

9. " When the wise see this marvel, wonderful and thrilling they will worship and adore you, great sage.

10. " Now when I, who am in this misery, have left this state and again am a human being, I shall diligently perform shrine-worship again and again."

Mahākassapa made this incident his text and preached a sermon to the people who were present.

END OF BOOK III

BOOK IV

1

THE STORY OF AMBASAKKHARA

While the Blessed One was living at Jetavana, a Licchavin rajah named Ambasakkhara, heretic and unbeliever, reigned in Vesālī. There also lived an upright merchant who bridged over a swamp with sandalwood planks. His nephew on the other hand, for bringing stolen goods to his uncle's bazaar, was punished by the stake.[1] Of these the verses tell the story. The first verse was inserted by the redactors.

1. There is a city of the Vajjians called Vesālī; there lived Ambasakkhara, the Licchavin. When he saw a peta outside the city he wished to know why, and asked him straightway:

2. "This man has no bed or couch, goes not forward or backward; is without food, drink or clothes; neither has he woman attendant.

3. "Kinsmen and friends of his in the past taking compassion on him are now unable to see him. In sooth he is by them forsaken.

4. "He who is down has no friends; friends desert when they see misery, though while they see prosperity they surround us. He who is up has many friends.

5. "By enjoyment of all his wealth, his substance must be wasted. His body blood-stained and utterly broken, like the clinging dewdrop, to his life comes ending.

6. "To him, thus enduring to the bitter end, terrified at the stake of nimb wood (the king spake:) 'You, Yakkha, after what sort say you Live! 'Tis better to be alive?'"

The peta:

7. "This man (on the stake) was my kinsman; I remember his former life. Seeing him I felt pity for him, lest for his wickedness he should fall into hell.

8. "Hence departing, O Licchavin, this man, doer of

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[1] *Sūle āropeti.* This must have been as lingering an execution as crucifixion. Cf. verses 61f., 87.—Ed.

sinful deeds, will be reborn in hell, crowded and fearful, exceeding hot, severe, frightful.

9. "Even that stake with its divers parts is better than that hell. May he not fall into hell, severe and frightful, utterly woeful, altogether painful!

10. "Now if this man hear what I say, he will be whelmed in sorrow and give up his breath. Hence I say it not before him, lest through me alone come end of life."

The king:

11. "The case of this man have I learnt, but I would ask somewhat else of you. If you grant us leave we will ask you, but let there be no anger towards us.

The peta:

12. "Truly as to that you have my promise. Not to an unbeliever comes the tale. Even though I be unwilling, you may believe my words. Ask as you wish, I will reply as I am able."

The king:

13. "Whatever I shall see with mine eyes, in all that may I have full faith. If even when I have seen I believe not, then, yakkha, you may make it my own doing."

The peta:

14. "Let me have your faithful promise. When you have heard Dhamma, may you win faith, while you seek higher knowledge with uncorrupt mind. Whatever Dhamma has or has not been heard by you, I will declare all as known."

The king:

15. "Upon a decorated white horse you come hither to him who is impaled upon a stake. This is a means of going that is wonderful and worthy to be seen. Of what deed is this the consequence?"

Peta:

16. "In the middle of this city of Vesāli in the path through the swamp there was a hellish spot. One day in a religious mood I took white sandal wood and laid it in that place.

17. "Thereon placing our feet, both we and others went across. This is a conveyance that is wonderful and worthy to be seen. Of that very deed is this the result."

Rājah:

18. "Your countenance illuminates all the regions, and in

all directions your fragrance is wafted. You possess the potency of a yakkha and have great might, but you are naked. Of what is this the result ?"

Peta :

19. "Free from anger and always of a believing mind, I approached the people with gentle words. Of that same deed is this the result ; my deva-countenance is ever bright.

20. "When I noticed the fame and renown of those who were firm in Dhamma, I proclaimed it with devotion in my heart. Of that very deed is this the result ; my deva-perfume is ever continually wafted forth.

21. "While my companions were bathing at the ford, I took their raiment and hid it up the bank. I sought to jest and had no evil thought. Hence am I nude, and my life is miserable."

Rājah :

22. "If any one commits evil in sport, such, they say, is the fruit of his deeds ; but if one does so not in sport what do they say is the result of his acts ?"

Peta :

23. "Whatever men have wicked intent in the mind and are corrupt in word and deed, beyond a doubt at breaking up of body they enter hell.

24. "But others, longing for the bright world, find delight in charity and hold themselves in restraint ; these when body breaks up beyond a doubt enter the bright world."

When the peta had thus briefly analyzed the fruits of action, the Rājah, unbelieving spoke this verse :

25. "Why, pray, should I really believe this to be the result of virtue and of sin ? Or what have I seen that I should sincerely believe ? Or who could make me believe this ?"

Peta :

26. "When you have seen and heard, believe : 'This is the result of virtue and of sin.' If both virtue and sin are non-existent, would it be that men are blessed or distressed ?

27. "And if human beings did not commit virtuous and wicked deeds here in the world of men, then would not people, the high and the low, be blessed or distressed in the world

28. "But because human beings do commit virtuous and wicked deeds in the world of men, for that reason people, the high and the low, are blessed or distressed in the world of men.

29. "Of two sorts now, they say, is the result of deeds; one must understand that of the one who is blessed and that of the one in trouble. The devas enjoy themselves, but the fools, seeing this twofold result, are tormented."

He was asked the question: "But you who thus believe in the fruit of action, why do you undergo such misery?"

30. "There are for me no deeds by others wrought; no one who in bestowing gifts would ascribe them to me: clothes and couch besides food and drink. Therefore I am nude, and my life is miserable."

When the king heard that he desired to obtain clothes and other things, he said:

31. "Now verily there must be some means, yakkha, whereby you may obtain clothes. Tell me of a source; we shall listen to a trustworthy word thereon."

Peta:

32. "There is here a monk by the name of Kappitaka; he is muser and moral, worthy and liberated, sense-controlled, lives restrained by rule, is tranquil, and has attained the highest views.

33. "He is kind in speech, affable, meek and pleasant, and his greeting is sincerely expressed. Peacefully he dwells in the region of virtue and deserves gifts from devas and from men.

34. "He is tranquil and has dispelled the haze of wicked thoughts; he is freed, lust-free, is 'mine-less,' upright; he has no life-substrate nor wish for this and that. He has attained the threefold knowledge brilliantly.

35. "Although they have seen him, he is little known, has few acquaintances; among the Vajjians they call him sage. Yakkhas know him as free from leanings, a man of piety, faring through the world.

36. "If you give him, assigning them to me, a suit or two, and he accept them, me also you will see furnished with garments."

The king:

37. "In what place dwells the recluse that going we may see him now? He is the one who to-day can dispel in me doubt and uncertainty, the puppet-show of heresy."

The peta:

38. "He is seated in Kappinaccanā, surrounded by many devas. He is delivering a pious talk, true to his repute, earnest in open abstinence from anger.

The king:

39. "Now will I go and do thus. I will array the recluse in a suit. This accepted, then you too may be provided with clothes."

The two went thither and the peta said:

40. "I go not untimely to a world-forsaker. For you, Licchavin, this is no proper time. Visit him timely, you will then see him seated alone there."

The following verses were spoken by the redactors:

41. When he had thus spoken the Licchavin surrounded with his servants went to that city, to his home, his own abode.

42. From that time he carried out his householder duties; he bathed and had selected from a basket eight suits and went to deliver them attended by his servants.

43. When he arrived at that place, he saw the recluse of undisturbed thoughts who had returned from his meal, tranquil, sitting at the root of a tree.

44. When he came up to him, he spoke to him asking him about his health and well-being: "I am a Licchavin from Vesālī, if you please, and I am known as Ambasakkhara, the Licchavin.

45. "Accept from me, reverend sir, these eight fine suits; I give them to you. Just for this purpose have I come hither that I might be happy."

Recluse:

46. "Even from afar the recluses and the brahmans avoid your dwelling. In your home the bowls are broken and also the monks' cloaks are rent.

47. "Now others with axe-like kicks make the recluses fall head foremost; such injuries do world-forsakers and recluses meet at your hands.

48. "Not even sesame oil with grass did you give them, nor do you tell the road to him who has lost his way. From a blind man you yourself take a stick. Such a man you are, niggardly and unrestrained.

49. "Now just for what reason and in what form will you make a distribution among us?"

The king:

"Reverend sir, I acknowledge the truth of what you say. I injured recluses and brahmans.

50. "I wished to play a joke and had no evil motive; verily, your reverence, that offence of mine was indeed a sin. Verily he committed wickedness in jest. His happiness is imperfect, and he experiences pain.

51. "He is young and youthful, but he has nakedness as his lot. Now what is worse for him than this?

52. "Reverend sir, I saw him in agitation and in sin; therefore I give a gift. Lord, accept the eight suits and let these presents be assigned to the yakkha."

Recluse:

53. "Surely the gift in many ways is acceptable, and may it have endless virtue for you, the giver. I accept from you the eight suits; may these presents be assigned to the yakkha."

54. Then forsooth the Licchavin sipped water (from his palm) for purification and gave the elder the eight suits. "May they be acceptable! behold the yakkha wearing clothes."

55. Then he saw him anointed with the essence of sandal wood, of good birth and of noble appearance, on thoroughbred mounted, adorned in excellent clothes. He was surrounded (by attendants) and had attained the potency of a yakkha.

56. With joy and gladness, with happy thoughts and beaming face, the king saw him; for he had seen his deed and its great result; he had realized it with his own eyes.

57. He went up to him and said: "I will give a gift to the recluses and the brahmans; in fact I do not have anything which is not to be given away. You, yakkha, have been for me a great helper."

The peta:

58. "And you, Licchavin, have given me gifts which have

not been in vain. I for my part will form a friendship with you, I the non-human with you the human."

The king:

59. "Way, kinsman, refuge, friend have you been to me, yea, deva too. I beseech you with an *añjali* salute yakkha. I desire to see you again."

The peta:

60. "If you become unbelieving, appear miserly, or entertain wrong opinions, and in that same state you are allowed to see me, even though I notice you, I will not talk to you.

61. "If you have respect for Dhamma, find delight in giving, keep yourself restrained, and are a fountain of supply for recluses and brahmans, and if you thus have opportunity of seeing me and I see, I shall greet you kindly.

62. "Quickly free this man from the stake, since through this event we have formed intimate relations. I am thinking of his torment, now that we have here made mutual friendship.

63. "And if this man is quickly released from the stake, he will zealously practise virtuous deeds and be freed from this veritable hell. A deed must be experienced elsewise.

64. "Go to Kappitaka and at the proper time share wealth with him. Before him seated ask him yourself. He will tell you of this matter.

65. "Visit this same monk and ask him—you seek merit nor is your mind debased—he according to his knowledge will explain what has not been heard by folk yea, all of Dhamma will he proclaim. (And thoughtfully he declared the Dhamma of the happy bourn.)

66. When he had conversed there in secret and formed a friendship with the non-human being, he departed to the Licchavins; then he addressed the assembly which was in session:

Rajah:

67. "Sirs, listen to a word from me; choosing the better course I shall obtain my quest. A man of cruel deeds fastened upon a stake, has been well punished, is one who has failed.

68. So far for the space of twenty nights, since he has been fastened, he neither lives nor is dead. Now I will release him. Let the company allow it!"

Assembly:

69. "Both this one and another one quickly release. Who is it may say aught, you acting thus? According to what you know, so do. The company allows your intention."

70. He went up to the place and quickly loosed the man strung to the stake.[1] Then said to him: "Friend, fear not!" and handed him to healers.

71. The Licchavin went into the presence of Kappitaka and in due course shared wealth with him. Before him seated, seeking reasons he asked him thus:

The king:

72. "A man of cruel deeds to stake strung up, has been well punished, is one who has failed. So far, for the space of twenty nights, since he has been fastened, he neither lives nor is dead.

73. "Now I went and released him, reverend sir, at the word of this yakkha. Pray now, might there be some means or other whereby he can escape hell?

74. "Reverend sir, tell me if there be a way; we will listen with trust to you. Is it not possible to erase those deeds, although we do not understand it here?"

Recluse:

75. "If night and day, earnestly and zealously, he would perform good works, he would be freed from that hell; a deed must be experienced elsewhere."

The king:

76. "Learnt is this matter of the man. Now, reverend sir, pity me also. Teach me, admonish me, very wise one, that I may not fare into hell."

Recluse:

77. "Even to-day with pious mind find refuge in the Buddha, Dhamma, and the Church, and similarly take upon yourself the five moral precepts whole and unbroken.

78. "Refrain forthwith from the taking of life; reject in this world what is not given to you; do not indulge in strong drink, nor speak falsely; and be content with your own wife.

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[1] *Sūlāvutaṃ.*

79. "And solemnly undertake this excellent eight-fold good[1] that leads to happy results."

80. "With a serene mind give to the upright the requisites, the robe, alms in the bowl, a resting-place, food and drink, solid food, raiment, and sleeping quarters.

81. "Refresh with food and drink the monks morally eminent, free from passion, learned. Merit grows always.

82. "So practising righteous things earnestly and diligently night and day, you may free yourself even from that hell. A deed must be experienced elsewhere."

The king:

83. "Even to-day with pious mind I find refuge in the Buddha Dhamma and the Church; similarly I take upon myself the five moral precepts whole and unbroken.

84. "I will forthwith refrain from the taking of life; I will reject that which is not given to me in this world; I will not indulge in liquor nor speak falsely; and I will be content with my own wife.

85. "And I solemnly undertake this excellent eight-fold good, leading to happy results.

86. "To the monks morally eminent, free from passion and learned, I give the requisites, the robe, alms in the bowl, a resting-place, food and drink, solid food, raiment and sleeping quarters. Finding delight in the doctrine of the Buddhas, I waver not."

87. Such a man became Ambasakkhara, the Licchavin, layman of Vesālī he, gentle and believing; in performing services, he then zealously supported the monks and the Church.

88. When the man who had been stake-strung was healed; of his own accord he happily left the world and came to the monk Kappitakuttama. Both of them then attained the fruits of the recluse.

89. Of such is the waiting upon men of worth. Rich in reward it is for the good and the wise. He who had been strung to stake attained highest reward while Ambasakkhara's was a lesser fruit.

The venerable Mahakappitaka who had gone to Sāvatthī

[1] Where one would have looked for the way ('eightfold'), the Commy.

to pay homage to the Teacher, reported to him the matter as told to the king by the peta. The Teacher made it the theme of a talk to the many who were present.

2

THE STORY OF SERĪSAKA

(*This is identical with* VII, 10 *in Vimāna-vatthu.*)

3

THE STORY OF NANDAKA

Two hundred years after the passing away of the Teacher king Pingala was reigning in Suraṭṭha[1]). The head of his army was Nandaka, of heretical views. The redactors tell this story about them.

1. Rajah Piṅgalaka, 'tis said, was lord of the people of Surat. He had gone on a service to the Moriyas and again was on his way back to Surat.

2. In the heat of the noonday the king came to a swamp; he beheld a delightful road, haunt of the petas.

3. The king told his driver: "This is a delightful road; peaceful, safe, lucky. Follow this course, charioteer."

4. From this point the king of Surat with his army of four hosts proceeded upon it at the head of the men from Surat.

5. With a flurried look a man thus addressed the ruler of Surat: "We are going on a wrong road; it is frightful, hair-raising.

6. "In front a way is seen, but behind it is not seen. We are travelling on a wrong road near Yama's men.

7. "A non-human odour is blowing; a dreadful noise is heard." Alarmed the rajah of Surat thus spoke to the charioteer.

8. "We are going upon a wrong road; it is frightful and hair-raising. In front a way is seen, but behind it is not seen.

[1] Lit. happy kingdom.

9. "We are travelling on a wrong road near Yama's men. A non-human odour is blowing; a dreadful noise is heard."

10. He mounted upon the back of an elephant; and looking toward the four directions, he saw a banyan with its abundant shade.

11. "The tree resembled a dark blue thunder-cloud in colour, and its top had the hue of mist. The king asked his driver: "What is that big object which we see, like the dark blue thunder-cloud in colour and having a top with the hue of mist?

Charioteer:

12. "Sire, that is a banyan with abundant shade; it is a tree that looks like the dark blue thundercloud in colour, and its top has the hue of mist."

13. The rajah of Surat set out in the direction in which was seen that large tree, which in colour had the likeness of a dark blue thunder-cloud and whose top had the hue of mist.

14. Having descended from the back of the elephant, the king approached the tree, and with his ministers and attendants sat down at the roots of the banyan.

15. He saw a full water-jar and cakes. Then a man who had the appearance of a deva and was bedecked with all kinds of ornaments, came up and thus addressed the rajah:

16. "Welcome! Sire; you have not come far. Lord, drink water, eat cakes, O conqueror!"

17. The king with his ministers and attendants drank water and ate cakes, then the king spoke thus:

18. "Now pray, are you a *deva*, or a *gandharva*, or Sakka Purindada? Not knowing you we ask. How may we know you?"

Peta:

19. "I am not *deva*, nor *gandharva*, surely not Sakka Purindada. I am a peta, sire, who from Surat have hither come.

Rajah:

20. "How were you virtuous, how behaved you in the past in Surat? Through what holy living of yours have you acquired this splendour?"

Peta :

21. " Listen to it, sire, conqueror and extender of the realm, and you too, ministers and attendants of the king, and let the brahman chaplain listen.

22. " I am from Surat, lord ; I was a man of evil intent and held false doctrines. My character was bad ; I was niggardly and given to abuse.

23. " I restrained many who were charitable and doing good, and I barred the way for others who were disposed to give,

24. " (saying :) 'A gift brings no reward. Whence comes the fruit of self-restraint ? There is no teacher at all. Who will chastise him that bestows no gifts ?

25. " ' Among living beings one's weight equals another's. Wherefore do they honour the eldest ? There is neither strength nor energy. Why speak of a man's exertion ?

26. " ' A gift bears no fruit at all ; it does not purge away an enemy. A man acquires what he is to obtain and receives what is tending to come.

27. " ' There is no mother, father, or brother ; there is no world beyond the present. There is no gift ; there is no sacrifice ; nothing well-established exists.

28. " ' Whoever smites a man or cuts off another's head, does not strike any cleft into living beings.[1]

29. " ' Indestructible and indivisible is a living being ; is (either) octagonal or spherical like a ball ; he is five hundred *yojanas* high. Who is able to destroy him ?

30. " ' Just as a ball of string which is thrown down rolls away from him who unwinds it, exactly in the same manner the living man rolls away from those unwinding him.

31. " ' Just as he who leaves one village finds his way into another, even so does the living being enter another body.

32. " ' Just as he who departs from a house goes into another, even so does the living being enter another case.

33. " ' After having passed through the cycle of transmigration for eighty-four hundred thousand great *kalpas*,

[1] These are echoes of the theories ascribed in the Suttas to certain teachers of the Founder's day. See *Dīgha*, 2d Suttanta. I cannot assign the views in the following verses.—Ed.

both the foolish and the wise will make an end of ill. Both happiness and unhappiness are measured by bushels and baskets. He who is victorious understands all.' Other people are dull-witted! such views did I hold.

34. "I was erring, filled with ignorance. I was a heretic, and not virtuous. I was niggardly and abusive. In less than six months I shall die.

35. "Down to the exceedingly severe and terrible hell shall I fall. It is four-cornered and has four doors

36. "It is divided into parts by measure; it is surrounded by an iron fence and is covered on the top with iron.[1]

37. "Its iron floor is glowing with heat. Flashing on all sides for a hundred *yojanas*, it exists for all time A hundred thousand units pass by and straightway a sound is heard. A *lac* has elapsed, sire, of which a hundredth part is a *krore* of years. The people who were heretics and of bad character and abused the righteous are tormented in hell for a hundred thousand *krore* of years. In that place I shall long suffer pain.

38. "Therefore I exceedingly bewail the fruit of evil deeds. Listen to this, sire, conqueror and extender of the realm: I have a daughter, Uttarā—good luck to you, sire!

39. "She performs good works and finds delight in the moral precepts and in the feast days. She is self-restrained, liberal, wise of speech, and unselfish.

40. "She is completely obedient to her instruction and is a daughter-in-law in others' (*sic*) families; she is a lay disciple of the glorious Buddha, the Sakya sage.

41. "A monk, eminent in morals entered the village to ask for alms. His eyes were cast down; he was mindful, door-guarded, and well-restrained. As he was begging from house to house in regular order, he came to her dwelling.

42. "Him did Uttarā see—sire, good luck to you!—she gave him a water-jar and sundry cakes, saying:

43. "'My father has died, reverend sir; may this help him!' No sooner was this beheld than the result was produced.

44. "I am partaking of food and enjoying pleasures like

[1] Cf. *Majjhima*, iii, Sta. 130.

King Vessavaṇa. Hear this, sire, conqueror and extender of the realm:

45. "The Buddha is called highest in the world and among *devas*. Go with your wife and child to the Buddha for refuge, O conqueror.

46. "By the eight-fold way they reach the immortal abode. Go with your wife and child to Dhamma for refuge, O conqueror.

47. "Walking the four ways, standing in the four fruits, this Church is upright and devoted to wisdom and morals.

48. "Go, conqueror, with your wife and children to the Church for refuge. Quickly abstain from killing; reject what is not given to you in the world; be no strong-drinker; do not speak falsely; and be content with your own wife."

Rajah:

49. "You will my welfare, yakkha; you will my good, deva! I do your word; you are my teacher.

50. "I approach for refuge the Buddha and Supreme Dhamma, and I seek refuge in the Church of men and *devas*.

51. "I quickly refrain from taking life; I refuse what is not given to me in the world; no strong-drinker, I speak not falsely; and I am content with my own wife.

52. "I cast away (mouthed) blustering, quickly as 'twere into the river's stream. I vomit wicked doctrine, delighting in the teaching of the Buddhas."

53. Thus spake the rajah of Surat, renouncing his sinful outlook. When he had paid honour to the Blessed One, the eminent monarch ascended his chariot looking east.[1]

4

THE STORY OF REVATĪ

(*This is identical with* v. 2 *of Vimāna vatthu.*)

[1] *Pāmokho.* Comy.: *pacinadisâbhimukho.* Or 'led the way.' Cf. Saṃ*yutta* i, 234.—Ed.

5

THE STORY OF THE SUGAR-CANE

While the Blessed One was at the Bamboo Grove, a certain man carrying sugar-cane chewed a stalk as he went. The verses show what happened.[1]

One day the venerable Mahā-Moggallāna was going for alms to Rājagaha and met a peta, who said:

1. "Here to me a great grove of sugar-cane appears, broad and bearing a plentiful good crop. Yet it does not offer me anything to eat. Tell me, reverend sir, of what is this the result?

2. "I am afflicted and am being devoured; I struggle. I am trying to get something to eat. I am well nigh dead[2]; wretched I lament. Of what deed is this the result?

3. "I am overcome, and I am falling on to the earth. I roll around in the heat like a fish, and as I weep,[3] tears are dripping from me. Tell me, reverend sir, of what is this the result?

4. "I am hungry, thirsty, and exhausted. I am terrified and get no pleasure nor happiness. Of you, good luck to you! asking of this matter. How now might I get some sugar-cane as food?"

Mahāmoggallāna:

5. "Aforetime, when you were a human being in a former life, you did of yourself a deed. Now I tell you of this matter, and when you hear, know it as such.

6. "You were eating sugar-cane as you were walking along, and a man was coming up behind you. He told you that he longed for some, and you replied him never a word.

7. "Although you refused to speak, he begged you and said to you, 'Sir, give me sugar-cane.' Then you gave him some from behind. In consequence of that deed you have this result.

8. "Look here! *You* may take some sugar cane behind you; take it and eat to your heart's content. Through this

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[1] In the Commentary a child is with the man who asks for cane and is the chief petitioner.

[2] Lit. (I have) a cut-self, *-chinn'ātumo*.

[3] Read *rudato* with S_1, S_2.

very act you will become pleased, delighted, joyful, and happy."

9. He went and took it from behind. When he had it in his hands, he ate to his heart's content. By that very means he became pleased, delighted, joyful, and happy.

The peta gathered a bundle of the sugar-cane and gave it to the elder who brought it to the Buddha at Veluvana. The Blessed One together with the monks partook of it and gave thanks. From that time on the peta could eat sugar-cane in comfort. In the course of time he was reborn among the Thrice-Ten.

6

THE STORY OF THE RAJAH'S SONS

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

It is said that the king of Kosala, who lived at Sāvatthī had two amiable sons then in the prime of youth. In their unrestrained youthful passion they committed adultery, and after death were reborn as petas who were being crushed in a trench. During the night they used to lament with a dreadful noise; when the people heard it, they were terrified. Since this was the case, they gave a great donation to the company of monks at whose head was the Buddha, saying, "This ill omen must cease." Then they told the Blessed One what was taking place. He said: "Disciples, you will not have any end of hearing that noise." He told them the cause of it and spoke the following stanzas:

1. "There is a city called Sāvatthī at the slope of the Himâlayas. In that place were two princes, sons of a king; so have I heard.

2. "Wanton in lusts they found delight in the enjoyment of desire. They were greedy for present pleasures; they did not consider the future.

3. "They left their human state and passed from this world to the next. Although unseen, they cry aloud the wickedness which they committed in the past;

4. "Saying: 'Many people forsooth are served with

gifts. We have not been able to provide for ourselves a blessing which brings a warding happiness.

5. " 'What wicked deed then may it have been for which we passed from our royal family and were reborn in the realm of the petas, afflicted with hunger and thirst?'

6. "They who have been lords here, will not be lords over there; men both high and low will wander about tortured with hunger and thirst.

7. "By knowing that this distress had its origin in the wantonness of rulers, a man may renounce the arrogance of lordship and thus become a heaven-goer. After the breaking up of the body the wise man is reborn in the bright world."

Thus the Teacher narrated the fate of these petas, and assigned to them a gift made by these people teaching Dhamma as was his will.[1]

7

THE STORY OF THE RAJAH'S SON

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

In it the son of a rajah named Kitava[2] once upon a time injured a lone buddha. He suffered in hell many thousands of years, and because of that very offence he was reborn among the petas. His story has already been told in detail in the peta narratives of Sānuvāsi. Now the Teacher, as he told an elder the fate of the peta's deceased relatives, said: "Not only your kinsmen forsooth, but you also, on becoming a peta in your next existence after having left this world, will suffer great pain." At the elder's request he told this story.

I. 1. The consequence of deeds committed in the past may disturb the mind as regards sight, sound, taste, smell, and pleasant touch.

2. He had enjoyed dancing, singing, love and sport in no small degree, and after he had ridden around in the royal garden, he entered Giribbaja.

[1] The rare *Ajjhāsaya*. Cf. Mrs. Rhys Davids, *Buddhism*, 2nd ed., pp. 122 f.—Ed.

[2] Cf. III, 2.

3. There he saw the rishi Sunetta who was self-restrained and tranquil; the latter had few wants, was modest, and was pleased with the gleanings that came into his bowl.

4. He dismounted from the back of his elephant and coming to him said, "Reverend sir." Then the prince grasping his bowl held it up.

5. He broke the alms-bowl on the ground, and laughing went away with the words: "I am the son of king Kitava. What will you, monk do to me?"

6. The retribution for this unkind deed was severe, since the prince, 'tis said, was committed to hell.

7. And for six times eighty-four myriads of years he suffered in hell great pain on account of the sin of which he was guilty.

8. He was punished as he in turn was prostrate, lying face downward, and turned on his left or right side. Now with his feet up in the air, then in a standing posture, the fool was tortured for a long time.

9. For many thousands and myriads of years he suffered in hell great pain for the sin he had committed.

10. Verily such a severe penalty is suffered by men who perform evil by laying hands on a pious rishi who is free from sinful blemishes.

11. After he had for many years undergone great affliction in that place he was killed by hunger and thirst, and deceasing he became a peta.

12. Thus having seen the distress caused by the wantonness of a ruler, one should be no wanton ruler but turn to humility.

13. Even in the present life, he who is respectful to the enlightened ones deserves praise; he is endowed with wisdom, and after the breaking up of the body he is born in the bright world.

8

THE STORY OF THE DUNG-EATERS

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana he told this story.

They say that in a certain town not far from Sāvatthī a certain householder had a monastery built for the sake of a monk who was his personal friend. Then monks from

various parts came thither and dwelt there. Upon sight of these men ministered to them necessaries of life. Now the monk who was the confidant of his patron could not stand this and was filled with envy (as the verses tell): Then Mahā-Moggallāna saw him and inquired:

1. "Who are you, poor fellow, standing there from cesspool come? Pray now, what wicked deed did you really perform that you noise abroad?"[1]

Peta:

2. "I, reverend sir, am a peta, a miserable denizen of Yama's world. Since I wrought a wicked act, I have gone from this world to that of the petas."

Elder:

3. "Now what evil deed was performed by body, speech or mind? In consequence of what act do you undergo this misery?"

Peta:

4. "I had a resident monk who was jealous and envious of the household. In my house he was attached to desires, he was miserly and abusive.

5. "I listened to his word and blamed the monks. Because of that deed, I have gone from here to the region of the petas."

Elder:

6. "Your bosom friend was an enemy in the guise of a friend. Pray now, foolish man, what destiny fell to your lot upon the breaking up of your body and your going to the bourn beyond?"

Peta:

7. "I am standing on the top, yea, on the head of this same offender; he has reached the peta realm and attends upon me alone.

8. "What others void—good luck to you!—becomes my food, and he in turn lives on what I expel."

The venerable Mahāmoggallāna narrated this incident to the Blessed One who interpreted its meaning and he pointed out the danger of fault-finding.

[1] *Saddahase* is to be read with C as *saddāyase*; cf. *s. v. saddahati* and *saddāyati*. Cf. P.T.S. *Dictionary*.

9

THE SECOND STORY OF THE DUNG-EATERS

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana he told this story similar to the last. Here it was a lay-woman who built a monastery, and was reborn a peta. Verses are similar.

10

THE STORY OF THE SET OF PETAS

While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī, it is said, there was a set of irreligious people who had no faith and were possessed of the sin of avarice. They were indifferent in their lives as to the ideas they accepted and other matters. After having lived for a considerable time they died and were reborn as petas near the city. Then one day as the venerable Mahāmogallāna was going to Sāvatthī for food, he saw the petas by the way and asked them :

1. " You are naked and ugly in form ; you are emaciated and have prominent veins. Your ribs stand out and you are thin. Pray, who are you, sirs ? "

Petas :

2. " We, venerable sir, are petas, miserable denizens of Yama's world. Since we were guilty of wicked deeds, we went from here to the region of the petas."

Mahāmogallāna :

3. " Now what sin was committed by body, speech, or mind ? In consequence of what deed have you gone from here to the world of the petas ? "

Petas :

4. " We have been loitering for a fortnight at the public landing-places ; we have not made for ourselves a refuge by means of good gifts.

5. " The river we approach in fear ; it becomes empty. The shade on hot days we approach ; it is turned into heat.

6. " A flaming and burning wind blows over us. Reverend sir, we deserve this affliction and more than this."

7. "Hungry and craving for food we travel *yojanas*. We return without having gotten anything at all; alas! we have little merit.

8. "Famished and fainting with hunger, reverend sir, we are smitten to the earth. We are stretched out and lie sprawling; we fall down head first.

9. "And so we drop down there smitten to the earth. We beat our breast and head. Alas! we have little merit.

10. "Reverend sir, we deserve this affliction and more than this. We have not made for ourselves a refuge by means of good gifts.

11. "Verily when we have gone from here and are reborn in the human state, we will be munificent; we shall be devoted to virtue and accomplish much good."

The elder told the affair to the Blessed One.

11

THE STORY OF PĀṬALIPUTTA[1]

While the Teacher was sojourning at Jetavana, he told this story.

It is said that a good many merchants from Sāvatthī and Pāṭaliputta sailed to Suvaṇṇabhūmi. There one of their number, a sick lay-disciple who was attached to a woman, died. Although he had done good works, he was not born in deva-world, but on account of his affection for his loved one he was reborn as a mansion-peta out in the midst of the ocean. In that place he retained his love for her; she on her part took ship and went on a journey to Suvaṇṇabhūmi. Now this peta, wishing to gain her, stopped the course of the vessel. Then the merchants revolved in their minds: "Well, now, how's this? This ship doesn't move." So they drew lots to determine. Through non-human potency the lot fell thrice upon no other than this woman for whom the peta was yearning. When the traders saw this, they let down into the sea a bamboo raft on which they placed the woman. No sooner had she been let down than the ship rapidly proceeded in the direction of Suvaṇṇabhūmi. Then

[1] = Patna.

the non-human took the woman into his mansion and found happiness with her.

After the lapse of a year she became dissatisfied and begged the peta, saying: "As long as I dwell here, I cannot make the other worlds my quest.[1] Please, sir, take me to Pāṭaliputta."

In response to this entreaty, he replied:

1. "You have seen the hells, the realm of beasts, petas, and *asuras*, also men and *devas*. You yourself have observed what are the results of one's own deeds. I will take you to Pāṭaliputta in safety. Upon your arrival there perform good acts."

She was delighted and replied:

2. "You are my well-wisher, *yakkha*; you have my good at heart, O deva. I shall do your word; you are my teacher. I have seen the hells, the realm of beasts, the petas and *asuras*, also men and *devas*. You yourself have observed what are the results of one's own acts. I will do many a meritorious act."

Then the peta took the woman and travelled with her through the air; he placed her in the centre of Pāṭaliputta and went his way. Thereupon when her kinsmen, friends, and others saw her, they rejoiced and remarked: "We heard that some time ago you were cast into the ocean and perished. Well, and to think that you have returned safely!" So they asked her about her adventures. She told them all.

Those merchants on their return to Sāvatthī told the Teacher.

12

THE STORY OF THE MANGOES

While the Teacher was dwelling at Sāvatthī, he told this story.

At Sāvatthī there was a certain householder whose wealth was exhausted. His wife died, and he, leaving his one daughter with a friend, borrowed some money, bought wares to the amount of one hundred *kahāpaṇas*, and set out with a caravan to do business. In a very short time he got back

[1] *Samparāyikaṃ atthaṃ*. Cf. *S.B.E.* XVII: Mhv. V, 1, 3.

his capital and gained in addition five hundred *kahāpaṇas*. Thereupon he went homeward, but was beset by robbers. The traders fled hither and thither; but this householder throwing his coins into a bush hid himself. The highwaymen, however, found him and killed him. On account of his lust for wealth he was reborn as a peta in that very spot.

The daughter to his memory presented rice gruel in a bronze dish and mangoes to the Blessed One, praying he would accept it as from her father. Hereby the peta obtained a fine mansion.

The traders later repeating that journey, and halting for the night at the same spot, saw the peta and questioned him.

1 "Here you have a very delightful lotus-pond with an attractive landing-place. Its banks are level, and it has abundant water; it is bedecked with blossoms which are dotted with a swarm of bees. How did you get this alluring pool?

2. "Here you have this very charming mango grove which bears fruit in all seasons; it is bedecked with blossoms which are dotted with a swarm of bees. How did you obtain this mansion?"

Peta:

3. "My daughter made a gift of ripe mangoes, water, and rice gruel; on that account, I am allowed to have here the pleasant cool shade."

Then the peta gave them the five hundred *kahāpaṇas*, saying: "Take half from here, and after having explained this portion of my gain, hand it over to my daughter with the words, 'Live comfortably.'" The traders in due course reached Sāvatthī, told the daughter of this matter, and placed in her hands in full the amount which her father had given her. She handed it over to her foster-father. But he restored it to her with the words: "This shall belong to no one but you," and he made her the wife of his eldest son. In the course of time, she gave birth to a son whom she persuaded with this stanza:

4. "Behold the reward, even in this life, of a gift, of self-control, and of restraint. I was a maid-servant in worthy families; now I am a daughter-in-law and the mistress of a house."

Then one day the Teacher, who had observed her maturity of perception, sent forth a radiant image of himself, and standing as it were in her presence, he revealed himself. On this occasion he spake this stanza:

5. The right[1] overcomes the unpleasant by what seemeth pleasant, the unloved by what seemeth loved, the ill by what seemeth happy.

13

THE STORY OF THE AXLE AND THE TREE

While the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthī, a certain lay-disciple there filled some carts with wares and went to Videha to do business. When he had there disposed of his goods he loaded his waggons with return-wares and proceeded on the road for Sāvatthī. As he was journeying along in a forest the axle of a cart broke. Now a certain man who wished to get a tree, took his axe and hatchet and set out from his village. As he was walking around in the forest, he came to this place and saw the lay-disciple dejected on account of his broken axle. He felt pity for him and cut down a tree, and having made a strong axle, he fitted it to the cart without charging him anything.

But later on he died and was reborn in this very spot in the forest as an earth-deva. As he considered his deed, he went by night to the house of that lay-disciple, and standing at the door, spoke this stanza:

"What he gives becomes not just that. Just give the gift. Giving he traverses both (worlds); by it he goes to both. Be not slothful."

When the merchant got back to Sāvatthī he told this to the Teacher.

14

THE STORY OF THE COLLECTING OF WEALTH

While the Blessed One was sojourning at Bamboo Grove, at Rājagaha four women with false measures and other

[1] For *pamattaṃ* read *samattaṃ* (as in S_1).

ways dealt in ghee, honey, sesame oil, grain, and other articles of food. During their lifetime they unwisely amassed riches; so after death they were reborn as petīs at a trench outside the city. At night they were overwhelmed with misery, and with a loud and horrid noise they wandered around, lamenting:

"We gathered wealth justly and unjustly; others enjoy it; sorrow is our portion."

When the people heard this, they were greatly frightened and in the morning, bringing a large gift sat down near the Blessed One and told him of the cries. He repeated the petīs' verse and told how they had lived.

15

THE STORY OF THE GUILD-LEADER'S SONS

The Blessed One was dwelling in Jetavana at Sāvatthī. At that time while Pasenadi, king of Kosala, in fine array was once riding on his elephant about the city with power and majesty, he saw at the upper story of a certain house a lady looking down, beautiful as a deva-nymph. His heart was captivated because his mind was trifling by nature and hard to tame. So he gave a sign to a man who was sitting next him. And all was carried out as in the peta story of Ambasakkhara,[1] but with this difference.

Here the man arrived actually before sunset, but the city gate was closed. So he fastened to the post of the city gate the red earth and the blue lotuses which he had brought and went to the Jetavana. Now while the king was reposing he heard in the middle watch these four syllables[2]: "*sa, na, du,* and *so,*" loudly and painfully uttered.

The king was exceedingly scared, and at daybreak he told his chaplain what happened. The chaplain, anxious to make some gain, said: "Sire, alas! a great calamity has appeared; perform the complete four-fold sacrifice." And the king commanded this.

[1] See IV, 1.

[2] The first words of the four stanzas in this story are *saṭṭhivassasahassāni, natthi, dujjīvitaṃ,* and *so* respectively.

When Mallikā, the queen, heard this, she thus addressed the king: "Why, sire, upon hearing the word of a brahman, do you wish to perform a deed involving injury and slaughter of many creatures? Now the Blessed One, who in knowledge and conduct is without a peer, should be consulted; and as he will explain so you should act." Then the rajah went to the Teacher and told him the affair. The Blessed One said, "Great king, you are in no danger on that account," and narrated from the very beginning the affair as the cry of men reborn in the Lohakumbhi hell. Then he told him in full the stanzas which they had started to utter:

1. "For[1] them who have been tormented in hell for full sixty thousand years, in all, when will there be an end?

2. "There is no end. Whence comes an end? No end is revealed. Hence verily, sir, you and I have done wrong.

3. "A miserable life we led, since we bestowed not what was there. Things to give at hand, no refuge for ourselves we made.

4. "Indeed, when I have gone from here and am reborn as man, I will be generous, eminent in morals, I will work much good."

16

THE STORY OF THE SIXTY THOUSAND HAMMERS

While the Teacher was living at Veluvana, he told this story.

Once upon a time there was in the city of Benares a certain cripple who was good at slinging stones. . . . *The story is that of Jātāka* 107: *Sālittaka-Jātaka. The essential part is told in the verses.*) Then one day as the venerable Mahāmoggallāna was coming down from Vulture's Peak, he saw the peta and asked him:

1. "Pray now, why do you run around as if mad like a stray deer? No doubt it was a wicked deed. What do you believe about it?"

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[1] The four verses begin in Pali with the four syllables *sa(ṭṭhi-*: sixty), *na(tthi*: there is not), *du(-jjīvitaṃ*: miserable life), *so('haṃ*: *I* indeed). This 'dream' occurs also in the Commentary on the Kosala-Saṃyutta (i, 142). See *Kindred Sayings*, i, p. 102.—ED.

The peta replied:

2. "I, reverend sir, am a peta, a wretched denizen of Yama's world. Since I committed a sinful act, I went from here to the region of the petas.

3. "Sixty thousand hammers complete in all pound upon my head and split my skull."

The Elder continued:

4. "Now what wrong was perpetrated by body, word, or mind? In consequence of what deed have you gone from here to the realm of the petas?

5. "Sixty . . . (*as in* 3)."

Peta:

6. "Now I saw Sunetta, a buddha, made perfect in faculties he was seated at the root of a tree, musing and fearing naught.

7. "I hit him with a potsherd and cleft his head. Because of that deed I will be suffering this misery.

8. "Sixty thousand hammers . . . (*as in* 3)."

Upon hearing this, the Elder explained, saying:

9. "Wicked man, 'tis by Dhamma that sixty thousand hammers pound upon your skull and cleave your head."

THE STORIES OF THE DEPARTED ARE FINISHED.